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JOHN STARK.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.—No. V.

THERE are several lives of the hero of Bennington, but none of any great merit, either personal or literary. The first one, which was prefixed to a reprint of Major Rogers's Expeditions with the New England Rangers, originally brought out in London in 1765, was published at Concord, New Hampshire, in 1831. It is the chief authority for all that have since appeared, and is, without doubt, authentic and trustworthy. It seems to have been written by some of the Stark family. It is largely drawn upon by Edward Everett, in his sketch of the life of Stark, contributed to "Sparks's American Biography;"

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the which sketch, by the way, is the foundation of the present paper. I have used its language freely wherever it would suit my purpose.

John Stark was born at Londonderry, New Hampshire, on the 28th of August, 1728. His father, Archibald Stark, was a native of Glasgow, Scotland. In his youth he removed to Londonderry, in Ireland, but not finding that locality agreeable, he emigrated with a party of his countrymen to the New World, in 1721, or thereabouts, and eventually settled in Nutfield, or Londonderry, as the town was named after their Irish home. Here John was

born, the second of four sons, and here the family remained until 1736, when they moved to Derryfield, or Manchester, as it is now called. The childhood and youth of the future hero were passed in obscurity. We hear nothing of him until 1752, his twenty-fourth year, when he went on a hunting excursion to Baker's River, in the northwestern quarter of the state. The party consisted of four, John and his brother William, and two of their neighbors, David Stinson and Amos Eastman. Their hunting-ground was far beyond the English settlements, in an unbroken and dangerous wilderness. They were lucky for a time among the beavers on Baker's River, but were unfortunate enough to fall in with a band of St. Francis Indians. They came upon the trail of the red skins, and prepared to decamp quietly. William Stark and Stinson took to the canoe, and Eastman followed on the banks of the river. John remained behind to collect the traps. The Indians, numbering ten in all, came upon him suddenly, and made him a prisoner. They questioned him of the whereabouts of his companions, and he did what a brave man should do, under the circumstances, pointed in the wrong direction, and succeeded in leading the Indians two miles out of the way. His friends became alarmed at his prolonged absence, and fired off their guns to let him know where they were. This betrayed them to their enemies, who hurried down the river to intercept them. Eastman was captured, and John was ordered to hail the boat, and decoy his friends ashore. Instead of doing this he advised them to pull for the opposite bank. They took his advice, and were fired upon by four of the Indians. John knocked up two of the guns, and saved the fugitives for the moment. The rest of the Indians fired their pieces, two of which were again knocked up by the brave hunter. The last volley told, for Stinson was killed; William, however, succeeded in escaping. The savages were enraged with John, and but for the certainty of his being one day redeemed in good hard cash, they would have scalped him on the spot. As it was, they beat him soundly, and taking possession of the furs of the party, they retreated to Coos, near where Haverhill now is, bearing their two prisoners with them. The next day they sent three of their number with Eastman to St. Francis, retaining Stark, to help

them hunt. He shot one beaver, and trapped another, and was allowed to keep the skins. In about ten days the band returned to St. Francis, where the two pale faces were compelled to run the gauntlet. The young warriors of the tribe were ranged in two lines a few feet apart, and armed with rods. Down this lane of pitiless foes the captives of the Indians were made to run. When they reached the council-house, where the lines terminated, they were safe; but previous to reaching it they were at the mercy of their captors, who laid about them with a will. Eastman ran his gauntlet, and was severely whipped; but Stark, who had a ready wit, snatched a club at starting from the nearest Indian, and dashing it about right and left as he ran, reached the council-house with scarcely a blow, to the confusion of the young braves and his own delight. The old Indians enjoyed his prowess, laughing heartily at the discomfiture of their sons.

The two hunters remained among the Indians three or four months. We have no particular account of Eastman, whose bruises were doubtless healed at the proper time; but Stark seems to have caught the Indian spirit. They ordered him to hoe corn at first, but knowing that they regarded this sort of labor as only fit for women, he cut up the corn and spared the weeds, to show them that he was ignorant of such unmanly work. Failing to accomplish his object by these means, he at last threw his hoe into the river. "Hoeing corn," said he, "is the business of squaws, not warriors. I will hoe no more." They named him the young chief, and adopted him into the tribe. He was ransomed by a couple of gentlemen who were sent among the Indians by the General Court of Massachusetts, for the purpose of redeeming some of the citizens of that province. Not finding the men they were in search of, they exceeded the letter of their instructions, and ransomed Stark and Eastman instead. Stark cost them one hundred and three dollars, Eastman only sixty. They returned home by the way of Albany, their former masters accompanying them, selling the very furs which they had stolen from them!

This passage from the early life of Stark, eventful as it may seem to us now, was nothing at that time. Scarcely a town in New England but could show a

similar instance of captivity and adventure.

As his own state neglected or refused to pay his ransom money to Massachusetts, Stark started off in the following year to the head waters of the Androscoggin, on a hunting excursion, to raise the necessary funds for that purpose. We are not told of his success, but the report which he brought back determined the General Court of New Hampshire to explore the country. A company was formed, and Stark was engaged as their guide. The field of the intended exploration never having been brought within the acknowledged limits of the English settlements, was claimed by the Indians, and fearing the evils that might result to the colonies if New Hampshire should take forcible possession of it, the Governor of Massachusetts protested against the measure, and it was postponed. The next year (this was in 1753) it was rumored that the French were building a fort in this coveted region. The Governor of New Hampshire sent a party of thirty men with a flag of truce to remonstrate against this proceeding. Stark was the guide. He conducted them to the Upper Coos, leading them over the route which he had traveled when he was made a captive by the Indians, but finding no trace of the French they returned to New Hampshire.

In 1755 an expedition was planned against Crown Point. A corps of rangers was enlisted in New Hampshire, and Stark, whose reputation as a successful and daring scout was well known, received a lieutenant's commission. The regiment to which he belonged was stationed at Fort Edward, on the east side of the Hudson. A sharp battle took place here between the French and English forces, but as it does not appear that Stark was actively engaged in it I shall not describe it. The English were victorious.

In January, 1758, a party of the rangers was sent on an expedition to Lake Champlain. They were commanded by Major Robert Rogers, who afterward published in London an account of his American campaigns; Stark was his lieutenant. Altogether there were seventy-four men, including the officers. They marched from Fort Edward to Fort William Henry, where they prepared snow-shoes, and provisions for the expedition. This done

they pursued their journey, now on Lake George, which was frozen over, and now on land, floundering through drifts of snow. They reached Lake Champlain in six days, striking it half way between Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Here they discovered a sled on the ice, passing between the posts of the enemy. Stark and twenty men were ordered to intercept it in front; Rogers and another party threw themselves in the rear to cut off its retreat, leaving a third re-enforcement to guard the center. Stark and his men marched to the post assigned them. While they were on their way, Rogers, whose position in the rear enabled him to see the whole surface of the lake, discovered ten other sleds passing in the direction of the one first seen. Before he could apprise Stark of the fact the latter was seen by the teamsters, and they turned and fled to Ticonderoga, closely pursued by Rogers and his men. He took three of the sleds, and seven prisoners; the rest escaped. From the prisoners he learned that a large body of French and Indians were assembled at Ticonderoga, ready for service, at a moment's warning. This being more than he had bargained for, he drew off his men, and retreated to the station he had occupied the night before.

They retreated Indian fashion in single file, Rogers in front, and Stark bringing up the rear, the post of honor in a retreat. It was a rainy day, and their guns were wet, so they pressed forward to their former camping ground, where they knew their fires were still burning. They had scarcely marched a mile when the head of the band gaining the summit of a hill, fell in with the enemy, at least two hundred strong, drawn up in the form of a crescent, and waiting to surround them. The front men of the English received the enemy's fire at the murderous distance of five yards. Several were slain and wounded; among the latter was Major Rogers himself, who was shot in the head. He ordered his men to fall back to the opposite hill, where Stark and another officer, who commanded the rear, had posted themselves to cover the retreat.

The retreat was made in good order, but the fire of the enemy was severe upon the English, several of whom were killed, while others were taken prisoners. Stark

and his hardy rangers blazed away from the hill, and avenged their comrades in gallant style, enabling Rogers and his party to place themselves to advantage. The French endeavored to flank them, but were driven back with loss. They then assaulted the rangers in front, but the latter had the advantage of the ground, and repelled them. They attempted to surround them, but without success. The action commenced at two o'clock in the afternoon, and continued till sunset, when Major Rogers received a second wound through his wrist, which prevented him from holding his gun. He began to think he had had enough fighting for one day, and was about to order a retreat, but Stark declared that he would shoot the first man who fled. "We have a good position," said he, "and we will fight till dark, and then retreat. It is our only chance of safety."

At this moment the lock of his gun was broken by a shot from the enemy. He said nothing, but waited till he saw a French soldier fall, when he sprang forward, seized his gun, and resumed the action. The French used all their blandishments to induce the brave rangers to submit, assuring them that large re-enforcements were at hand, and would slaughter them without mercy, while if they surrendered they should be well treated. The rangers answered with their death-dealing rifles. At dark the fire of the French ceased, and the Americans withdrew. They retreated all night, and in the morning found themselves six miles south of the advanced guard of the enemy on Lake George. They had escaped safely, but they were still forty miles from Fort William Henry. As the wounded were unable to march any further on foot, Stark and two of his men volunteered to proceed to the fort, and return with sleighs. They had a difficult task before them, for the snow was four feet deep, on a level, and could only be traversed in snow-shoes; but the stalwart fellows performed it royally, reaching the fort by evening. The next morning saw them back with sleighs and a reinforcing party. The next night the whole band lodged in the fort. The English had fourteen killed, and twelve wounded and taken prisoners; one hundred and sixteen of the French were killed or mortally wounded. The difference was immensely in favor of the former; thanks to their

position, and the determined spirit of Stark. When the corps was reorganized he was promoted to the rank of a captain.

In July, 1758, an expedition was planned against Ticonderoga. The English force, numbering sixteen thousand men, started from Fort Edward on the morning of the 5th, and proceeded down Lake George in bateaux. They halted at dark at Sabbath Day Point, and Lord Howe, the commander of the English army, invited Captain Stark to sup with him in his tent. Stretched on a bear-skin the gallant young lord and the hardy New Hampshire ranger conversed about the coming battle. After a few hours' repose the march was resumed, Lord Howe leading the van in a large boat. At daybreak a reconnoitering party returned, and reported the French at the landing-place. The English army effected a landing at noon, and Stark and Rogers, with their rangers, were sent forward to clear the woods before the main body. They were directed to open the way from Lake George to the plains of Ticonderoga. This route was intersected by a creek, which was crossed by a bridge. The bridge was in possession of the enemy. The van of the rangers, commanded by Rogers, halted as they drew near the French and the Indians, but Stark declared it was no time for delay, and pushed forward to the bridge, driving the enemy before him. The road being now free the main body came up, Lord Howe commanding the center, and heading his column. He fell in with a part of the advanced guard of the French, and immediately attacked and dispersed it; but exposing himself too eagerly he was slain at the first fire. His loss put an end to the fighting for that day; the advanced parties of the Americans were called in, and the French kept themselves within their intrenchments.

The next morning the rangers were ordered to their former post, and Stark with a strong detachment was sent forward to reconnoiter the fort. They returned in the evening, and the whole army passed the night on their arms. The French force was vastly inferior to that of the English, consisting of only six thousand men, but they were encamped before their fort, and had intrenched themselves behind a breastwork of trees. This breastwork was almost impervious to an advancing

foe, being eight or nine feet high, and presenting an unbroken front of sharpened branches and interwoven limbs. It was a formidable defense. On the morning of the 8th the troops moved to the attack, Stark's division of Rangers leading the van. Within three hundred yards of the intrenchments his advanced guard were fired upon by a party of French; their comrades came up to their support, and the enemy were driven in. The light infantry now moved up to their right, and the bateaux men to their left. In the mean time the main body of the army was forming. At ten o'clock the rangers were ordered to drive in the advanced guard of the French, preparatory to a general assault. The regulars moved up to the breastworks and attempted to storm them, but without success. They persisted for four hours, but finding it impossible to carry the works the British general-in-chief ordered a retreat. Stark and his rangers were employed till late in the evening in bringing up the rear. It was a bloody and disastrous day, no less than seventeen hundred regulars, and three hundred and fifty provincials being killed or wounded. A general retreat was now ordered, and by the evening of the next day the whole army had returned to their camp on the southern shore of Lake George. At the close of this campaign Captain Stark obtained a furlough, and shifting his forces from the fields of Mars to those of Venus, entered into an engagement with a dearer foe than "that sweet enemy, France," as Sir Philip Sydney says in his sonnet. To speak less poetically, he married. His *affiancée* was a Miss Elizabeth Page, the daughter of Captain Page, of Dunbarton.

None but the brave deserve the fair.

We hear nothing of Captain Stark from the close of the Seven Years' War till the breaking out of the Revolution, a period of sixteen or seventeen years. It is to be presumed, however, that he passed his life peacefully and happily on his farm, occasionally fighting over his old campaigns with his neighbors and companions in arms. Unlike many of the latter, when it became evident that a conflict must take place between the colonies and the mother country, he felt no hesitation as to the side he should join. From the first his mind was made up to fight for his native land. One after another his old friends went over to

the ranks of the enemy, but he remained firm and true to his convictions of right. Major Rogers, his old commander in the Seven Years' War, adopted the British cause. His brother William, who had been present at the surrender of Ticonderoga and Crown Point—who had assisted at the capture of Louisburg, and had fought with Wolfe at Quebec—in a fit of pique joined the royal standard. But John never for a moment wavered. When the committees of safety were organized in 1774, he became a member of one of those bodies for the town in which he lived. The news of the battle of Lexington found him, as it did Putnam, ready for the fight. Ten minutes after he heard of it he had directed the volunteers of his neighborhood to rendezvous at Medford, near Boston, and was on his way thither at full speed. He was speedily followed by about twelve hundred men, who concentrated themselves at Medford. The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts organized them into two regiments, one of which was placed under the charge of Stark, who was unanimously elected a colonel. On the glorious 17th of June, his regiment formed the left of the American line on Bunker's Hill. They were posted with a detachment of Connecticut troops under Captain Knowlton, behind the rail fences and the mound of grass, of which the latter had formed a temporary breastwork between Mystic Hill and the road, as described in the account of the battle in the life of Putnam. The Americans at this point were opposed by the British right wing, which, curious enough to relate, was commanded by Lord Howe, a brother of the Lord Howe who was the friend of Stark in his Canadian campaign, and who fell, the reader will remember, on the plains of Ticonderoga. What memories of the past must have rushed through the mind of the old ranger when he saw the brother of his former friend the enemy of his native land! As I have before described the battle I need not dilate on the part which Stark performed in it; suffice it to say, that the British recoiled three times before the terrible fire of his men, who retreated, when retreat was inevitable, in such order that they were not pursued. On no part of the field was the execution greater than where the New Hampshire regiments were stationed. An anecdote is related of Stark, to whom came a re-

port in the heat of battle, that his son, a boy of sixteen, had just been killed. "This is not the moment," he said, turning to the officious tale-bearer, "this is not the moment, sir, to talk of private affairs. Go back to your duty." The rebuke was worthy of a Spartan. It turned out in the end that his son was not killed; he served through the war as a staff officer.

After the battle Stark's regiment was stationed on Winter's Hill, where it remained till March, 1776, when the British evacuated Boston. He was then transferred to New York, and shortly after he joined the American army in Canada. He was now on the old battle-grounds of his youth, in the neighborhood of Crown Point and Ticonderoga. It was while the troops were at the latter place that the news of the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed to them. The failure of the Canadian campaign and the disastrous occurrences at New York drew Stark and his regiment from the Northern army to the banks of the Delaware. They led the vanguard in the attack upon Trenton, and fought gallantly at Princeton. The term for which his men had enlisted expiring about this time, he proceeded to New Hampshire to raise new recruits. His popularity soon filled his regiment, and he communicated the intelligence to the council of the state, and to Washington. Repairing to Exeter to receive instructions from the authorities, he was informed that a new list of promotions had just been made, in which his name was omitted, while those of other officers, who were his juniors, were found. He conceived himself deeply wronged in the matter, as according to military usages he undoubtedly was, and refused to submit to the slight which Congress had put upon him. He declared that the officer who would not maintain his rank, and assert his own rights, was not fit to be trusted to vindicate the use of his country. The proposition was too sweeping to be entirely true, but there was a show of good sense in it, which was enough for the irate colonel. He waited upon the council, and upon Generals Sullivan and Poor, stated the grounds of his dissatisfaction, and his determination to quit the army. He then surrendered his commission, and returned home; not to join the British, as his brother William had done on a somewhat similar occasion; nor to betray his country, like Benedict Arnold.

He took a nobler revenge; he fitted out for the army all the members of his own family who were old enough to join it! He gave everything to the good cause but his services; those he reserved till he should have justice done him. He threw up his commission in the spring of 1777; in the summer of that year the Eastern States were invaded by a formidable army from Canada. This force was commanded by Burgoyne, and consisted in part of German troops, veterans of the Seven Years' War. They were amply supplied with the necessities of war, arms, ammunition, and military stores; they had a considerable force of Canadian and American loyalists for spies, scouts, and rangers, besides several bands of savages, whose hearts were as sanguinary as their war dresses were grim. Altogether the army numbered ten thousand strong.

The New England States, especially Massachusetts and New Hampshire, were alarmed. They felt that their frontier was uncovered, and that they must make a great effort to protect the country. The New Hampshire committee of safety met and formed the whole militia of the state into two brigades; the command of one was tendered to Stark. He refused at first to accept it, but at length consented, on condition that he should not be obliged to join the main army, but be allowed to hang on the wings of the enemy in what was then called the New Hampshire Grants, but is now the State of Vermont. He was to exercise his own discretion as to his movements, accountable to no one but the authorities of New Hampshire. His conditions were complied with, and the militia took the field without hesitation. Stark's name, like that of the king, in Shakspeare, was "a tower of strength."

Stark and the New Hampshire militia were encamped in the neighborhood of Bennington, on the 13th of August, where intelligence reached them that a party of Indians, attached to the forces of Baum, the Hessian commander, were within twelve miles of that place. Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg and two hundred men were detached to stop their march. Late at night General Stark was advised that these Indians, and a large body of the enemy, with a train of artillery, were on the way to Bennington. He moved for-

ward in the morning with all his men to the support of Colonel Gregg, whom he met in full retreat four or five miles out of town, flying before their foes, who were then within a mile of him. He halted at once, and drew up his men in battle order. The Hessians halted also, and immediately intrenched themselves. Not being able to draw them from their position, which was an advantageous one, he fell back for a mile, leaving his skirmishers to deal with them. They were lucky enough to kill thirty, without any loss on their own side. The next day nothing was done except by the skirmishers, whose prowess alarmed the Indians, and made them desert their allies. The position of the combatants on the 16th, the day of the battle, was as follows. On the northern bank of the Wollamsac, (a tributary of the Hoosie,) were the German troops. Nearly in front of their battery, on the other side of the river, was a band of Tories. The river was shallow enough to be fordable anywhere, but its course was so serpentine that Stark, who was on the same side as the Germans, had to cross it twice on his march to their position. His plan of the battle consisted of a series of simultaneous attacks. Two hundred men, commanded by Colonel Nichols, were to attack the rear of the enemy's left. Colonel Herrick, with three hundred men, was to fall upon the rear of their right; while Colonels Hubbard and Stickney were to advance with two hundred on their right and one hundred in front. The latter detachments were to divert their attention from the real point of attack. At three o'clock in the afternoon the action commenced, by the party of Colonel Nichols, who, gaining the position assigned to them, fell upon the enemy furiously.

The rest of the detachments performed their work, while Stark, who had wound his way along the meandering river, hearkening the while for the sound of the guns, rushed upon the Tories. Their cannon opened upon him, but to no purpose; the brave New Hampshire militia charged to the very mouths of the guns, and finally drove the Tories across the river, pell-mell into the ranks of the Hessians, who were driven from their breastworks. "The action," said Stark, in his official report, "lasted two hours, and was the hottest I ever saw. It was like one contin-

ued clap of thunder." The thunder, however, was all on one side, for Stark had no cannon. In the meantime the battle was going on in another part of the field, and decidedly in favor of the Americans. The Hessians kept their ranks unbroken, and fought gallantly, till all their ammunition was expended; then they threw away their muskets, and rushed to the charge with their sabers. They were overpowered by the undaunted militia, who compelled them to give way, leaving their artillery and baggage on the field.

The battle was won. But it was nearly lost again, through the cupidity of the militia, who immediately dispersed to gather the plunder. While they were engaged in this (to them) very natural and laudable occupation, intelligence was brought to Stark that a large re-enforcement of the British army—a re-enforcement which would have arrived the day before, but for the badness of the roads, was in full march within two miles of him. The retreating Hessians took courage, and wheeled about to a renewed attack. The British came up, and the militia being once more in order, the battle raged again. It was contested with great obstinacy on both sides, but the result was rather unfavorable to the Americans, who were driven from post to post till they were just on the verge of flight. It was no wonder, for they were already worn out, while the British were fresh and active. But at this moment a regiment of Berkshire militia, who, like the British detachment, had been detained by the weather, came up and decided the fate of the day. The enemy fled at sunset, and were pursued till dark, when Stark drew off his men, to prevent them from firing upon each other by mistake. "One hour more of day," he said, "and I would have captured the whole body." The fruits of the victory were four pieces of brass cannon, several hundred stand of arms, a quantity of German broadswords, and about seven hundred prisoners. Two hundred and seven of the Hessians were killed; the number of the wounded was not known. The Americans had forty wounded, and thirty killed. Stark's horse was shot under him. Baum, the Hessian commander, was mortally wounded. As Southey says, in his famous little poem on the Battle of Blenheim,

"It was a famous victory."

A good anecdote is told of a clergyman in the Berkshire militia, who, on the morning of the battle, waited on Stark, and addressed him as follows: "We, the people of Berkshire, have been frequently called upon to fight, but have never been led against the enemy. We have now resolved, if you will not let us fight, never to turn out again." "But," said Stark, "do you wish to march now, when it is dark and rainy?" "No," said the clergyman. "Then wait until the Lord gives us sunshine, and if I do not give you fighting enough I will never ask you to come again." The weather cleared up in a few hours, and the men of Berkshire followed their pastor into the battle.

The reader has, no doubt, missed in this account that famous embellishment of the battle, Stark's speech to his soldiers. "See there, men," he is said to have exclaimed, "there are the red coats. Before night they are ours, or Molly Stark's a widow!" It is possible that Stark might have said this, but as his wife's name was Elizabeth, and not Mary, the only proper name from which the nick-name "Molly" could be derived, I have my doubts about it. The famous battle words of famous commanders have generally been manufactured long after the battles were fought. Wellington always denied the laconic "Up, guards, and at them!" Taylor denied "A little more grape, Captain Bragg;" and those who were with Lawrence in his last moments deny his stubborn "Don't give up the ship." Taking these facts into consideration, and not seeing how Elizabeth can be Molly-fied, I beg to remain skeptical as to that lady's predicted chances of widowhood. I shall omit the part of Hamlet.

The defeat of the Hessians at Bennington deranged the whole plan of Burgoyne's campaign; he was compelled to halt to procure stores, which he had expected to find at Bennington, and his projected march to Albany was retarded a month, during which time the militia flocked to the standard of Gates, and put him in a condition to compel the surrender of the British army. Three days after the battle Stark communicated the intelligence of it to Gates, but left Congress to find it out the best way they could. Two days after the battle they passed a resolution censuring him for assuming a separate command.

His conduct was considered destructive of military subordination, and highly prejudicial to the common cause. On the 4th of October, however, they thought better of the matter, and voted "That the thanks of Congress be presented to General Stark, of the New Hampshire militia, and the officers and troops under his command, for their brave and successful attack upon and victory over the enemy in their lines at Bennington, and that Brigadier Stark be appointed a brigadier-general in the armies of the United States." His victory had vindicated him in their eyes for what they were at first disposed to consider rebellion. In addition to the communication which he sent Gates, he transmitted an official account of the battle to the state authorities of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Vermont; and sent to each of these states some drums, muskets, and swords, trophies taken from the field.

The rest of Stark's military career may be briefly summed up. He took the field again after the battle of Bennington, and, placing his army in the rear of the enemy, wholly cut off their communication with Lake George and Canada. In the spring of 1778 he took command of the northern department; shortly afterward he received an order to join Gates in Rhode Island. The British decamped from Rhode Island in November, 1779, and he took possession of their former stronghold—Newport. In May, 1780, he joined Washington, who was at Morristown, New Jersey. He was present at the battle of Springfield, and shortly before the defection of Arnold he supplied that officer with a detachment of New England militia which he had recruited for his use. He also acted on the court martial which condemned Major André. He commanded the Northern department again in the summer of 1781, his head-quarters being at Saratoga. His health was now seriously impaired by the hardships he had undergone, and for a time he was forced to give up active service. When peace was declared he retired to his farm at Manchester, on the Merrimac, where he remained till his death, in 1822. He died at the ripe old age of ninety-four. His family raised a monument over his remains on the 4th of July, 1829. It is a block of granite in the form of an obelisk, with the simple inscription:

"MAJOR-GENERAL STARK."



THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May morning, long ago,
 When first you were my bride.
 The corn was springing fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love light in your eye.

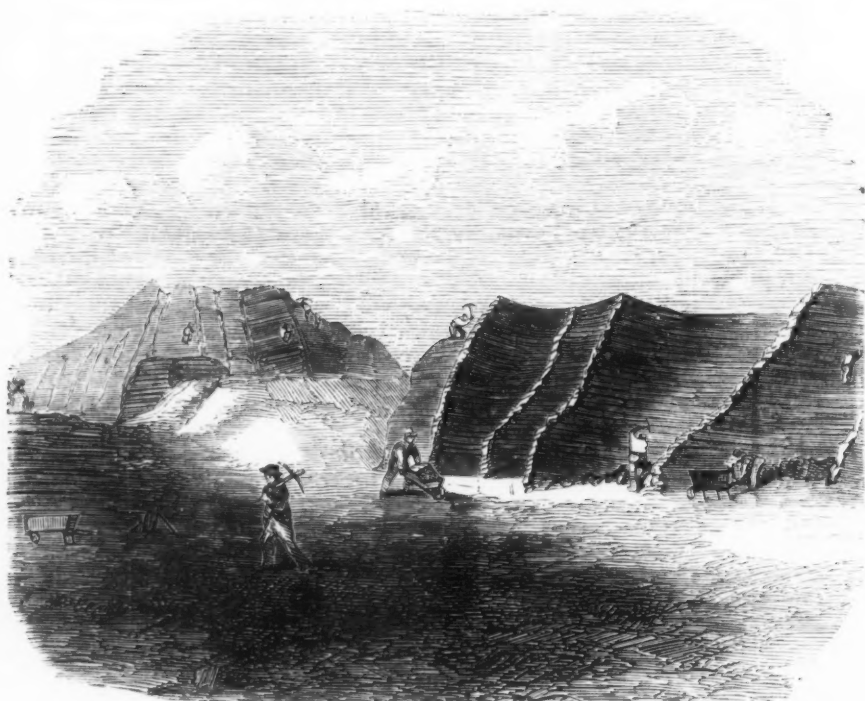
The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day's as bright as then;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again.
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your warm breath on my cheek,
 And I still keep listening for the words
 You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 The village church stands near—
 The church where we were wed, Mary,
 I see the spire from here.

But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest,
 Where I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends;
 But, O, they love the better
 The Few our father sends.
 And you were all I had, Mary,
 My blessing and my pride;
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary kind and true;
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to.
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there,
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times less fair.



GUANO QUARRY IN ONE OF THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

THE CHINCHA GUANO ISLANDS.

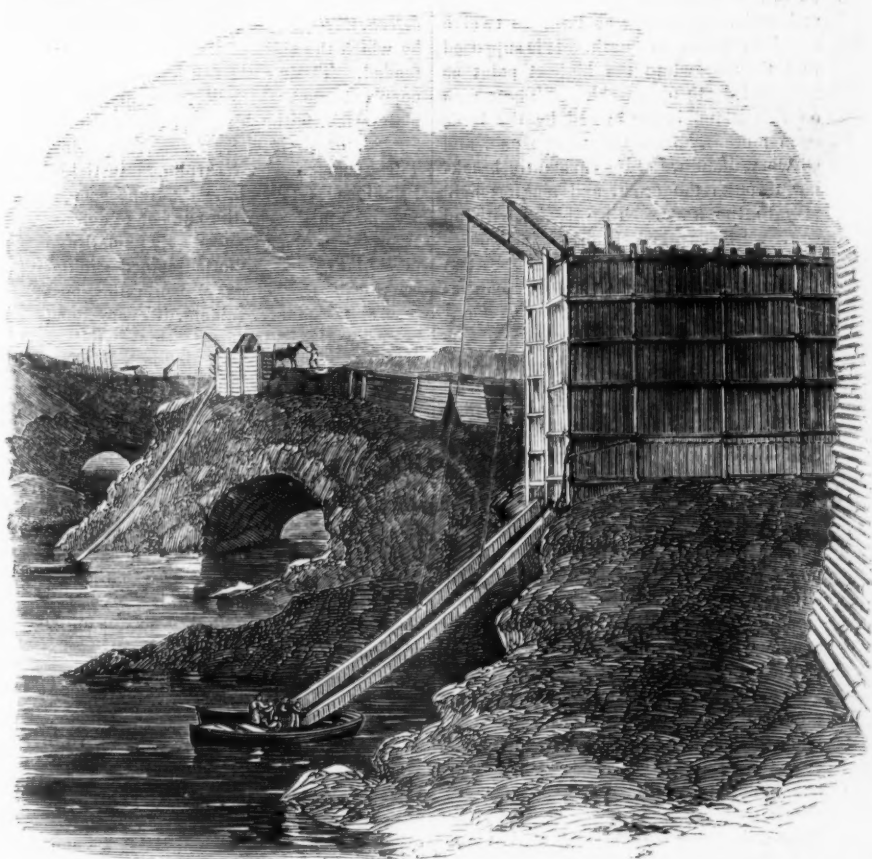
WITH this are forwarded two sketches made during our late visit to the Chincha Islands, and, considering the importance of the group, concerning which the world in general probably is comparatively ignorant, they may prove interesting. We found one hundred and twenty-six sail of ships lying at anchor, some of them having been waiting four months for their turn to go under the shoots, the time being governed by their tonnage, at the rate of ten days for every hundred tons register; but a vessel measuring one thousand tons is loaded in three days by the shoots, if the men work well. They also use large launches, which, of course, is a tedious business. The export of the guano has increased considerably during the last few years: between three and four hundred thousand tons are the annual amount at present, which is effected by the aid of nine hundred working hands, three hundred and twenty of them being Chinese,

who enter into contracts to serve their employer, (the government contractor,) Don Domingo Elias, for four dollars a month, renewing it, if they choose, with the increase of four dollars monthly, and a bonus of one hundred and twenty. Those who work on their own account are paid eight and ten rials, four and five shillings, for each cart that they load. They live in a collection of dirty huts made of bamboo and mud; they, nevertheless, appear to be happy and contented, and in general are well conducted. We landed at a wooden pier on the north island, ascended the slope of the guano hill, passed through the settlement, and walked round a quarry which forms the subject of one of the sketches. The men with pickaxes work their way into the guano, leaving a sort of wall on either side: here it was so hard that it requires a heavy blow to remove it. It is then conveyed in wheelbarrows either direct to the mouths of the shoots on the

edge of the cliffs, or to the huge carts running on tramways for the same purpose.

The principal hill of guano is in the background, with the laborers at work on its side. This was originally sixty or seventy feet in height above the natural rock of the island. The color varies very much, in some parts being as dark as warm sepia, and in others as light as that of a Bath brick: where the men are digging, the ammonia is very powerful, affecting the eyes; it is often found in nearly a pure state, in large crystallized lumps. Passing round to the westward, toward the passage between the north and middle islands (which was crowded with ships, principally American,) we came upon the southwest shoots, which I chose for the other sketch. The hut to the right is the

head-quarters of the man employed to regulate the loading and dispatch of the boats, which are seen under the shoots receiving the guano. The inclosure in the foreground, over the shoots, is to prevent waste by the wind blowing it away, and to enable the workmen to form a constant collection near the mouths of the canvas tubes, seventy feet in length. Following the cliffs to the left are seen the huts of the Chinese, and another shoot, with an embankment and tramway on it leading to the quarries. The cart is just tilted: the horse draws it back up the incline. In the background stands a machine intended for scooping out the guano; but it is in disuse, as it did not answer. Close behind it, on the north side of the hill, but not in view, are the settlement, Governor's house, etc. The cliffs are perforated in all di-



BOATS RECEIVING GUANO IN ONE OF THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

rections, forming picturesque arches and caves. They are also working the middle island, an English ship lying under a shoot one hundred and forty feet in length, the cliffs being perpendicular. The surface of the guano is covered with skeletons of birds and bones of seals; and I brought away, as a reminiscence, the tusks of three from the skulls imbedded in the soil, which is like a rabbit warren, from the hundreds of holes running in every direction. These are made by a bird about the size of a pigeon, which remains hidden during the day, sallying forth at dusk to fish.

The south and smallest island has not yet been touched. We landed, and, with some difficulty, scrambled up the face of the rock, ascending by a steep hill to the top, which is literally covered in one part down to the sea with skeletons of sea-lions and seals, the former as large as twelve and fourteen feet in length. It is supposed that they crawl to the highest point as they feel death approaching. The guano on this island is perforated by the birds even more than on the middle one, and as we walked we were constantly breaking through the crust, and sinking half way to the knee. Two birds, with an egg, were dragged from their hiding-place.

There is much diversity of opinions respecting the formation of the guano. Considering its depth, (it being in some places one hundred and forty feet above the natural rock,) its great solidity, and the extent of its superficial area, it would appear impossible that any number of birds since the Flood could have been the cause; yet deep below the surface, and in the center of the hill, eggs and skeletons of birds are constantly found. It affords a subject for discussion, but I doubt if there will ever be a unanimous opinion respecting it. Gold and silver ornaments are discovered occasionally, having been buried by the ancient Peruvians more than three centuries ago.

We remained on the island nine days, on two of which, being Sundays, our chaplain's congregation was increased on one occasion by about forty, and on the last by one hundred people from the merchant vessels. It must be borne in mind that there were many more ships in the passage and also to the north than I have represented

NEST-BUILDING FISHES.

THE common stickleback of our rivulets is a much more interesting member of the great fish family than careless observers might suppose. His strength, his courage, his capacity for enduring almost any degree of heat or cold, his ability to live either in salt or fresh water, and, lastly, the singular instinct which gifts him with the desire and power to construct a "nest" for the protection of his offspring, place him, notwithstanding his diminutive size, in the ranks of royalty among fishes.

The stickleback belongs to a class of fishes termed *Acanthopterygii*, from the dorsal and lateral defensive spines with which they are furnished. The generic term by which the special family Stickleback is distinguished is *Gasterosteus*, from the Greek word *gaster*, the stomach, and *osteon*, a bone, in allusion to the bony plates by which the sides of the stomach are defended. These little fish have also other popular names, which likewise refer to the plate-armor with which their sides are defended, or their sharp aggressive spine. These names are, Sharplin, Banstickle, Prickleback, etc. The different species are distinguished by the number of defensive plates, or of spines. One small and very pretty kind is the ten-spined stickleback (*Gasterpungitius*;) while the most rare of the family, seldom, if ever, found in fresh water, is the fifteen-spined stickleback (*Gasterospinachia*.) This last, however, will also, like his congeners, live in fresh water. He is, indeed, of aspect sufficiently distinct to account for his difference of habit, being formed almost like a short eel, but stamped indisputably as a true stickleback by his spines, and other gasterostean characteristics, not omitting his nest-building faculty, in which he is nearly as distinguished an architect as his brethren of the brooks.

Among other interesting peculiarities of these little fish, is their chameleon-like power of assuming different colors under different influences. In the breeding season, or when agitated in the almost continual conflicts which they wage against each other, their usual dull green changes to the gayest hues of scarlet contrasted with milky white, the most vivid grass-green with purple, and sometimes in combat becoming, in their most terrible anger, nearly jet-black. The vanquished, how-



ever, soon loses his bright hues, recovering a faint reflection of them at the moment of dissolution, as though in the delirium of his last agony he saw himself the victor instead of the vanquished. Placed in a tank with others of his own size, he never ceases to combat till he remains undisputed monarch of his domain; so that it is impossible to keep a number in the same vessel. A single pair, however, under fortunate circumstances, might exhibit the interesting spectacle of the construction of the nest.

Nest-architecture has been generally thought to be confined to birds; for the few quadrupeds which have been described as making nests—such as the rabbit, the field-mouse, and the squirrel—merely prepare beds for their young. The only true nests, therefore, except those of birds, are constructed by fishes; and yet, till M.

Coste read his interesting paper on the "Nidification of Sticklebacks" at the French Academy, modern naturalists knew nothing of this peculiarity in the habits of fishes, at least they published nothing; though Aristotle had stated above two thousand years ago that a certain little fish constructed a nest like that of a bird; a statement that was either overlooked, discredited, or disregarded. Clive, it is true, among modern naturalists, stated that the black gobie deposited its spawn in a kind of nest; and it is now thought that this was the fish alluded to by Aristotle.

M. Coste was enabled by a long series of unwearied observations to describe the whole process of construction of the stickleback's nest; and the following narrative, as subsequently detailed by Orbelin, is the result of his interesting discoveries.

At spawning-time the males—for they are the builders, the ladies remaining perfectly passive—may be seen busily engaged preparing for the erection of the family-nursery, evidently an arduous task for such miniature architects. Every bit of the material is carried in the tiny mouth, and often from considerable distances. His various contrivances to prevent the foundation of his structure from being carried away by the stream are exceedingly interesting; the most common being the deposit of a layer of sand on the lighter materials, which he also brings in his mouth. The floor thus formed, is cemented by means of a gluten which he obtains from his own skin by continuous rubbing; an operation from which he evidently suffers great fatigue, and sometimes appears for a time quite overcome in the effort.

His next process is to attach a row of small uprights, or twig-columns, to this base; in the performance of which he exhibits the most fastidious delicacy of taste, taking them out over and over again to re-fix them in a position more to his mind. Sometimes he may find a portion of the materials unsuitable; in which case he takes down a part or the whole of the structure, regardless of fatigue and trouble, and carries the useless lumber to a distance, so as not to encumber his future proceedings. As the walls rise he cements them as he had previously done the base, and then completes the roof in a similar manner. The structure when quite complete has two entrances—a front and back door, as it were—which he preserves in the desired form by frequently pressing in and out in opposite directions, so as to keep the nest in form and sufficiently open.

When the nest is finished fatal combats often ensue for its possession; and when at last preserved or conquered, the triumphant male invites some favorite female to come and occupy the edifice, over which he keeps guard during the whole time she is depositing her eggs; always wearing in honor of the joyful occasion his brightest hues of white and scarlet, or more regal purple. He continues to maintain his guard in full uniform until the eggs, or spawn, are all hatched, and the young fry begin to disperse; and then retires, his office over, and his gay colors faded to the usual dusky green.

THE DUTCH IN NEW YORK.

IN 1663, according to Mr. Watson, almost all the houses in New Amsterdam presented their gable ends to the street; and all the most important buildings, as the "Stuyvesant Huys" and the "Stadt Huys," were set in the foreground, to be seen the more readily from the river. The chief part of the town then lay along the East, at that time called Salt River, the ground gradually descending from the high ridge corresponding to the line of Broadway. The three half moon forts, named the *Rondeels*, were built at equal distances for the defense of the place, the first at Coenties Slip, and the third at the "Water Gate," on the outer bounds of the city, being the foot of the present Wall-street. Between Moore and Whitehall streets lay the shipyards, and where now tower stately trees on the Battery were numerous rocks forming "the Ledge."

In our last number we gave an engraving of a group of old Dutch tenements formerly standing on the corner of Broad and Garden streets, whose places are now occupied by immense warehouses; and also a sketch of an old grocery, bearing the number 41 Broad-street. Whether it was erected by a Stuyvesant, a Hardenbrook, or a Schermerhorn, is not known. It escaped the great conflagration of 1776, and in 1830, when still occupied, as the sign on the door indicates, was known to be one hundred and thirty-two years old.

As the first settlers of New Amsterdam were from Amsterdam in Holland, they brought with them to the New World the same manners, customs, and opinions that prevailed in the land of their nativity. The fashion of their apparel and the form of their dwellings, in particular, were *fac similes* of such as they had been familiar with in Holland, where gable fronts, leaden windows, and sharp pointed roofs are characteristic features of both city and village—of the stadtholder's palace, the burgomaster's mansion, and the peasant's hut. Thus the young has outgrown the old; and in the native home of the Hollanders we have often lingered over those quaint old scenes for which one looks in vain among their children in the Western World.

The cottage style was usually adopted by the founders of New Amsterdam. Most of their buildings consisted of a single

story, independent of the sharp-angled roof before mentioned. It is true some of the more wealthy could boast of a second story, and a few of the higher class even of a third, but these latter were considered as palaces among the humble edifices of the commonality. The walls of the buildings were constructed of small black and yellow bricks called *clinkers*, imported for the purpose from Holland, and serving as ballast for the ships in which they were brought across the Atlantic. The lime used by the builders was made of oyster shells, with which the bay and the rivers at that time abounded; and this mortar was found after the lapse of two hundred years to be harder than the bricks themselves.

In some instances, however, the houses were constructed of wood, with a brick front next the street, a mode of building which prevailed a long time in the city, especially with those who wished to make some show at little expense. But in whatever manner the building was constructed its gable end always faced the street, and generally terminated in battlements that resembled two opposing flights of stairs, starting at the eaves on each side of the front, ascending with the angle of the roof, and meeting at a little brick turret which surmounted its apex.

The acute angle of the roof was well calculated to avert the danger to which buildings of a different shape would have been exposed from the heavy falls of snow prevalent at that period. On the gable front were four large iron figures, designating the year in which the building was erected, and at the same time serving the purpose of what modern builders called anchors, to secure the walls and floor timbers. In his description of New Amsterdam, the good, but somewhat facetious Knickerbocker says:

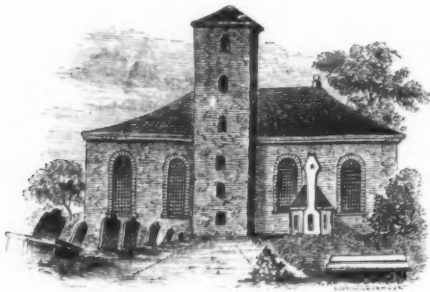
The house was always supplied with an abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the top of our steeples, pointed so many different ways that every man could have a wind to his own mind; the most staunch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter. In those good old days of simplicity and sunshine a pas-

sion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife, a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never open except on marriages, funerals, New Year's day, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—inasmuch that a historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers, like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere matter of fancy, or, what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestible signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such an occasion. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings called tea parties. These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher class or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the hours were earlier.

We should have observed that the fireplace was an object of particular regard in a Dutch family. It was surrounded by blue and white tiles, on which were rude pictures intended to illustrate some important Scripture narrative, or the most striking incidents of *Æsop's* fables. There "Tobit and his dog flourished at great advantage. Haman swung conspicuously on the gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully flouncing out of the whale, like harlequin through a barrel of fire."

Many of the customs of our worthy Holland ancestors have become obsolete, but a few still remain, that of call-making on New-Year's day being the most important. In the good old Dutch times every family prepared in advance a supply of sugar-coated and raisin-hearted cakes, called "New Year cookies," which were given to callers on that day. It was customary then, as now, in the city of



THE OLD FRENCH CHURCH D'ESPRIT.

New York, to visit for a moment all the friends, and the men carried with them a bag for the presents just mentioned. When this was filled they went home to empty it and start again. When calling upon a family it was customary to repeat, by way of salutation and good wishes, the following lines, of which we give merely a verbal translation :

Long may you live,
Much may you give,
Much may you inherit,
And happy may you die !

And we are acquainted with a hospitable Knickerbocker family where the savory cookies are still prepared and the pleasant salutation is still given by two visitors fond of the olden time.

New York was retaken by the Dutch in 1763, but was held by them only a few months. Their descendants, however, form the most stable and reliable part of our heterogeneous population. Having lost their political predominance on Manhattan we shall hereafter regard them more from a religious point of view.

The name of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church is derived from its historical associations.* The term Protestant was applied in the sixteenth century to the Reformers, and those who denied the authority of the Pope and rejected the un-Scriptural doctrines of the Church of Rome. The appellation was first used in 1529, when six princes of the German Empire formally and solemnly protested against the decrees of the Diet of Spires. But during the progress of the Reformation a difference occurred among the Prot-

estants on some points of doctrine, as the real presence of Christ's humanity in the Lord's Supper. Those who held to it were, from their great leader, called Lutherans, and they who rejected it, Reformed. The Reformed Dutch Church was the branch organized in Holland, where they termed their houses of worship "Churches under the Cross," so great were the persecutions experienced at that time. It was from this Church, whose bosom was the refuge and the resting-place of the persecuted Hugue-

nots, Waldenses, the Covenanters of Scotland, and the exiled Puritans, that the branch established in New Amsterdam soon after its settlement, derived its origin. Before tracing its history in New York, however, we shall notice the Huguenots and Lutherans of the colony in Manhattan.

At an early period the Reformed Dutch Church made provision for the Huguenots who emigrated to this country during the persecutions that preceded and followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Calvin, a native of Noyon, in Picardy, was protected by Margaret of Navarre, sister of Francis. The Christian Institutes of the great reformer were dedicated to the king, who was at one time desirous of uniting with the German powers against the Emperor Charles ; but wishing to show the soundness of his faith, he caused one of his heretical subjects to be burned at the stake. The king was present on the occasion, and declared that if one of his hands were affected with heresy he would cut it off, and would not even spare his own children.

During the eighty-seven years in which the Edict of Nantes was in force, the Huguenots were allowed to practice their religion and educate their offspring, but after its revocation under Louis XIV. the churches were destroyed, children taken from their parents to be educated as Catholics, and at least five hundred thousand of the most industrious and peaceful citizens of France were banished from their country. Many of these French Protestants settled in the colony of New Amsterdam, and one of their number, Thomas Pell, purchased a large tract of land in Westchester.

As early as 1652 the Rev. Samuel Drisius was called to the church of New Amsterdam, as a colleague with Dr. Mega-

* We are indebted for most of our information concerning the Reformed Dutch Church to Dr. Dewitt's "Historical Discourse."

polensis on account of his knowledge of the English and French languages.

In 1704 the old French Church D'Esprit, of which we give an illustration, was erected by this worthy class of Christians, many of the descendents of whom are still to be found in the city.

An interesting fact is related concerning the first Huguenot settlers at New Rochelle, in Westchester County. Though toiling in the forest twenty miles from the town on Manhattan, their fervent zeal led them to unite with their brethren in New Amsterdam in the public worship of the Sabbath. Such was their reverence for that holy day, that after the labors of the week they would take up their march on foot in the afternoon of Saturday and reach New York by midnight, singing the hymns of Clement Marot by the way. Engaged in the worship of the Sabbath they would remain until after midnight, and then take up their march in return for New Rochelle, relieving the toil of the way by singing Marot's hymns.

At the time of the erection of the Church D'Esprit, in 1704, New York contained only about six thousand inhabitants. The celebrated wall, built as a defense against the Indians and the English, had been partly demolished, and the stones applied to the erection of the new City Hall, on the corner of Nassau and Broad streets. Broadway was not paved until three years later. The luxuries of tea and coffee were entirely unknown to the good people of the city. The docks and slips rented for twenty-five pounds per annum, and the corporation sold two hundred acres of land for twenty shillings the acre.

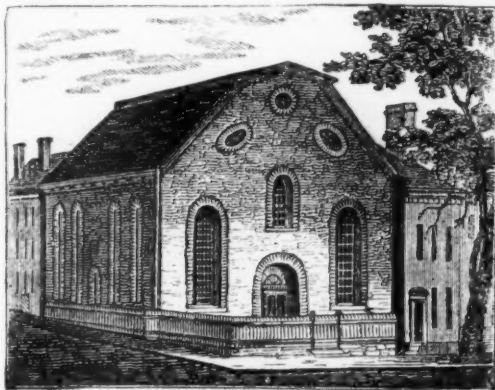
The inhabitants of Harlem were permitted to erect one mill and no more, provided they did not "hinder the passage of sloops and boats round Manhattan Island." The city was lighted, "in the dark time of the moon in the winter season," by lanterns hung upon poles, projected from the windows of every seventh house, each of the seven paying an equal proportion of the expense. The city watch consisted of four sober men.

The first German Lutheran church in New York was
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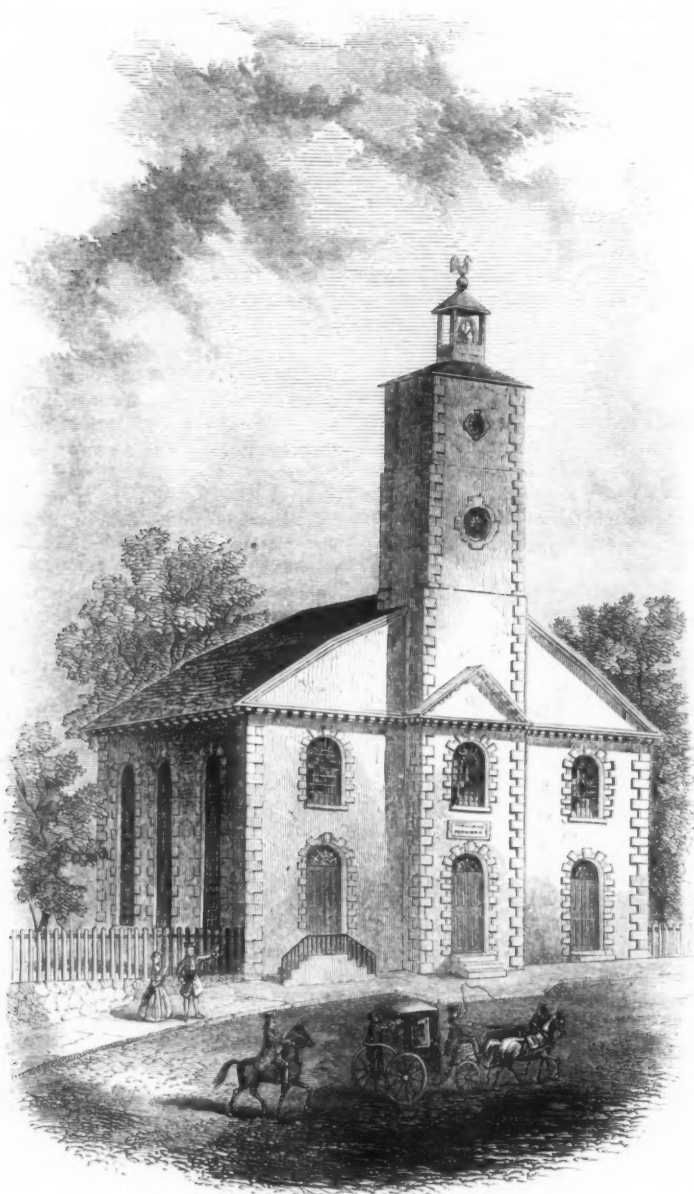
dedicated in the year 1767. It stood at the corner of Franklin and William streets, a section of the city which is still called the Swamp, and was then covered with trees and bushes in which birds built their nests. At this date the Park was "out of town." Six years before, as the record informs us, "that part of the high road to Boston, which leads [now Park Row] toward fresh water, extending from Broadway to the place where the Negroes were burned in 1741, and to which the gallows has lately been removed, begins to be regulated as a street, and a few houses have been erected."

During the occupation by the British the chaplains of the German regiments stationed in the city officiated by turns in the church for a considerable length of time, the Hessian soldiers assembling with the congregation for Divine worship. Several Hessian officers who received mortal wounds in the battle of Long Island were buried in the Cemetery. A number of coffins have since been disinterred containing the manes of these hiring veterans in full military costume, with their side arms, cocked hats, boots, and queues. The Lutheran Church was vacated in 1830.

The establishment of the Reformed Dutch Church in New York dates from the settlement of Manhattan. The first religious meetings were held in temporary buildings. In 1626 "François Molemackee was employed in building a horse-mill, with a spacious room above to serve for a congregation, and a tower was to be added, in which the Spanish bells captured



THE OLD LUTHERAN CHURCH.



THE OLD GARDEN-STREET CHURCH.

at Porto Rico the year before by the West India Company's fleet were intended to be hung." After the arrival of the minister, Bogardus, in 1663, the loft was relinquished for a plain wooden building

on the East River, and near this church a dwelling house and stable were erected for the domine.

In 1642 the famous navigator, De Vries, instituted measures for the erection

of a new house of worship. He relates in his journal that, dining one day with Governor Kieft, he said to him, "that it was a shame that the English when they visited Manhattan saw only a mean barn in which we worshiped. The first thing they built in New England, after their dwelling-houses, was a fine church. We should do the same." It was resolved that the new edifice should be within the fort (now the Battery) at its south-east corner. This continued to be their place of worship until the church in Garden-street was opened in 1693, and was then relinquished to the British government and occupied by the royal military forces for public worship until 1741, when it was destroyed by fire. When they were digging away the foundation of the fort in 1790 to make way for the government house, built on the site of what is now the Bowling Green, a stone was found among the rubbish containing the inscription, "In the year of our Lord 1642: W. Kieft being director-general, has this congregation caused this temple to be built." This curious relic was removed to the belfry of the church in Garden-street, where it remained till both were destroyed in the great fire of 1835.

The Garden-street church was opened in the year 1693, the pulpit, bell, and several escutcheons having been removed to it from the old house of worship in the fort. The year after a baptismal basin was procured, on which was engraved a few lines of poetry, written by the domine Selyus, setting forth the important truth that the hope of freedom from condemnation cannot rest on mere water, but must be founded upon faith in the blood of Christ. This curious relic is still in use in a church on the Fifth-avenue.

When the new church, of which we give an illustration, was erected on the same site in Garden-street in the year 1807 it was suggested that the bell was too small. But as it had been brought from Holland, and was the first one used in this country, having often with its silver tones struck with admiration the ears of the native Indians, it was retained in the new edifice, whose fate it shared in the great conflagration to which allusion has been made.

The old Garden-street church was the only house of worship for our Dutch ancestors until the erection of the New, or,

as it was afterward called, the Middle Dutch Church, at the corner of Nassau and Liberty-streets. The old French church, of which we have spoken, was on the lot just east of Nassau, between Pine and Cedar-streets. The ground cost five hundred and seventy-five pounds, and the church was opened in 1729. At its first erection it had no gallery, and the ceiling was one entire arch without pillars. This building, now the New York Post-office, presents the exterior aspect of its early days, and calls up impressive remembrances in the minds of the Knickerbockers. Our quaint illustration of the remarkable edifice is the *fac simile* of a plate which was struck off in the year 1731, when, as appears from the dedication to the Hon. Rip Van Dam, the church was completed.

For some time after the opening of the house on Nassau-street the preaching was entirely in the Dutch language, a circumstance prejudicial to the Church, for the reason that the English inhabitants were constantly increasing in number, and many individuals and families were withdrawing to other denominations, especially the Episcopal. In 1763 it was decided to introduce preaching in English, although a large number resisted the innovation to the last, even to the extent of instituting a suit in the civil courts, which was decided against them, so blinded were the people of those times by prejudice. A pastor was called who could preach in both Dutch and English.

During the occupation of New York by the British forces, in the Revolution, several of the churches, especially where the congregations zealously espoused the cause of independence, were sadly desecrated. The Middle Dutch Church was used as a prison, and afterward as a riding-school for the British officers and soldiers, and became the scene of habitual ribaldry, profanity, and dissipation. The whole of the interior, galleries and all, was destroyed, leaving the bare walls and roof. It is stated that a Mr. Oothout obtained permission from Lord Howe to take down the bell, which had been cast in Amsterdam in 1731, and in the preparation of whose metal a number of the citizens of that place threw quantities of silver coin. He stored the bell in a secure place until the British army evacuated the city. When the church was reopened it was

brought forth from its hiding-place and restored to the old position. On Sabbath mornings it now rings out its clear silver tones from the belfry of the Dutch Reformed Church in Lafayette Place.

A new and horrible chapter of the Revolution might be written, were we acquainted with all the cruelties practiced in the Middle Church while it served as a prison-house. It is supposed that a large number of prisoners were starved to death through the cupidity of the officer

in charge, who withheld the rations and appropriated what was saved thereby to himself. Many skeletons were afterwards found buried in the immediate vicinity. The sugar house, behind the Middle Church, the jail, the Jersey prison-ship, and the thousands of Americans who fell victims to disease, hunger, and cruelty, are affecting memorials of that sorrowful, but glorious epoch of our history.

Upon the conclusion of the treaty of peace, and the withdrawal of the British



To the Honourable
RIP VAN DAM, E. S. Q.
PRESIDENT of His Majesty's Council for the PROVINCE of NEW YORK
This View of the New Dutch Church is most humbly
Dedicated by your Honour's most Obedient Serv^t W^m Burges

forces on the 25th of November, the citizens gladly returned from their seven years' exile to their "altars and their homes."

The Middle Church was repaired and reopened July 4, 1790. The pastor, Dr. Livingston, thus alluded to the recent history of the edifice:

When destruction is caused by the hand of Heaven, I earthquakes, storms, or fire, we are silent before God, and dare not reply. But when men have been the instruments it is different, although proper to forget the interposition of the means. I dare not speak of the wanton cruelty of those who destroyed this temple, nor repeat the various indignities which have been perpetrated. It would be easy to mention facts which would chill your blood! A recollection of the groans of dying prisoners, which pierced the ceiling, or the sacrilegious sports, and rough feats of horsemanship exhibited within these walls, might raise sentiments in your mind that would, perhaps, not harmonize with those religious affections which I wish at present to promote, and always to cherish. The Lord has sufficiently vindicated our cause, and avenged us of those who rose up against us. He guided our Joshua for the field, and led him, with his train of heroes, to victory.

But as New York increased in size the tide of population turned to the upper part of the city. The audiences which had formerly assembled in the Middle Church withdrew to the more convenient places of worship up town, and it became evident that this time-honored edifice would have to be relinquished. The North Church, on the corner of Fulton and William-streets, erected in 1769, and closely identified with the present revival, sufficiently accommodated the members in the lower part of the city, and an opportunity having occurred to lease the Middle Church to the United States government for a post-office, the edifice was abandoned. The last sermon was preached by Dr. Knox, the senior pastor, recently deceased, on Sabbath evening, August 11, 1844. That good man said:

We now bid adieu to this place, endeared by more than a century's fond associations. It is a moment and an occasion of melancholy sadness. But our God is not a God of the hills or of the valleys, of this place or that place alone, no mere local Deity. We bow to his will, indicated by his providence, and cherish the hope that his gracious presence, here vouchsafed so long with us and our fathers, will also, elsewhere, be with us and our children. The vaults around, wherein repose the precious dust of the honored dead, are secured from invasion,

and are at the control of those who feel the deepest interest in their sacred contents.

After the discourse a brief address was made by Dr. De Witt, and the service closed by him with pronouncing the apostolic benediction in the Dutch language.

LITTLE BENNY AND SANTA CLAUS.

I HAD told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stocking,
Stuff'd as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who fill'd them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stocking hid;
While I turned me to the table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Lapping off the shining froth;
And, in not the gentlest humor,
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore;
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he loudly,
As he held his apron white;
"You shall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fast and tight!
So he stood, abash'd and silent,
In the center of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And eagerly, while his bright eyes
Watch'd the flames go high and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Claus, come down the chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And I straight recall'd poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gambol'd 'neath the live oaks,
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
 Harney purr'd beneath my chair,
 And my play-worn boy beside me
 Kneelt to say his evening prayer;
 "God bless fader, God bless moder,
 God bless sister"—then a pause:
 And the sweet young lips devoutly
 Murmur'd, "God bless Santa Claus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken
 Lie the lashes, long and meek,
 Like caressing, clinging shadows
 On his plump and peachy cheek;
 And I bend above them weeping
 Thankful tears—O undehil'd!
 For a woman's crown of glory,
 For the blessing of a child.

THE SICK CHILD.

HERE is one of the few pictures which, although deriving no importance from size, or interest from high associations connected with the subject, has not only made a sensation in the world of English art, but, as the necessary consequence thereof, brought its painter at once into reputation as a man who has that in him which may develop a new phase of painting, much such another as Wilkie introduced with the "Blind Fiddler." Mr. Clark, however, resembling Wilkie in choosing domestic subjects for the exercise of his genius, differs from him immensely in choice of incident. The two pictures which have come under our notice by Mr. Clark, "The Dead Rabbit," at the British Institution, and "The Sick Child," now before us, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, are both somewhat *distrait* in feeling, although the dash of humor pervading them is of the genuine kind which moves our hearty sympathies; for who could refuse a smile of recognition to the intensity of the interest manifested by the boys over their dead pet in the former picture, or not be feelingly amused at the piteous dolor of the face of the "Sick Child?"

While we smile at this, however, we shall enter deeply into the maternal tenderness of the action of the mother, who, although only stirring a basin of soup, has that dignity in our eyes which gathers around and ennobles one in the performance of a loving deed. In fact, home-feeling sanctifies the place; in that rough cottage interior, with all the coarse incidents of a laborer's life that have sprung up about this poor family, there is something holy and good that may well elevate it above many a loftier home.

The habitual affection which holds this family lovingly together is strikingly exemplified by the artist in the sick child's clinging as he does so closely to the father, thereby telling a tale of many a romp and rough game between the poor ailing infant and its robust parent. See the care with which he holds the little one, half afraid that now in sickness it could not sustain the rough contact with his coarse though loving and tender grasp? Look at the homely grace of the mother as with pious regard, wholly absorbed in the maternal task, she bends forward to catch some share of the reply to the man's inquiry of the progress toward health of the little patient! Her face is far from beautiful, but dignified with tenderness, made beautiful by love, and this is where the art of the painter has come into play in such a manner that we cannot fail to be interested even in the sordid details of the household, so many signs of which are scattered about, as the cracked looking-glass on the mantel-shelf, the basket, the dead hare, the cupboard, etc. By the dead hare, apparently just brought in by the father, we surmise that he is a game-keeper or watcher on some gentleman's land.

But the crowning interest of the picture is that most extraordinary rendering of emotion which the face of the child presents to us. This really is in itself one of the very remarkable works of the year in the way of art. The success which has rewarded Mr. Clark in this is highly merited by the thoroughly simple, honest, and conscientious manner in which he has set about so difficult a task as the rendering of an infant's expression under such peculiar circumstances; for the reader will do well to consider how much study must have been gone through before so remarkable a success was attained by a young man, indeed a very young man, for such we understand Mr. Clark to be, how few opportunities (and what intense appreciation of those few) must have fallen to his lot; yet the result is one of those great triumphs which seldom befall even artists of twenty years' practice and success.

The action and attitude of the child also should not escape our observing admiration; notice the shuddering repugnance of its manner in looking at the basin, hardly able even to cast its eyes upon



THE SICK CHILD.

it, and the huddle-together of its little feet. The other child's calm indifference, being thoroughly wrapped up in delight with his father's pipe, is curiously and characteristically in contrast with the dolor of the little invalid, and its introduction a capital thought of the artist.

ANAIK TIMOR, THE SORCERESS.

HAVING occasion while staying at Pontrieux to visit Tréguier, I took a cross-road which I had traversed before, and which I calculated would bring me to my destination before evening. In this I found my memory had deceived me, for night overtook me before I had accomplished a third of my journey, and I became fearful of losing myself among the various by-paths, which in the darkness it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. To add to my embarrassment, the wind rose and the snow began to fall.

I had just reached a sort of moor, covered with heath, over which the wind swept with a sullen roar, and which offered no shelter from its relentless fury. Enveloped in my fur-cloak, I bent my head to the storm, and continued to struggle along the uneven path. Turn what way I would, I could see nothing but a white moving cloud, which seemed to confound both heaven and earth. Momentarily, however, the storm would abate, and the wind sink so as to enable me to distinguish the murmur of a distant waterfall, or the plaintive howls of famished wolves; then, again, the blast would overtake me, groaning and moaning until all was lost in one great roar.

I had at first a sort of proud enjoyment in battling with the whirlwinds, which tossed like the waves of the sea around me; but insensibly cold and fatigue lessened my ardor, and I began to look out anxiously for some shelter. By good fortune the path I had continued to follow now began to dip into a narrow gorge, where I was soon able to distinguish the outlines of several leafless trees; and as I proceeded, I seemed to leave the storm behind me. At last I arrived at the entrance of a narrow valley, where the noise of the storm, deadened by the surrounding mountains, reached me only as an echo; the snow also fell less heavily. I raised my head, glad to breathe freely once more.

I knew by experience that the valley

must contain habitations. A washed and a solitary oven soon confirmed me in this belief; and a few steps further I perceived a hamlet, composed of about a dozen cabins. The first which I approached was dark and empty; but, guided by the murmur of voices, I reached one standing by itself, and pushing open the door, found myself in the midst of a Breton *filerie*, (spinning party.) A dozen women, crouched upon their heels around a blazing fire of furze, were turning their spindles, chatting and singing the while. Several children lay at their feet asleep; and a young mother, seated in the most distant corner of the hearth, was suckling a new-born infant, murmuring in a low voice a cradle-song. On my entrance they all turned round; I had stopped at the threshold to shake off the snow with which I was covered, and now placed my stick near the door, in accordance with the custom of the country. The mistress of the house understood by this that I demanded shelter.

"The blessing of God be upon all here," said I, advancing to meet her.

"And on you," she replied, with Breton brevity.

"A shroud covers the moor, and wolves themselves could not find their way."

"Houses were made for Christians."

Uttering these words the peasant-woman motioned me to the hearth. All the spinners made way for me; and I took my seat by the young mother, while the mistress of the hut threw upon the fire an armful of dry brambles. A long silence ensued, the laws of Breton hospitality forbidding the host to question a guest until he has himself spoken. At last I asked how far I was from Tréguier.

"Three leagues and two thirds of another," answered the peasant-woman; "but the waters are out, and the road is dangerous without a guide."

"Will one of your men serve me as such?"

"The men of this place have gone to Newfoundland in the St. Pierre."

"What, all?"

"All. The master perhaps knows that those of the same parish embark together when they can."

"And you are expecting their return?"

"Every day."

"Ah! yes," exclaimed one of the spinners, with a sigh; "may God protect

them! The other vessels have returned to Bréhat, to Saint Brieuc—everywhere. The Saint Pierre is the only one that delays."

"And yet," continued a second woman, with emphasis, "it is quite time the men returned."

"Indeed! Why?" I asked.

She pointed to the peasant-girl who sat beside me on the hearth. "Ask Dinah, there, how many bushels of barley she has left in her bin," said she.

The young peasant blushed.

"Not to mention that she owes me as many measures of milk as her child numbers days," added the mistress of the house.

"Or that her landlord has threatened to sell her furniture," added a third.

"So that," continued the first speaker, "I have advised her to pray that the sailors of the Saint Pierre may be successful in their fishing, and get a double share!"

"I only pray God to bring Jean back," said the girl, pressing her infant to her breast.

I was struck with the sad and profoundly passionate tone in which these words were uttered, and I turned and looked at Dinah. She was a beautiful woman, not more than four-and-twenty; and notwithstanding the rather masculine style of her beauty, there was something extremely gentle about her. Her carriage was upright, her forehead high, and her feet were firmly planted on the hearth: with one arm she held her sleeping infant on her bosom, the other being motionless by her side. There was in the proud, yet flexible lines of her countenance, in her half-parted lips, and black eyes, ever ready to veil themselves with their long lashes, an expression of wild, untamable pride, tempered, however, with an intensity of caressing tenderness. After a second, she perceived that I was observing her, and turned away in some embarrassment. But while I was thus engaged, the conversation had continued among the spinners, each of whom was talking of what she would do when the Saint Pierre had returned.

"I shall pay a visit to the town, and for once eat my fill of wheaten bread," said one.

"My brother has promised me a silver ring, worth thirty blancs," said another.

"I shall buy a mass for my mother's soul."

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"I shall go to St. Ann's absolution."

"And you, Dinah," I asked, "what will you do when Jean returns?"

"I shall put his child into his arms, and we shall be united again," she answered, with a blush.

At this moment the black cow at the end of the hut put her head over the low partition which kept her out of the room, and lowed.

"There is some one approaching," said the mistress of the house.

As she spoke, a sharp blow shook the door, and a rough voice was heard without. "Is there room for the poor in this dwelling?" it asked.

"Anaik Timor!" exclaimed all the women.

"Anaik!" repeated Dinah, involuntarily pressing her infant closer.

"But who is she?" I asked.

"A beggar, who reads the future and tells fortunes," replied the mistress of the hut.

"Is there room for the poor in this house?" repeated the voice, impatiently.

"Let her in, or she will make mischief among us," remarked Dinah.

A spinner rose and opened the door, and Anaik Timor appeared. She was a little old woman, whose tattered garments revealed in various parts her withered limbs. She carried at her back a coarse canvas wallet, from which peeped the neck of a bottle, and held in her other hand a prickly stick, hardened in the fire. The snow, which had drifted into the folds of her dirty and ragged clothes, gave a speckly appearance to their dull color, and several locks of gray hair, stiff with frost, hung like icicles around her wrinkled cheeks. Her gray eyes had the sharp, yet vacillating expression, peculiar either to insanity or intoxication.

She stopped short in the middle of the room, and shook herself, uttering at the same time a low growl. "Much trouble you give yourself to receive old Timor," said she, throwing a discontented glance around. "You let her knock, and do not answer."

"We were not expecting you," replied the woman of the house, a little embarrassed.

"No—no one ever expects me!" growled Anaik. "What does it matter to those who sit by the warm hearth that others are freezing outside? But take care; every one has their turn!"

Although I was well acquainted with the privileges accorded to beggars in this part of the country, and had been accustomed to see them, when once admitted, place themselves on a perfect equality with the masters, I was astonished at the imperious, not to say menacing tone, assumed by the old woman. While thus scolding, she relieved herself of her wallet, and having deposited it in a corner, advanced to the hearth, where she perceived me. "Ah! there is a gentleman here," said she, stopping short, and fixing her piercing glance on me—"a gentleman with fine linen, a watch—Jann had one too—and gold earrings, and ribbons in his shoes! While Jann lived, old Timor was not obliged to knock at people's doors with a beggar's staff! But he has gone to rejoin his father and sisters! So now every one tramples on the widow who has buried her only son." And she began to croon almost unintelligibly—

"J'avais neuf fils que j'avais mis au monde; et voila que la mort est venue me les prendre—Me les prendre sur le seuil de notre porte, et je n'ai personne pour me donner une goutte d'eau."

While she murmured this song she knelt down on the hearthstone, and extended her skeleton hands over the fire, whose dying gleams flickered over the sparkling rime in her hair. Her haggard, restless eyes wandered, meanwhile, from face to face, till they fell upon Dinah, when a flash of hatred crossed her features. "You here, you raven!" she cried; "what business have you among honest folks; you, the ropemaker's daughter?"

I glanced at Dinah, who turned very pale. The words "*ropemaker's daughter*," explained the young girl's timidity, and the vague feeling of ill-will evinced toward her by her neighbors. She belonged to the race of *Kakous*, still esteemed among the peasantry of Bretagne an accursed one.

"You carry yourself mighty high!" continued Anaik, "because a young man of the village took it into his head to like you; because you have a young child. I, too, had a husband and children! But wait a little; it is just a year since I foretold you evil days—"

"Why do you wish me ill, Timor?" asked Dinah, in a gentle, timid voice.

"Why? do you ask me why? Has not your husband chased me from his door?"

"Because your taunts made me weep."

"My taunts!" repeated Anaik; "I called you the *ropemaker's daughter*! Was it not true? And yet Jean declared I was drunk! He threatened me; yes, he threatened me, old Timor! ah! ah! ah! He thought he had set his foot on the viper; but it can sting yet. An hour is coming when I shall be revenged on all who have despised me—who have made me wait at the door! Ay, ay, good folks, your pride will have a fall, and your misfortunes will come from Tréguier."

"From Tréguier?" repeated Dinah, quickly. "Have you seen any one from there?"

"I have," replied the beggar.

"What, this night?"

"Just now."

"And did you hear any news?"

"A ship has arrived."

"The *Saint Pierre*?" exclaimed every voice.

Anaik glanced wickedly around, and laughed aloud.

"No; a Saxon* ship."

The spinners uttered an exclamation of disappointment. "Heaven confound those pagan islanders!" spitefully exclaimed one: "I thought it had been our people."

"These Saxons have also been to Newfoundland," observed Timor.

"Do they bring any news of the *St. Pierre*?" asked Dinah, disturbed by the beggar's malicious smile.

The latter did not appear to have heard her.

"They stopped to drink at Marechs; and as the captain could speak French, I heard what he said."

"And what was it about?"

"He talked of pieces of ice as large as mountains, which float in those seas and crush the vessels."

"And he has seen such?"

"He has seen them."

"And he has heard of shipwrecks?"

"No, but on his way home he met with spars and masts."

"The wreck of ships?"

"And on one of the planks he found the words '*Saint Pierre*!' "

This speech of Anaik Timor's fell like a thunderbolt among the spinners, who dropped their spindles.

"The *Saint Pierre*!" they all ex-

* The Bretons call the English Saxons.

claimed at once; "he said the 'Saint Pierre'?"

"Of Tréguier."

"You quite understood, you are sure?"

"Sure."

Then their despair burst forth. I, too, had been startled by this announcement; but the beggar's smile excited my suspicions.

"Do not believe her," I cried; "she is trying to terrify you; she is tippy!" and addressing Timor: "You did not see the English captain, nor did he say that the Saint Pierre had been wrecked. You lie, you wicked *groach*!"

At this name, which in Bretagne signifies the worst of sorcerers, the beggar's eyes glared, and she rose with a savage growl. "Ah! hearken to him!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot upon the hearth, "hearken how the gentleman speaks to old Anaik! I lie, and I am drunk!—good. Let the women consult the warnings; let them listen if the sea-water does not drip drop by drop at the foot of their bed; let those who have broken their twelfth-cake look and see if the share of the absent is not spoiled.* Ah! Timor is a *groach*—good, good! God will answer both the gentleman and the women of Loc Evar. God has his own signs, and drowned men can speak!"

"Listen!" interrupted Dinah, who had risen, pale and trembling.

We listened, and distinguished, mingling with the bursts of the tempest, the notes of a hymn. It soon became more distinct, and as it approached we were able to distinguish the voices, which were singing the *Cantique des âmes*.

At the first sound of this most lugubrious hymn the women all crowded together in an agony of terror; I, myself, struck by this apparent answer to Timor's appeal, remained motionless, as if fascinated; but as the voices began to die away, I darted to the door of the hut, and took several steps outside. As far as my eye could penetrate the darkness, the valley was entirely deserted, the snow continuing its silent descent, and the hurricane still raging upon the mountain.

During this scene Anaik Timor was the only one who remained unmoved. On re-entering I found her standing erect, gazing

triumphantly at the frightened women. Suddenly her eyes rested on me.

"Ah! ah! I was a fool," she cried; "just now some one said that old Timor lied!"

"And she has not yet given proof to the contrary," I replied, making a strong effort to regain my composure.

"Has not the gentleman heard the voices?"

"I have heard some pilgrims, who, as they passed, were chanting a hymn." She looked at me fiercely, and shook her head.

"Good! that is the way they talk in towns. No one in the town believes in the soul; they treat their dead as so many dogs, that rot entirely in the hole in which they are flung. Well, well! God will yet teach the heathens what he can do. Perhaps the gentleman means to deny that those who have just passed are the drowned sailors of the Saint Pierre."

"And the gentleman would be right," interrupted a grave voice. I turned: a priest stood on the threshold.

The women rose, exclaiming, "The recteur!"

The latter advanced slowly into the room, and fixed a severe look upon Anaik Timor.

"What business have you here?" he asked, abruptly.

"The poor have a right to go wherever there is a morsel of bread to be found among Christians," whined the beggar.

"It was not hunger," replied the priest, "but your wicked delight at being the bearer of evil tidings that brought you so late along our road."

"Then the beggar has told the truth!" cried Dinah, with a palpitating heart.

"No, not entirely," replied the priest.

"Then, what is the news?"

"The English vessel which is now at Tréguier has not only brought news of the loss of the St. Pierre; it has brought also those whom it saved."

"Saved! They are saved?"

"At least a part of the crew," replied the priest. "When the wreck occurred, six men made a vow, that if it pleased God to save them they would come barefooted and veiled, to hear the mass that I should say for them at the altar of the Holy Virgin."

"And those six—?"

"Are saved."

"Where are they?—where are they?"

* A sign among the Bretons which announces the death of the absent.

"You have just heard them pass."

The women rushed tumultuously to the door.

"Stop!" cried the recteur, barring their passage. "You cannot see them."

"Are they not here?"

"They are here; but they have all vowed not to lift their veils till after the holy service."

"Their names, at least their names," cried the excited Dinah.

"It would be a violation of their oath," replied the priest; "for they have sworn that neither to wife, to mother, nor to sister, will they make themselves known till after the accomplishment of their vow. Respect their solemn promise made before God."

There was a cry of despair, and, as it seemed, a moment of hesitation. Each woman named aloud her father, son, brother, or husband, endeavoring to glean some answer from the recteur's face, as name after name was pronounced; but the priest immovable continued to invoke the sanctity of the vow, and to entreat them to submit to its conditions. At last several, listening only to the promptings of their grievous impatience, exclaimed that, at whatever cost, they must know their fate. The recteur vainly attempted to detain them: they rushed to a second door, and opened it precipitately.

"Go, then," he cried, indignantly; "go, violate the sacred vow made before God. But tremble lest he punish your sacrilege, and the first who lifts the veils of the shipwrecked men seek in vain him she expects!"

Dinah, who was in the act of going, suddenly recoiled.

"Ah! I will not go," she cried, terrified.

"Submit yourself, and pray," he replied, authoritatively; "your suspense can endure only for a short time. Bear it un-murmuringly, as a punishment for your many sins. Be you one of the happy or of the afflicted, endeavor to bend to his Divine will. Let each of you consider herself from this moment a widow or an orphan; let her heart accept this sacrifice, and if he she mourns presently issue from the tomb, let her regard it as a miracle, for which it will be her duty to thank God as long as she lives."

The women burst into tears, and fell on their knees.

The recteur endeavored to calm them, addressing to each some especial consolation. He reminded them of Mary's devout resignation, the holy patronness of broken hearts; and having announced that he was on his way to celebrate a mass for the deliverance of the shipwrecked mariners he made them promise to accompany him to the church, and join their prayers to his.

All followed, with the exception of Dinah, who, turning abruptly on her heel, ran up to old Timor, who was seated by the hearth, and seized her hand.

"You know who are saved?" she asked, in a voice choking with emotion.

"Who? I!" replied Anaik.

"You must have met them at Tréguier."

"Well?"

"Jean! Where is Jean?"

The beggar sneered.

"The priest desired you to wait."

"No," exclaimed Dinah, who had sunk upon her knees, with clasped hands and wandering eyes; "no, tell me, I conjure you, Anaik, if you have seen Jean; if you have recognized him. O! a mere sign to say Yes; or if he has perished; well, still let me know it! Better to die at once than wait. Anaik, Anaik! Ah, do not—do not refuse me!"

"And what will you give me for my news?" asked the beggar.

"All that I have," cried Dinah. "What will you have? Here, my ebony beads, my cross? Here they are."

"They are not enough."

"Well, then, take the gold ring he gave me. Take all, Anaik; all that I have in the world."

And she knelt at the old woman's feet, pressing her child against her bosom with one hand, while, with the other, she offered her cross, ring, and beads. Timor held her thus for several instants, as if expiring beneath her glance; then bursting into a wild laugh, she said,

"You may keep them all; for to torment you is better than anything you can offer me!"

Dinah rose with a bound, and darted out of the cabin.

I was too interested in the result to remain behind, and followed her.

She ran through the hamlet, and we reached the church together. The women were all there, the tapers burned upon the altar, the choristers were in their places.

Suddenly the door of the sacristy opened, and the six shipwrecked men appeared, enveloped in white shrouds, which effectually concealed their persons.

A smothered groan burst from the women; several names escaped amid their sobs, but the vails remained immovable.

It were vain to attempt to describe the awful solemnity of the scene which followed. The silence which reigned throughout the church was broken only by the voice of the priest; and if, for a moment, a murmur were audible, it rose as if to remind the murmurer of patience, and the sound died away!

What sublime power has the will over the human soul! Every woman there was awaiting the decree that was to influence the remainder of her life; yet each, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, knelt motionless before the altar.

I glanced round in search of Dinah, and discovered her kneeling in the porch, her face raised to heaven, her arms hanging powerless by her sides, and her babe lying before her, like a victim awaiting the blow, with no intention of evading it.

At last the recteur pronounced the blessing. A shudder ran through the crowd, and the moment that followed was one of intense agony. Every head was strained, and all arms were extended toward the altar.

"Put your trust in the Lord!" said the priest; and, taking by the hand the man who stood nearest to him, he made him step forward, and raised the shroud! There was a scream; and the next instant he folded his wife to his heart!

The priest raised the second shroud, and then the others. As each vail fell to the ground a scream of joy resounded, echoed by a sorrowful murmur; but as the last fell, loud groans and sobs of despair burst forth.

I turned quickly to where Dinah knelt. She was in the same place, in the same attitude, still gazing intently in the direction of the altar. All the vails had been raised, and still she sought Jean.

I passed the rest of the night at the parsonage, while the recteur occupied himself in offering consolation to the orphans and widows. At break of day I resumed my journey to Tréguier.

The storm had ceased; and the sun, unencumbered by mist, shone joyously in the

heavens; the birds, under its enlivening influence, flew among leafless branches glittering with frost; the hawthorn hedges had shaken off their robes of snow, and displayed their ruddy berries; all creation seemed to revive under the warm breath of spring, which passed over the frozen earth.

Just before descending the hill, I turned to give a last look at the desolated village I was quitting, and perceived in the distance Dinah, Jean's widow, descending the opposite slope, her child in her arms and in her hand a mendicant's white staff.

HAVELOCK, THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

AN unusual sight was witnessed in the harbor of New York one bright morning of the last winter. The flags of the countless ships in the port were flying at half mast. But that, in itself considered, was not a strange sight. It betokened—death; and death, even among those whom their country delights to honor, is no novelty. They pass away, and their country's colors are lowered to tell of their departure and mutely to do them honor. But now, no order has come from the government to hang out these insignia of mourning. It is not one of our own citizens who has finished his course. A stranger who had never visited our shores, whose very name until quite recently had been unheard among us, a foreigner, has died in a far-off land, away from his home and his kindred. The news of his death arrived by the last steamer, and spontaneously the flags in the harbor are trailed to do him reverence. The hardy mariners needed no prompting. It was the outgushing tribute of their respect for a brave man. *Havelock is dead!*

A soldier and a Christian, a meek disciple of the Lord Jesus, and a bold military chieftain! It is not easy to realize the union of these characteristics in the same individual. It savors of incongruity. And yet we have heard of a preacher of righteousness in military uniform. Captain Webb was faithful to Christ and to his country. The names of others are doubtless in the Book of Life; and that Henry Havelock, the hero of Lucknow, was a brave and successful soldier is the testimony of all who knew him, and that he was a devout Christian, a man of faith and prayer, his biography sufficiently attests. A sketch

of his life by the Rev. William Brock, recently published, is our authority for the facts of the present article.

He was born in the county of Durham, England, on the 5th of April, 1795. His early religious impressions were derived from a pious mother, whose custom it was to read the Scriptures and pray with her little children in her own room. Like Timothy, he knew the Scriptures from a child, and although in after life his religious experience fluctuated at times, he was never able to divest himself of the impressions made upon him in those early days.

When the time came for selecting a profession young Havelock commenced the study of the law, but at the death of his mother, in 1810, his brother William entered the army, and this circumstance drew Henry's attention toward military pursuits. When Napoleon returned from Elba, in 1815, "he yielded," as he says, "to the military propensities of his race," by asking his brother to get him a commission forthwith.

There was, however, some delay, but having greatly distinguished himself at Waterloo, as aid-de-camp to Baron Alten, his brother—"one of the most chivalrous officers of the British service"—became a more influential man, and he at once exerted himself on Henry's behalf. About a month after the battle of Waterloo "Henry was appointed second lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, then the 95th."

Under these circumstances his destination in life was changed and definitely fixed. He saw an opportunity for making his way honorably, of which, through the reverses in his family fortunes, he felt bound to take advantage; and having no scruples about the compatibility of war with Christianity, he became a soldier.

In 1823 he embarked with his regiment for India; and on the voyage, as he himself tells us, "the Spirit of God came to him with its offers of peace and mandate of love, which, though for some time resisted, were received, and at length prevailed. There was wrought that great change in his soul which has been productive of unspeakable advantage to him in time, and, he trusts, has secured him happiness throughout eternity."

A brother officer who was with him at this time writes:

When I first knew Havelock, in 1824, he was only eight-and-twenty; but he was conspicuous

as an earnest student of his profession, a chivalrous soldier, and a man of the highest integrity. That which formed the brightest glory in his whole career was his sterling Christian consistency. He was not a man to parade his opinions or feelings, or to make any striking display, unless called for by some act or word of others, when no one could be more firm in the avowal of his sentiments; and his calm, impressive manner always told with effect.

He made no secret of his religious faith, but boldly avowed it. Nor was this all. He aimed not only by his example, but by warnings, entreaties, and exhortations, to lead others to Christ. At Rangoon, in Burmah, where he was quartered with his regiment, there is a famous heathen temple devoted to the service of Boodh. It is a magnificent building, and is deemed the glory of the city. Havelock, by some means, obtained possession of a chamber in this building for his own purposes. He had it prepared as a place for Christian worship. It needed no ceremonial exorcising to make it fit either for psalmody or prayer. Abominable idolatries had been witnessed there beyond all doubt, but no sacerdotal purifications were requisite ere adoration of the true God could be offered, and service well-pleasing to Him, through Jesus Christ.

An officer relates that as he was wandering round about the pagoda on one occasion, he heard the sound, strange enough, as he thought, of singing. He listened and found that it was certainly psalm-singing. He determined to follow the sound to its source, and started for the purpose. At length he reached the chamber, and what should meet his eye but Havelock, with his Bible and Hymn Book before him, and more than a hundred men seated around him, giving earnest heed to his proclamation of the glad tidings of great joy. How had they got their light by which to read, for the place was in dark shade? They had obtained lamps for the purpose, and, putting them in order, had lit them, and placed them one by one in an idol's lap. There they were, those dumb but significant lamp-bearers, in constant use; and they were there, we may be well assured, to suggest stirring thoughts to the lieutenant and his men.

While they were in Burmah the army was one day suddenly apprised of the near approach of the enemy. Sir Archibald Campbell sent in great haste to order the men of a particular corps to occupy at

once a prescribed post. Imminent as was the danger, the order was to no purpose, for the men of that corps were so many of them intoxicated, that they were unfit for duty. The position was embarrassing, and would presently have become serious. The general knew this well, and he knew, too, how probably it could best, at least in part, be met.

"Then," said he, when told that his former order was unavailing, "then call out Havelock's saints; they are never drunk, and Havelock is always ready." The bugle sounded; they were immediately under arms, and the general's object was achieved by the enemy being repulsed.

During the long period in which Havelock served his country in a subordinate situation, in the camp and on the field of battle, he retained his Christian character, and his military reputation increased. Promotion, though it came slowly, came surely. He rose, successively, from one post to another, and in the expedition against Persia he was in command of the second division of the British army.

An instance of his personal bravery occurred during this Persian expedition. As the steamer which conveyed his men was moving upward, he saw that they must be exposed to a heavy cannonade when they passed a fort that was bristling with cannon. He ordered his men to lie down flat on the deck, and then took his own station on the paddle-box that he might act as the emergence required. The danger to himself was imminent, for there came all around him a perfect shower of balls; but he escaped unhurt. He was not touched.

Fearlessness of this kind had become habitual to him. In part, probably, it was the result of constitutional temperament, but, in a far greater measure, it was the consequence of his active realization of the power and sovereignty of God.

The revolt in India occurred while Havelock was in Persia. Regiment after regiment of the native troops had abandoned its allegiance to the British crown, and in some cases, amid dreadful atrocities, had put all Europeans to the sword. At Meerut, Delhi, Ferozepore, Allyghur, Lucknow, Nussereabad, Bareilly, Shahjehanpore, and many other places, the rebels were more or less triumphant at the first, and it seemed as if no alternative remained now but for the English ignobly

to retire. The infection was spreading on all sides, and treasure and ammunition daily fell into the hands of the mutineers, while the stronghold at Delhi had, for the time being, become their own.

The panic at Calcutta was immense. Not only were communications constantly arriving of disaster upon disaster up the country, but discovery was made of a conspiracy to murder every European in the city.

At this juncture Havelock reached Bombay, on his way back from Persia. There he heard of the revolt by which India was convulsed, and at once proceeded across the country by land to head-quarters. He lost no time in taking his post as adjutant-general of the queen's troops, and placed himself at the disposal of the commander-in-chief. Invaluable were the services of such a man. His arrival just then was well deemed auspicious in the extreme. His knowledge of the country; his acquaintance with the habits and customs of the people; his military genius and experience, especially his most trustworthy character and high standing with the soldiery, rendered him of the highest worth for the emergency.

The first engagement with the rebel army took place at Futtehpore. It was a complete and total rout, and the following is Havelock's own account of it, in a letter to his wife:

One of the prayers oft repeated throughout my life since my school days, has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action. I must refer you for the particulars to my dispatch. I will here only say that I marched down upon this place yesterday morning, Sunday the 12th, (battle of the Boyne,) with harassed troops, intending to attack the insurgents next day; but their fate led them on. Out they sallied and insulted my camp, whereupon I determined to try an immediate action. We fought, and I may say that in ten minutes the affair was decided, for in that short time our Enfield rifles and cannon had taken all conceit of fight out of the mutineers. Among them was the fifty-sixth, the very regiment which I led on at Maharajpore.

But away with vainglory! Thanks to Almighty God, who gave me the victory! I captured in four hours eleven guns, and scattered the enemy's whole force to the winds. I now march to retake Cawnpore, where, alas! our troops have been treacherously destroyed, and to succor Lawrence at Lucknow.

The atrocities committed by the insurgents at Cawnpore, whither Havelock was now approaching, have never been exceeded in the annals of war.

Nena Sahib, whose name will be but another word for cruelty and treachery, had received news of the defeat at Futteh-pore, and wreaked his vengeance upon women and little children. One hundred and thirty-six, many of them tender infants, and their mothers, after suffering every indignity, were cruelly and with ingenious atrocity put to death. These were fugitives who had been persuaded to put themselves under the protection of this miscreant. But he had not yet done. The women and children of the helpless garrison, consigned to a captivity worse than death, were still in his hands. Upon these helpless prisoners he would wreak his savage revenge, and ere the sun rose next morning he had perpetrated a deed of relentless cruelty to which history scarcely affords a parallel. Havelock says:

He filled up the measure of his iniquities on the 15th, for, on hearing that the bridge on the Pando Nuddee had been forced, he ordered the immediate massacre of the wives and children of our British soldiers still in his possession in this cantonment, which was carried out by his followers with every circumstance of barbarous malignity.

This horrible catastrophe will never be remembered without a shudder. Modern warfare knows nothing equal to it for deliberate barbarity. The agony of mothers and the cries of infants come back to every man who reads the cruel story; and no one can wonder that the soldiers, as they passed through Cawnpore, and saw the words written on that bloody wall by mothers in their dying anguish, should have vowed vengeance against the perpetrators of this deed of blood. And the day of vengeance was at hand. On the 16th of July, 1857, Havelock reached Cawnpore, and with an army of thirteen hundred men attacked and utterly routed the rebels, who numbered at least five thousand men. The author of the Indian mutiny says:

Perhaps in no action that ever was fought was the superior power of arrangement, moral force, personal daring, and physical strength of the European over the Asiatic more apparent. The rebels fought well; many of them did not flinch from a hand to hand encounter with our troops; they stood well to their guns, served them with accuracy; but yet, in spite of this, of their strong position, of their disproportionate excess in number, they were beaten.

But the general's gratification at the victory was sadly neutralized by the

shocking sight presented within the city. He had pressed on with the hope of opening the dungeon, and liberating the prisoners, of restoring children to their parents, and wives to their husbands. He found only their mangled and mutilated remains.

Rarely, indeed, since the massacre of the innocents, had men looked upon a more sickening sight. The very blood, in some places, went over the soldiers' shoes. Steeped in that blood they found locks of ladies' hair, leaves of religious books, the bonnets and hats of little children, and their mothers' combs, in strange confusion. Sword-cuts marked the wall here and there; and amid them were scattered the messages of dying mothers to their countrymen. There, too, was the well, into which the dead had been thrown for burial, and the wounded for death. Their corpses had been heaped together, and were still uncovered. The men of other regiments came up, exasperated and saddened at the mournful tidings. Rugged men, who had charged to the cannon's mouth on the previous day, wept like little children as they turned from that spectacle of guilt and suffering.

Cawnpore was now completely in the power of the conqueror; and yet under this terrible provocation, through the influence of their gallant general, the British soldiers raised not a hand against the inhabitants, and not a single English bayonet was soiled by their blood.

Remaining but a few days for rest and refreshment, General Havelock, on the 21st of July, crossed the Ganges, with his little army, and commenced his march for the relief of Lucknow. On the route he had several engagements with the enemy, and incessant vigilance was necessary, for their attacks were sudden, and were made frequently when least expected. In addition to this, cholera had begun to attack his little army. Soldiers who had charged with irresistible power by day, at night lay down weak with disease. The army had many wounded, but they had many more sick. He could not reckon on more than twelve hundred healthy men; and he already had nearly three hundred invalids. To send the sick and wounded back to Cawnpore, would require a convoy of at least three hundred men. He could not spare that number from his army and hope to reach Lucknow, still

thirty-six miles away. What a night of trial to Havelock's faith! Still his dispatch shows no change from his cool and quiet style. He exhibited no fretfulness that he, the victor of two battles in one day, was beaten back by a more powerful enemy than Nena Sahib.

We give an extract from a letter to his wife at this time. It is dated six miles from Cawnpore, Sunday, August 9, 1857:

I know not when I may have leisure to write a line to you again, so I will avail myself, not of a Sabbath's rest, for that I have not, but of an incidental cessation of work, to give you my views. I have fought seven severe fights with the enemy, and by God's blessing have beat him in every one of them. . . . But I will say no more of public matters than that I have everywhere beaten my foes, but that things are in a most perilous state. If we succeed in restoring anything it will be by God's especial and extraordinary mercy. . . . I must now write as one whom you may see no more, for the chances of war are heavy at this crisis. . . . Thank God for my hope in the Saviour. We shall meet in heaven.

And thus in all his letters, as well as in his conversation, amid the din of battle, and when seeking needed repose for himself and his jaded soldiers, his thoughts appear to have continued reference to his Saviour and to his home in heaven.

Terrible indeed was the condition of the besieged within the walls of Lucknow. One after another of the leaders within the beleaguered garrison had been cut off. Famine stared them in the face, and death in its most frightful form. They had among them cholera, small-pox, and fever. But all the while this fearful struggle was going on, the patient endurance and Christian resignation of the ladies and soldiers' wives animated by their example the devoted band who defended them. Many had been made widows and their children fatherless in the struggle, but they never ceased to exhibit a self-devotion in the common danger that renders the part they took not the least memorable in the defense of Lucknow.

On the 24th July arrived the first letter they had received since the commencement of the siege. It was from one of the officers in General Havelock's staff, and announced the presence of his army on the Onde side of the Ganges, opposite Cawnpore, and the probability of the relief of Lucknow in two or three days.

The joy of the beleaguered garrison on hearing this news needs no description.

A reply was immediately returned, begging that two rockets might be sent up the moment he arrived at the outskirts of the city, in order that they might make what efforts they could to aid him in the perilous passage to the Residency. Need it be told how many eyes were on the stretch for weary days and nights, anxious to be the first to announce to their fellow-prisoners the joyful news of succor at hand, nor how the long days passed and hearts grew sick with despair when the expected aid remained unheard and unseen? "We knew not then," says Brigadier Inglis, "nor did we learn till the 29th of August, or thirty-five days later, that the relieving force, after having fought most nobly to effect our deliverance, had been obliged to fall back for re-enforcements."

At length, after many weary days and nights of hope deferred on the part of the besieged, and many bloody conflicts on the part of Havelock's gallant band, the day of deliverance came.

As the brave 78th are passing through an archway, "which literally streamed fire," a bullet strikes General Neill on the head, and he falls to rise no more. The men, enraged, fire a volley against the wall, in the vain hope that some stray bullets may enter the loop-holes and avenge their brave leader's death. Recalled to their duty by Havelock's word, they march on, leaving the dying and the dead behind them at every step. Now it is getting dark, but the road is lighted up by the incessant flight of shot and shell and the furious play of musketry. One obstacle after another is conquered, and the way at last is clear. The gate of the Residency is before them, and with a cheer, which British soldiers know how to give, the vanguard of Havelock's "Column of Relief" enters in, bringing to the beleaguered garrison safety at least, if not deliverance.

And who shall picture the greetings of that night—the joy of those who once more began to hope, or the gratitude they felt to that brave heart who for near a hundred days had struggled through an overwhelming tide of battle, disease, and death to bring them deliverance!

"Our reception," says one, "was enthusiastic, old men, women, and wan infants pouring down in one weeping crowd to welcome their deliverers."

Since the day that Havelock had been intrusted with the important command—

since the day that he had asked his wife to pray that God would enable her husband to "fulfill the expectation of government," sustained in the execution of a mission so congenial to every feeling of his chivalrous nature, and supported under baffling disappointments by the testimony of a good conscience—this Christian hero had steadily kept before him the work given him to do; and now that his heavenly Master had permitted him to see it accomplished, his gratitude found expression in the words of the Hebrew warrior: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy great name give glory."

And now the end of his career had almost come. Disease, induced by anxiety and care, had fastened upon him. He lingered long enough to hear of the estimate in which his country held him for his bravery, and of the first of the series of honors which had been conferred on him by the Queen. This was cheering. He was grateful, but as modest and unostentatious as ever.

From his sick-room he wrote one more letter to his family, from whom he had been so long separated. He assumes a cheerful tone; says nothing about his alarming symptoms, and gives no intimation but that they shall hear from him again. It was the last letter he ever wrote.

He was well aware of the danger that was impending; yet, while he felt his jeopardy to be extreme, he was thoroughly at rest. The peace of God which passeth all understanding was keeping his heart and mind through Jesus Christ. Should he be about to pass through the valley of the shadow of death he would fear no evil. Why should he? There were the rod and the staff to comfort him. There was "the Resurrection and the Life" awaiting to be the strength of his heart, and his portion forever. How often had he cheered his brethren by the assurances of life and immortality, when they were in thickest danger. How many times had he talked of Providence, of the keys of Hades and of Death, of the destruction of the last enemy, of departure to be with Christ.

His illustrious companion, Sir James Outram, having called, he thought it right to say to him what was then upon his mind. "For more than forty years," was his remark to Sir James, "I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

Often had they faced it together, even during that recent memorable advance for the relief of Lucknow. There, however, God had averted it; but here it was present in all its power, and must be met. "So be it," was the imperturbed response of Outram's comrade; "I am not in the least afraid. To die is gain."

"I die happy and contented," he kept on saying, knowing whom he had believed, and persuaded that he was able to keep what he had committed to him until that day.

On the 24th his end was obviously near at hand. His eldest son was still his loving and faithful nurse, himself, it should be remembered, a wounded man, and especially needing kindly care. Waiting on his father with unflagging and womanly assiduity, he was summoned to hearken to some parting words.

"Come," said the disciple thus faithful unto death; "come, my son, and see how a Christian can die." And Havelock died.

SOLOMON SARTOR AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

"TUT, tut, Mrs. Bantam," our friend Sartor broke in the other day at the dinner-table, "not so fast in your judgment on Spiritualism; your views are too sweeping. It is high time we began to look at this matter of Spiritualism in a calmer light; and if you will permit me to give my opinions on the subject, and can listen to a long-drawn disquisition, then you are welcome to all I can utter. And first of all let me say that there is a vast difference between spirit-rapping and spirit-rappingism. Spirit-rapping is a serious, and if you please a scientific matter; but as to Spiritualism, let us throw that to the dogs, as some one, no matter who, would do with physic."

"The peculiar doctrines of this blattantism are much older than the rapping era. This pseudo-light has gathered its consuming material from various sources. 'Vestiges of Creation' created a few sparks; Waldo Emerson cast in phosphorescent gleams; the Fowlers for years worked out of men's rugged head-bumps (particularly the spirituality bump) sundry gas glimmers; and the whole matter culminated in 1848, and blazed out in the lurid ball-fires of Jackson Davis! Since

then he has been the great high priest of the splendiferous harmonia-temple, with numerous under-priests and vestal virgins (?) around the altar.

"The whole matter was glimmering in its lurid light when spirit-rappings came up; these last were laid hold of as new vehicles to carry forth their murky torch-lights! Of Bedlam born, let us hope that it will go down to its well-merited oblivion! So much for the *ism*; the scientific portion deserves a candid looking into. The scientific jury is not yet ready to pronounce its verdict; but the people of the world-court have heard in snatches the evidence, and have some premonitions of what the verdict of our Faradays and Pierces will be.

"Galvani perceived the peculiar convulsions of the flesh of a newly-dressed frog, ('twas in France, Mrs. Bantam, where they eat such things,) and from that hint followed along until animal magnetism and the galvanic battery were produced. These, with Mesmerism, have been and are great mysteries. The mesmerizer was once thought to have supernatural power over his subject. So, too, electricity has given its day of wonderment. In these are two or three principles, galvanism, mesmerism, magnetism, electricity, which have a difference of operation under different names. There seem to be a few simples combining to produce the varying effects to which we give the names I have mentioned.

"Whether it is all *one* power, and that electricity, or two or three different principles, we cannot as yet tell. There is, perhaps, a combination of elements. We may throw the whole into a *genus*, with three species, magnetism, Mesmerism, and electricity; and the premonitions are that the afore-mentioned jury will add a fourth species to our *genus*, giving it, perhaps, the name already hinted at in the scientific world, the *oddylic force*. Or at least, if not a new species, it will be found to be a new combination of our three species; or if driven from that, it may be found to be only a new development of electricity. I was in his house the other day where I was shown a pair of magnetized shears, which were charged six years ago when the lightning struck their house; this would lead us to think that electricity and magnetism are very nearly related.

"A few months ago, in the parlor of our

friend Holcomb at Lee Dale, a specimen of this table-moving power was exhibited that throws light on the subject. You know Miss Brown, Mrs. Bantam? Well, she is impressible, and one evening she was visiting with Mr. Holcomb's young people while Mr. Holcomb was entertaining visitors in the sitting-room. The young people had no idea of spirits, but sat around the table, and out of sport formed a circle. Hands were joined on the table. In due time the table began to show signs of life! Mr. Holcomb and his visitors were called in. Each of the visitors, Jewett and Ransom, I should say here, would weigh his two hundred pounds or more. These stout men took hold of the table, and held it fast. Two of the circle arose, and passed around the table; the table whirled after them, carrying the two men with it, and making itself obedient to those who had magnetic will over it! No spirits were invoked, nor was there (in the mind of any one present) the presence of any power whatever beyond an earthly one. Mysterious you think, ha, Mrs. Bantam? Well, so was magnetism and the Leyden jar in their day of novelty.

"Take another instance. An exposé of spirit-rapping, who was a great mesmerizer, put a table under his power, just as he would mesmerize a man, and set men from the audience holding it until it was broken to pieces! There is a mysterious truth in Mesmerism, and spirit rapping (so called) will be found near akin to it.

"Davis himself says the best way to form a circle is to take a circular rope covered with silk and wound with silver and copper wire, and to hold this in the hands. A prime magnetizer, sure enough! Won't some of our thousand and one spirit followers feel rather funny when the world's jury shall get its verdict made out, and they find that their god, their heaven, their innumerable entangled and befangled "revelations" have all been but Mesmerism or a galvanic battery and its influences! Pity that some voice of warning might not be heeded by the thousands that are yearly being deluded by this snare of the tempter, ere the true way be entirely past their finding!"

"You know, Sartor," said Mr. Hopkins, "much is said about the want of any practical results from table-tipping: do you think your *oddylic force* will ever be of more use?"

"Why Mr. Hopkins," continued Sartor, "there is the very source of the failure of the thing. People have supposed table-tipping is the action of spirits, and have tried to bring something good out of a false idea. You might as well strive to get useful teachings out of the puffings of a steam engine, calling the puffs the voice of spirits, as to get good out of the tippings of a table when consulted under the idea that 'spirits' are present. Magnetism has gone into the service of man through the instrumentality of the galvanic battery, which sends in undulating streams news items, fraught with weal or woe, over our wire-webbed land. Let us hope this new force will accomplish something.

The magnetizing performer of whom I spoke threw himself into magnetic connection with the table, and willed it to move hither and thither. The will in this case seems to be a powerful battery putting its subject into life; now I suggest that this power be applied to machinery. We will get us a large propelling wheel to which we will connect our machinery; we will then engage a company of mediums, who shall get into rapport with our wheel, and stand for six hours *willing* the great wheel on in its evolutions! You may laugh, Mrs. Bantam; but if a table may be made to spin around a room, why may not a wheel be made to turn as well? I hope our table-reporter will pass over this idea of mine to Ericsson and Paine, of water-light notoriety; they can carry out the principle; I shall only claim a copyright of the idea."

A long conversation on the literature of Spiritualism followed this exposition. None were able to answer the question, from whence this grandiloquent style? but all entered into a species of banter as to which could produce from any source the finest specimen of this puissant language. At another after-dinner *sociable* each one threw in a contribution. We give them here as veritable spiritualistic productions. Mrs. Bantam led off. Her selection ran thus:

"The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for the taps is the physiological defects of the membranous system. The obtuseness of the abdominal indicator causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm, and depresses the duodenum into the flandango.

"Now if the taps were caused by the vocation of the electricity from the extremities, the tympanum would dissolve into the spiritual sinetum and become identical with the pigmentum. Now this is not the case; in order to produce the taps the spiritual rotundum must be elevated down to the spiritual spero. But, as I said before, the inferior ligaments must not sub-tend over the digitorum sufficiently to disorganize the stertieletum.

"A friend of ours, who graduated with distinguished honors at one of the Northern universities, says that he must dissent *in toto* from the idea that the depression of the duodenum into the flandango could by any possibility cause the olfactory ossificator to ferment and become identical with the pigmentum. He says the thing cannot be done; and after quoting several learned authors on the subject, winds up his argument with the remark that the vibratory motion communicated to the tunica albugenia by the parturition of the alveold process effectually disintegrates the pericardiac influences of the epigastrium, and produces a compound corpuscular movement of the lymphatic glands, which abnormal and diagnostical state of the nervous system deteriorates a preponderance of the lacteal fluid to the posterior portion of the cerebellum, and predisposes the patient to preternatural distention of the auricular membranous orifice, in which case the rappings become painfully audible!"

"Why," said Sartor, who acted as a kind of self-appointed moderator, "that, Mrs. Bantam, is simply a burlesque." Mrs. Bantam had overlooked that fact, and her item was ruled out.

Mr. Bantam followed his wife, and delivered himself of this veritable spirit *morceau*. It is from the spirit of Shelley:

The earth reels fast, within the strong maelstrom
Circling around the vortex of its doom;
Death grasps with fleshless hand the helm;
His lips in mockery shout progression as she dips
Upon the marge of the abyss deep,
Where the coil'd serpents of the ocean sleep.

Wake, wake, O mortal! ope thy slumbrous
ears (!)
Charm'd by circean melody of spheres,
The vices bred in passion's burning cave
Scream through the storm the vultures of the
wave,
And ghouls tartarean, wehr-wolves of the sea,
With eager jaws distended follow thee.

"Very good," was the general verdict.

Mr. Hopkins tried his hand at quotation :

"The internal of all intellectuality hath its origin in God. The most glorified of all created existences capacitated to approach the throne of the Divine effulgence, receives the breath of his being as animating fire, and moves in the divinity of its loveliness. Hence, by adapted laws, the spirit descendeth to proximity with the ascending focality of physical nature when the elements affinitize, thence inchoating, cause that innovation which blendeth the majestic procedures, and by inversion infoldeth, and thence ascendeth through spiritual unfoldings to the attractive source of all the intellectual and morally pure. Thus proceedeth the self-existent to unfold, purify, and quicken anew, and ultimate in a heaven his works, as purposed in the Divine procedure. In this is epitomized the philosophical statement of that law by which shall be unfolded to their consummation the immensities of the terrestrial universes inhabited by spiritual intelligences, and also the infolding and ascension of these into immensities of the spiritual, and thence immensity of the celestial, and thence the immensity of the most glorious and divinely pure universe, the embodiment of all universes."

"Supersplendent?" said Mrs. Bantam.

"Clear as mud?" said Hopkins.

"Very exquisite," saith Miss Artiste.

"Sublime nonsense!" said Sartor.

There was a quiet; it was Budlong's turn.

"In the twelfth hour the glory of God, the life of God, the Lord in God, the Holy procedure shall crown the Triune Creator with the perfect disclosive illumination; then shall the creation in effulgence above the Divine seraphamal arise unto the dome of the disclosure in one comprehensive revolving galaxy of supreme created beatitudes."

There was an abundance of such stuff on hand, but the company had had enough of it, and the party adjourned *sine die*.

The next dinner-time Sartor observed that there was curious literature elsewhere than among Spiritualists, and as an instance he read the following scrap, from an article on Spiritualism by a professor in a noted seminary, and which appeared in a noted weekly paper. Here is the morsel :

Yet there are, strange to say, and not so very strange either, some few who, having

known the truth, but in some dark hour having lost sight of it, or who, for argument's sake, have opposed what they felt to be true, until they finally know not what they believe, or, whether they really believe anything or not; and hence, whatever most bewilders and intoxicates their minds, that for the time is the thing to which they cling until the former [what is meant by the former?—Sartor] have evaporated, and they again find themselves empty, and ready for the next process of installation or bewilderment.

"But," continued Solomon, "let us be done with these matters; I have a serious matter to settle with Mrs. Bantam. You remember some time ago, Mrs. Bantam, I brought the charge of plagiarism against your favorite poet, Longfellow? I could not substantiate the charge then, but I have here the facts which will, if once printed, send the author of "Hiawatha" tumbling down from his pinnacle of fame, down from the statuesque pillar where, Mrs. Bantam, your fancy has placed him. I have not had time to look through 'Hiawatha,' but here are specimens from some of his minor poems :

The rooks are calling,
It is the sound of woe.—*Longfellow.*

They weep each other's woe.—*Pope.*

They are chanting solemn masses.
Longfellow.

They chant to the sound of the viol.—*Bible.*

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.
Longfellow.

The friar hooded and the monarch crown'd.
Pope.

The hooded clouds. . . .
Patter their doleful prayers.
Longfellow.

The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard.
Thomson.

But their prayers are all in vain.
Longfellow.

Bring no more vain oblations.—*Bible.*

There he stands. . . .
Crown'd with flowers.—*Longfellow.*

And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
Dryden.

Like weak, despised Lear,
A king—a king!—*Longfellow.*

Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then press'd that monarch's throned king.
Halteck.

Tho' the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.—*Longfellow.*

Her breath was sweet.—*Pullock.*

The shades of night were falling fast.
Longfellow.

Night's sable shadows o'er the ocean fall.

Denham.

A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device.

Longfellow.

The knight with new device upon his shield.

Dryden.

The accents of that unknown tongue.

Longfellow.

The tender accents of a woman's tongue.

Prior.

Dark lowers the tempest overhead.

Longfellow.

And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house.

Shakespeare.

"I hope, Mrs. Bantam, you will have no more to say after *such* testimony. Longfellow may consider himself extinguished."

"That is somewhat an old but rather fitting remark of yours, Mrs. Bantam, and every year brings new proof that while the childless *know* all about training children, they make sad failures whenever they really have a chance to try their hand. I have often noticed that the poorest of mothers is an old ma—pardon me, ladies—a woman who is advanced in life before she becomes a wife. There is a great difference, as you say, in training other people's children and one's own. I once sat at the table of a friend who had just returned from a visit where, as it seems, a child had behaved very unseemly. My friend told the story of the child's 'wrongs' over very definitely, describing at our dinner-table, with dramatic pathos and fatherly ire, the sauciness of the said little fellow, while at the same time his own little Willie was giving living illustrations of his father's direful story! 'Didn't the father notice it?' Not a bit of it! His own Willie was perfect.

"Another friend of mine, who had a very saucy lot of children, entreated me one day, if I knew anything out of the way in his boys, to let him know. I knew enough to make up a book entitled 'Acts of Scapegraces,' and did gently hint a fault or two in this anxious father's ears. It would be so kind in me, he said, to give him information. I did, I say, give him an item or two. Well for me, I did not give him more, for, speaking hyperbolically, I thought I should lose my head. 'I was misinformed; I must be mistaken; it could not have been his boys; he knew his boys too well; they

were above such things, and he would not believe a word of it; it was so unreasonable, it could not be so.' I backed out, and learned this lesson: Most men that ask you to tell them of their faults, or of the faults of their children, think themselves and children perfect, and are merely giving banter to show a flaw in their diamond character if you can.

"As you observe, Mrs. Bantam, it is difficult to tell just how far nature and how far education are responsible for faults and virtues. I look at the matter in this light: Nature sends forth children of various minds. Nature intends there shall be a difference in the capacities of men. We can never make all men to be alike; but education, mental and moral, may warp, model, change, and remodel the natural propensities of the heart and mind. Here is the rough iron bar; you may beat it into sledge-hammers, or work it out into fine Damascene blades; you can never make gold of it, however; it will, in the sledge or the razor, be iron still. So, too, you may take the golden ingot and work it up into baubles for show—beautiful jewel tinsel work; turn it into the nimble coin, or beat it into the polished watch-case—ment; but in jewel, eagle, watch, it is always gold. Have you not noticed that there are iron, utilitarian minds that can never be turned into gold? You can make of them great sledge-hammer-minded men, or educate them to Yankee 'cuteness' and shrewdness. So, too, your Evas and Idas Mays, your poets and painters of golden mind, may be molded into what you will. There is the bauble Bulwer; and the useful Greenleaf Whittier, who issues golden coin; the time-warning Kirk White; and the jewel Byron, who pampered the pride and passions of men. (I have run from the mind to its products I see; but do not the thoughts of men pass as portions of the pure gold of mind?)

"I am fearful that I shall get into sermonizing here at the table, but at the expense of a little interest let me rattle off a disquisition on child training. The commonest idea prevailing among parents is, that though the child have its wild way now, its own good sense will teach it the true way when it comes to years of discretion. The poet Coleridge had a skeptical friend that was peculiarly an advocate of this idea. 'Don't,' said he, 'teach the child anything of God or religion; don't

prejudice the mind; let the child be left to form its own course and own ideas.'

Coleridge contended that it was a duty to culture in the child-heart whatever was desirable to be there. The friend oft combated this idea. One day the two were walking in Coleridge's garden. They came upon a place all overgrown with weeds. 'Why,' said the friend, 'Coleridge, do you suffer the weeds to grow here?' 'O,' rejoined Coleridge, 'I am experimenting a little. I did not wish to prejudice the soil in favor of flowers. I thought perhaps the ground would get tired of its everlasting weeds, and some of these summers produce, without any care of mine, a fine parterre of flowers?' The friend was beaten; and so, too, from this little allegory, should every parent take warning. If we wish the flowers of virtue to spring up in the child-heart there must be planting and culture. Only let the child alone and weeds of error will grow fast enough! Our John Randolph said he should have been a French atheist had not his mother taught him to say 'Our Father who art in heaven.'

"But the most forceful argument against letting the young pursue the way of evil, is the fact that though they reform they will find the influences of evil following them ever after. It is one thing to turn from a thing, but another to have all the sad memories blotted out! Pardon me, ladies, but this very day I was reading an incident that illustrates this point. A young man sent back the letters and keepsakes to one to whom he was betrothed, saying: 'I restore all; and now everything will be as we were before we were acquainted.' To which she made answer: 'To be sure you have sent back the letters and the trinkets; but can you restore the fond endearments I have lavished upon you? Can you restore the holy hopes I had centered in you? No! I have all these gifts, but my heart is breaking!' So the young may be severed from the gay round of follies, but the warm, impulsive, innocent emotions of the young heart will be lost in those giddy mazes never to be regained!

"An enemy wished to injure his neighbor, and with a great price he rented a piece of ground on which he was to have the privilege of raising one crop. He sowed thistles! Give up the young heart to the enemy and it will take years to eradicate the evils sown there.

"Most of the evils that come in upon the young are unheeded, from the false idea that no influences or evil effect can be seen. Because the evil tendencies of a bad book or of a night at the theater are not seen at once and tangibly, the mother ceases vigilance and banters any one that can trace out the evil. These influences are like enlarging rivers. Stream after stream comes into the flowing Amazon, which lose their waters in the general flood. There is no perceptible change in the river; but the accumulated streams make the river after all. So the tide of life from infancy gathers in its influences. A mother's frown, a sister's smile, a tiny book, a scene of wickedness, a place of prayer, all yield their unperceived impressions, and the sum of life will be in accordance with the surrounding impulses. If good influences have preponderated their impress will be left; and it is most bitterly true that evil will leave its murky stains! You may cover the grass with linen, and pour on clear water for days, and though the sun will dry up the water as fast almost as you cast it on, and no perceptible result be seen, yet the linen by the process will become white as the driven snow. The most obdurate heart—even that of a bed-lamite—may be tamed and made mild by the dews of kindness and the sunshine of smiles!

"It is a serious thing, Mrs. Bantam, to have the molding and modeling of a youthful heart and mind! and with that remark I shall go my way for this time."

"I promised, Mrs. Bantam, to give you, at some convenient time, my notions of doctors of medicine, and now, while our Dr. Budlong is out, will be as good a time as any. About eight years ago it was my lot to reside for a year or two in a very sickly region. 'Where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together,' and this aforesaid region became the resort of all the quacks and new-beginners of the country. There were men of all 'schools,' and amid the plenitude of afflictions none of them wanted for patients. But, alas! no matter what the disease, it was as good (or rather as bad) as death to be taken sick.

"Circumstances led me often into the sick-room, where I found opportunity to take note of the multitudinous practice of those who in this region were trying an

apprentice hand at mending the human system. O, it was pitiful to see the people die where seemingly there was very little danger of death! From that time I was down on the whole generation of doctors, from the Homeopath man to the man of steam! To help on the aversion I began to entertain, I was taking the then popular *Water-Cure Journal*.

"In falling out thus with physic I was pushed to the furthest verge of folly, and bid farewell to all medicine; I adopted the following very truthful ditty as my medical creed. With some abatements I have since made, there is a great deal of wisdom in these doggerel lines:

"SENSEOPATHY.

"Take the open air,
The more you take the better;
Follow nature's laws
To the very letter.

"Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The brandy, and the whisky.

"Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you over fearful.

"Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well,
Or at least you ought to.

"But it is one thing to defy the doctors when well, and another to be helpless on a bed of pain. A time of sickness a few years ago brought me near the doors of the other world; all my fine notions of physicians fled; I cried lustily for help! It was no time to dally with old opinions when the pains and groans of my fevered body were like the anguish of one on an inquisition-rack! The doctor came. He was a man of sense, and skillful in his business, notwithstanding his attachment to the calomel practice. Help! help! that was what I wanted, calomel or no calomel! I found cause to love the man who watched over me so assiduously; and from that time I have had a great respect for sensible M.D.'s.

"And as to the 'school' of practice, Mrs. Bantam, all things being equal, I prefer the eclectic; but I have found one truth underlying all systems, and over and above all 'schools,' that ought, I think, to bear rule in this whole matter: Your quack of any school is a nuisance; but almost

everything depends on the good sense and skill of the men: on their knowledge of disease and the human system. I never stay now to ask whether my physician be allopath, botanic, or eclectic; old school or new school; but first of all I want to know whether he understands his business.

"I have in other times said many hard things about these medical men, much of which I am now ready to recall. Just opposite my room Dr. Hewitt keeps his office. I see him driving out in the rain storms and in the blustering snows; hear him leaving his warm abode at midnight hours, and see him returning chilled and water-soaked only to meet a message from miles away for dispatch in that direction. And if he happens to be called, as too often happens, when all other remedies have failed, and the patient dies, it is all laid to his want of skill. I have come to think that even our every-day physicians are living martyrs to the cause of our suffering humanity. I now say, let them have their fees, round as they are; and more, the sympathies of the people who have their portion of the 'ills flesh is heir to.'

"By the way, I think this word 'heir' is in most cases out of place. It intimates that disease comes as inevitably as fate or the decrees. We bring upon ourselves by our own folly most of the 'ills' that flesh is pestered with. Living in malarious regions will bring agues; giving way to continual melancholy will bring on consumption; and they who fare sumptuously every day must expect to know what pains dyspepsia can conjure up; and they that will walk on paper-soled shoes will have colds; and colds are the progenitors of almost every kind of disease.

"I have a notion to deliver a set lecture some day on the *Laws of Health*. I shall hope, Mrs. Bantam, to have you in the audience."

"I perceive that our table reporter (or else his printer, which is most likely) has made several mistakes in reporting our colloquys.

"On page 343, April NATIONAL, we have: 'When one sits down to write knowing that the world is peaking in at the cracks he will be confounded, and, losing selfhood, will write magniloquently rapid!' I said 'magniloquently rapid!'

"Again, same page: 'But the great monopolizers laid hold of her, and she must

needs write up the list of that great paper.' I said 'The great monopolizer.'

"Once more, page 344: 'Pickwick set him up notes which came near laying him over.' I said, 'Pickwick set him up; Nates came near laying him over.' But these are trivial. Some one—the reporter, the editor, or the printer—deserves great credit for the accuracy of our table-talk as printed. It is no fine thing to be mangled in print. Let all concerned beware."

CHINESE CHARMS.

THE admiral of the British fleet, previous to the bombardment of the city of Canton, announced his determination to discountenance and prevent all looting or plundering, both as demoralizing and as subversive of the discipline that is essentially necessary to success. Yet, with becoming deference to the humane intentions of this general order, seamen, soldiers, and officers of both services will loot, and most probably the highest functionary on the spot, down to the lowest camp-follower, did loot. Were there not so many ten thousand dollars, and so many bars of silver, carried off in triumph (as prize) for her majesty's coffers? Be this as it may, both officers and soldiers on the spot managed to pocket a variety of little curiosities, many of which must be explained to them under the ambiguous heading given above of Chinese Charms; for, in all probability, up to this hour they are ignorant of what those valuable knick-knacks really are.

It is a well-known fact that there are official astrologers, appointed by the court of Peking, to divine as to the fit time for marriage, shaving, bathing, or starting on a journey, etc., and to notify them in each year's imperial almanac.

It is not surprising, then, that with such august encouragement given to soothsaying, there should be found in China myriads of men and women adopting this as their profession, who are paid by the people for their advice as to the daily routine of life, the result of business speculations, the success of medical prescriptions, and so forth. And, of course, it will follow that the Chinese public of all classes put trust in auguries, and place an enormous value on magical spells and charms. This credulity of the populace is not connected with one special form of religion more

than with another; for, from direct contact with the people, it will be found that Taoism, a native religion of China, and Buddhism, a foreign intruder into China, both have contributed their share to pamper that passion for mystery, and that belief in invisible powers, by which the ignorant seek to explain inexplicable phenomena, and to frame excuses or to seek consolations for their individual misfortunes.

But the tangible charms which, we presume, among other Canton prizes have fallen into the hands of our brave countrymen, may probably be arranged under two classes—the precatory, and the deprecatory. Of these, the latter is the more popular. They include every variety of magical invention for warding off sickness, disease, calamity, fire, and demoniacal possessions. We can select only a few, substituting English names for Chinese, with a word or two in explanation.

"The cash-sword" is made of a large number of old copper coins, strung together in the shape of a rude sword, and kept straight by a piece of iron running through the whole length. It is supposed to have great effect in frightening away ghosts and evil spirits, and in hastening the recovery of sick people. It may be found chiefly in houses where persons have suffered violent deaths, or have committed suicide; and not unfrequently it is hung up by the bedside of inner-rooms. As the copper coins may have been cast under the reigns of different monarchs, it is imagined that the presence of the several sovereigns will afford a guarantee against misfortune of any kind.

"An old brass mirror" may often be observed in the chief apartments of rich people; standing there for the purpose of enticing away foul and malignant demons. The notion prevails that it has the virtue of healing any one who may have become mad at the sight of a fiend. The demoniac has only to look at himself in the brazen mirror, and he is immediately cured of his ailment.

There is also "the Han jade-stone." Of this the story goes that, under the Han dynasty, (that is, about the opening of the present era,) when a wealthy person died, each of his mourning friends dropped "a jade-stone" into his coffin: and, at this date, should any one be fortunate enough to obtain one of these rare buried jades,

he may consider himself secure from the power of devils and the fury of fire.

"The jade-stone seal" is something analogous; but is used principally as a guard against sudden fright. Very frequently it is worn by infants as frontlets or armlets, to show if the child be well or ill; the former being indicated by the clean appearance of the stone, the latter by a dark shade. Short, pithy sentences are sometimes cut upon them.

There is also "a peach charm." On the first of the new year a sprig of peach blossoms is stuck up over the door of the house, saying to the vile spirits that roam about creation, "Hitherto shall ye come, but no further." Yet one of their own poets has said: "If your own thoughts be free from impurity, of what need is this peach-charm?"

"The tiger's claw," real, artificial, or pictorial, is another common charm against sudden starts and frights.

"A three-cornered spell" is a paper with magical letters fancifully written upon it, folded in a triangular shape, and sewed on people's dresses, to ward off sickness and spirits. Every temple has a good supply of this cheap article, and there is a great run upon it. The paper generally is yellow; the writing is of red ink, and, to add due importance to the fragment, it is stamped with the temple-seal. Many are used as cures for the sick, by being burned and having the ashes thrown into a medical liquid, which compound draught is quaffed by the patient.

It has been said above, that they have also appendages of a felicitous or hopeful class. Such is "the Hundred-family Lock." A father has a son and heir born to him, and his best wish for his offspring is, that he may enjoy a long and a happy life. So he goes the round of his personal friends, to obtain from one hundred separate individuals, each three or four small copper coins, called cash. With this collection he purchases a neat lock, which he hangs round his child's neck, for the purpose of locking him to life; and it is presumed that these one hundred contributors will stand security for the child's reaching a good old age. There is the "neck-ring lock," likewise used for the same object, both by grown women and children.

Gourds made of copper, or of the wood of those people's coffins who have attained

old age, are worn as charms for longevity; the former are slung round the neck, the latter round the wrist. This fancy is traced to the tradition that, in ancient days, gourd-bottles were carried by old men on their backs.

In Chinese houses, in collections of old furniture, in their carvings, and in their pictures, the peach figures very prominently. It is another charm for long life, called "Longevity peach."

A fabulous animal, which goes by the name Ke-lin, is believed to have appeared at the birth of Confucius and other sages. The body resembles that of the deer, the tail that of the ox, and it has only one horn; but its nature is said to be tame and kind. An image of this fabulous creature, or its picture, is worn by children as a bespeaking of great and good luck. Often a figure or painting of this unicorn is met with, presenting a child. This form is particularly respected by married people who wish or expect to be blessed with clever children.

Phylacteries are in common use with the more religious orders. These consist chiefly of tiny girdle books, and slips of paper, which are stitched up in different parts of the dress, or slung on the belt, or pasted on the walls and doors. They seem to contain Sanscrit or Thibetan words, much in use in Buddhist writings. Besides these talismans in writing, there are different forms of the three characters which the Chinese use to represent the grand total of good luck; Fuh, family increase; Luh, official emolument; Show, long life; to carry either or all of these about the person, or to have them in the house in pictures and wall-scrolls, is considered remarkably lucky, and predicative of certain felicity.

Such superstitious and romantic notions have their counterpart in the absurd and grotesque fancies that still lurk among the people of Great Britain; for example, the finding and nailing up of a horse-shoe, etc. And, as to the practice of divination in China by the Fung-shuy, or wind and water doctors, their functions differ little from those of the witches and wizards who, to this day, are not without influence in the ruder districts of Great Britain, and whose supernatural knowledge of events is firmly believed in by a considerable portion of the agricultural population.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

AUTHOR OF THE "FARMER'S BOY."

DR. CHANNING says: "Let us learn to regard manual toil as the true discipline of a man. Not a few of the wisest, grandest spirits have toiled at the work-bench and the plow."

A large majority of those men who have obtained enviable notoriety in the world of science, philosophy, or letters, have, by the force of genius and indomitable, persistent toil, risen from an humble position to their towering height. Quintus Cincinnatus rose from the plow to the governorship of ancient Rome. Arcaces, the founder of the Parthian empire, during youth and early manhood was engaged in the humble calling of a mechanic. Massaniello, a Neapolitan fisherman, pushed his way up to the generalship of an army of fifty thousand men. Zeno, the famous bishop of Constantine, rose to the largest diocese of his country, from the loom of a common weaver. The inventor of the spinning-frame, Sir Richard Arkwright, was in early and mature life, a barber. That giant among scholars, John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh, spent his youth in the menial employment of a herdsman.

This list of men coming from the lowly walks of life, and filling the world with the renown of their genius, might be greatly extended. But these will suffice to show that poverty does not, by any necessary construction of that term, signify duce, and that wealth and rank are no sure indication of superlative mental powers.

Coleridge says: "The shoemaker's trade has been followed by a greater number of eminent men than any other branch of mechanical employment." The following list of distinguished names belonging to the craft would seem to give confirmation to Coleridge's remark. St. Crispin, the patron saint of shoemakers, embraced and preached the Christian faith in perilous times, and in dying, sealed that faith with a martyr's blood. Linnæus was the founder of the science of botany. David Pareus was a distinguished professor of theology at Heidelberg, Germany. Joseph Peredal, a profound and distinguished scholar, died but a few years ago at Gray's Buildings, London. Hans Sachs was one of the most famous of the early poets. Benedict Baddouth was one of the most learned men of the

sixteenth century. Holcroft, the author of the Critic and other works; Gifford, mathematician and poet, and founder of the celebrated London Quarterly Review, who was interred among England's great men in Westminster Abbey; Cloudesley Shovel who obtained a baronetcy, and became lord high admiral of England; Fox, the founder of the sect called Quakers, an author and a preacher of great repute; John Brand, secretary of the London Antiquary Society, and author of several learned works; Winckelmann, the learned German antiquary; Lackington, the millionaire, London bookseller; Roger Sherman, the jurist, judge, mayor, and statesman, one of the signers, and one of the drafters of the Declaration of American Independence; Carey, the missionary, the author, and translator; John Pounds, the real founder of the ragged school; Henry Wilson, of the United States Senate; and though last, not least, the subject of this paper, Robert Bloomfield, the immortal author of "The Farmer's Boy." Surrounded by such a grand galaxy of renowned names that have been more or less associated with the sedentary pursuit of sewing, pegging, and hammering together separate scraps of leather, we should suppose none would be ashamed of his calling who is a lineal descendant of St. Crispin.

As a poet, Robert Bloomfield must not be classed with such resplendent minds as Shakespeare, Milton, Young, Pollock, Byron, etc., each of whom differs greatly from the others, and all of whom are much more *admired* than *read*. Bloomfield had no towering imagination, leading him to indulge in "flights of fancy" far beyond the reach of mortal vision. But, like Bunyan, Goldsmith, Burns, Moore, Wordsworth, Montgomery, Sigourney, etc., he thought and wrote to charm the million. And hence, while the works of those imperial poets, got up in gilded purple, may simply adorn the center tables of their would-be *literate* owners, answering no other purpose there than that performed by the polished ornaments standing on the parlor mantle-shelf, the *Farmer's Boy*, like the inimitable productions of the "immortal dreamer," will continue for centuries to be the delight and idol of all classes, tastes, and ages. Bloomfield is nature's child. His paintings are transcripts of nature's landscapes, human feelings and

experiences, and life's daily occurrences. Hence arises the fact that no one in possession of a pair of human eyes, a couple of human ears, a human soul, and a human routine of life's duties, trials, and enjoyments, can read our author with other than delightful emotions. That Bloomfield wrote for the "common people," himself distinctly affirms:

No deed of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse;
The roaring cataract, the snow-topp'd hill,
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still;
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charm'd mine
eyes,
Nor science led me through the boundless skies:
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O, point these raptures! bid my bosom glow!

* * * * *

Live trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong:
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckon'd as his cares and woes;
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their
own;

Quick springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles, trifles ever new.

The biography of our hero is that of the literary class in general. Poor parentage, humble social condition, high aspirations, "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," literary powers, undaunted perseverance, a seedy coat, a garret-home, coarse fare, a cold world's neglect, unrequited toil, life-long penury, a pauper's death and burial, and the unbounded admiration, and unmeasured laudation of posterity! We should not be under the necessity of deviating far from the most literal construction of the foregoing terms in giving a six lines obituary of the subject of the present sketch. The strongest objection might be urged against the remark that our poet had to await the discernment of posterity to appreciate his genius and merits.

A brief outline of a few of the most prominent epochs in the life of "the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl," may not be unacceptable to the readers of *THE NATIONAL*.

Robert Bloomfield was born in Suffolk, England, in that most memorable year in the history of this country, 1776. When but a year old he became fatherless. As an effort for the maintenance of six children, his widowed mother opened a school. This school must have been of an humble grade; for, at the age of seven years,

Robert received his first instruction in writing by attendance at another school in Ipworth. Here he graduated, for the three months spent under the writing-master completed his term of schooling. At the age of eleven he became a "farmer's boy," by being received into the family of Mr. Austin, his mother's brother. It was here, doubtless, that he commenced, amid congenial scenery and employment, those mental operations which resulted in the production of the great poem which has immortalized his name. But, either from lack of generosity or want of ability, the only remuneration Mr. Austin made for his little nephew's services on the farm was his board. Such payment might have been ample compensation for the feeble services a stripling boy could render, but the indigent circumstances of the mother made it necessary that her son should not only be fed, but also clothed by other hands than her own.

Mrs. Bloomfield's two oldest sons were at this time carrying on the business of shoemaking in London. She wrote them in reference to taking their youngest brother under their care, and providing for his support. Though poor themselves, being dutiful and affectionate sons, they promptly returned an affirmative response to the maternal appeal. George, the elder of the two, engaged to initiate Robert into St. Crispin's art, while the younger brother generously pledged himself to clothe the little brother Robert.

The widow now accompanied her darling boy to the great city, for she dared not intrust him during such a journey, and to such a place, into any other hands than her own. The good woman, on delivering her *protégé* into the hands of his guardians, charged them, "as they regarded a mother's blessing, to set a good example for him, and never forget that he had lost his father."

Robert had already contracted a strong passion for reading. Three quarters of a century ago books, especially juvenile literature, were not so plentiful or cheap as now. The poor boy's supply of reading matter had thus far been on quite a limited scale. Nor were his brothers able, in a direct way, to augment that supply. But the printed page was put into the hands of the knowledge-thirsty lad by means quite singular. The brothers being single men were, with two journey-

men they employed, domiciled in very humble bachelor quarters. A garret, in Bell Alley, Coleman-street, answered to them the treble purpose of workshop, dormitory, and dining-room. Robert being errand-boy, fetched the dinner for the four men and boy from a cook's shop near by. Accompanying the plates which bore the food, were as many pots of porter. The mugs being drained of their contents, were called for by a boy from the public house, who would bring with him the previous day's paper. Until Robert's coming among them, the four young men had taken turns in reading the paper aloud. Now Robert was installed perpetual reader.

But unlooked-for obstacles beset the path of our youthful aspirant. In the columns of the daily journal "words of learned length" presented themselves before him, the signification of which was above his comprehension. But a desideratum was at hand. One day the elder brother, in his street rambles, met with an old and well-worn dictionary, which he purchased, and presented to the young reader. Rarely has the greedy worldling been more elated with his good fortune, when suddenly and unexpectedly announced as heir to a princely estate, than was our ardent student on becoming proprietor of this fourpenny-lexicon.

But in some journeys the "hill difficulty" is frequently looming up before the traveler. Robert's progress in the pursuit of knowledge was by no means over one continuous enchanted plain. He soon made the discovery that to obtain a correct definition of words, and to know how to pronounce those words correctly, were two different affairs. Fortunately for the lad in this extremity, he had been well trained to the good old-fashioned practice of regular attendance upon the public religious services of the Sabbath. The fame of a deservedly noted metropolitan preacher attracted the youth to his place of worship. The Rev. Mr. Fawcett excelled in the use of choice language, and in pronunciation he was generally admitted to be good authority. Under such a teacher Robert found himself in a good school for a desirable acquisition; nor was he slow to profit by his advantages.

Another circumstance occurred about this time, which touched the latent spark of our hero's true genius. His brother George had become a reader of the *Lon-*

don Magazine, and, as a matter of course, he shared such delicious fare with his protégé. Now every reader has his peculiar taste. Robert's bent was always in the immediate direction of the "poet's corner." Even a careless looker-on might have perceived that there was a warm sympathy between the poet and his youthful reader. Aspiration was fired; the latent embers were enkindled; there were soon a glowing and bright scintillation emitted in the form of measured, chiming lines, which were shown to the kindly elder brother, who so far approved the manuscript he read, as to advise its author to "try if our paper will give you a place in the poet's corner." He did "try." The musings were accepted, and duly appeared. We will not try to describe Robert's internal emotions of surprise, joy, encouragement, resolve, anticipations of future renown, etc., while with nervous fingers he held the sheet, and with almost tear-blinded vision and palpitating heart he read, and re-read his own warm effusions in the "poet's corner."

The judgment of able editors had confirmed his own convictions that his Creator had endowed him with true poetic genius. He set himself with resolute intent to cultivate the gift within him.

But the conviction is strong within him that the effusions of his brain are deserving more permanent and enduring record than that afforded in the columns of the common newspaper. Conscious of the possession of the "gift Divine," he forwards to the editors of the *London Magazine* specimens of the cogitations of his "inborn power." He has not miscalculated his powers, for the judgment of those able editors rejoices to humber the unknown shoemaker's apprentice among its able contributors to the poet's departments of that popular magazine.

Passing by brief intervals of time, and not staying to notice minor pieces from our poet's pen, we hasten to notice certain circumstances and incidents attendant upon the production, publication, and career of the masterpiece of his genius—the great poem which created the halo that, for generations to come, will surround the name of Robert Bloomfield.

When about eighteen years of age Robert made the acquaintance of a man of the name of Kaye. Mr. Kaye was a man of some literary taste, and had made,

for those times, quite a collection of books. Among these were some choice volumes of poetry, as Milton's "Paradise Lost," Thomson's "Seasons," etc. The perusal of these afforded the youth a most delicious feast. But the "Seasons" were his favorite. These he read with a perfect enthusiasm. It is not improbable they suggested the plan, in four distinct parts, of the "Farmer's Boy." But this mechanical arrangement is the only point of resemblance between the two poems.

Another circumstance, we think, contributed no small share to the forthcoming work. When Bloomfield had about completed his eighteenth year he made a visit of some two months to his beautiful, rural native county, the home of his early youth. Here he again trod the vale, climbed the steep, ascended the mountain, and drank in to his soul's repletion of nature's surrounding beauties. Here he again gave delighted ear to the murmuring stream, the song of the ascending lark, the lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the lambs, the hum of busy insect tribes, the song of the merry milkmaid, and the rough, honest jokes of the plow-boy. Here he inhaled the sweet odor of the new-made hay, the rich clover, the wild flowers of the vale, and the cultivated flowers of the garden. Strange indeed that such a soul, so filled, so overpowered with nature's beauties, should return to the overgrown and bustling metropolis, sit down in the stinted garret, and, amid the din and clatter of the cordwainer's hammer, give birth to poetic effusions rarely equaled.

We have no certain means of information as to the length of time the "Farmer's Boy" was in contemplation or preparation. It was probably the result of several years of continuous or intermitted mental toil. Bloomfield's biographers inform us that he *composed and committed to memory about six thousand lines* ere he committed anything to paper. Either of these, composing or committing, were most astonishing feats to be performed even under the most favorable circumstances, but especially so to have been performed amid the din of hammers, and "confusion of tongues" which belong to the daily routine of a fraternity of cobblers.

But, the "Farmer's Boy" is at length completed; and being transferred from the author's mind to paper, now presents

itself in manuscript form, ready for the publisher's acceptance, the printer's types, the public's judgment and patronage. But where shall the publisher be found? Who will incur the risk of offering to the reading public the cogitations of an unknown cobbler's brain? Ah! there's the rub. But our unsophisticated and sanguine author goes forth manuscript in hand, intent upon finding a publisher of sufficient discernment to determine when an article of sterling value and intrinsic worth is presented for his acceptance.

And now commence, in painful earnest, the trials of an author's life; right on the threshold of his first real effort to apprise the world of the fact that he is a favorite disciple of the goddess of song. The poem is offered to several publishers, but all, in rapid succession, refuse to publish it. It is offered on very low terms; but none are found sufficiently adventurous or daring to speculate in the more than doubtful property of an indigent mechanic's mental cogitations. The editor of the *Monthly Magazine* has furnished us with the following account of the crest-fallen Bloomfield's visit to his office:

He brought his poem to our office, and though his unpolished appearance, his coarse handwriting, and wretched orthography afforded no prospect that his production could be printed, yet he found attention by his repeated calls, and by the humility of his expectations, which were limited to half a dozen copies of the Magazine. At length, on his name being mentioned where a literary gentleman particularly conversant in rural economy happened to be present, the poem was finally examined, and its general aspect excited the risibility of that gentleman in so pointed a manner, that Bloomfield was called into the room, and exhorted not to waste his time and neglect his employment in making vain attempts, and particularly in treading on ground which Thomson had sanctified. His earnestness and confidence, however, led the editor to advise him to consult his countryman, Mr. Capel Loft, of Trovton, to whom he gave him a letter of introduction. On his departure the gentleman present warmly complimented the editor on his sound advice which he had given the poor fellow, and it was naturally conceived that an industrious man was thereby likely to be saved from a ruinous infatuation.

Such, then, was the judgment of the able editor of the most popular magazine in the world, and of "a literary gentleman," upon a production which was to give extended renown and enduring fame to its "unpolished" author. Great men sometimes err. The *literati* do not al-

ways discover the fact that there is wrapped up in "coarse handwriting"

Full many a gem of purest ray serene.

"The poor fellow" was not the first of his class whom kindly-intentioned men, priding themselves on their *literary acumen*, had tried by their "sound advice" to save from a ruinous infatuation. Henry Reed says:

It is not to be questioned that there is a right judgment, a sound taste, and a sickly taste. There are opinions which we may hold with a most entire conviction of their truth, an absolute and imperious self-confidence, and a judicial assurance that the contradictory truths are errors. There is a poetry, for instance, of which a man may both know and feel not only that it gives poetic gratification to himself, but that it cannot fail to produce a like effect on every well-constituted and well educated mind. When an English critic, Rymer, some hundred and fifty years ago, disloyal in his folly, pronounced the tragical part of Othello to be plainly none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savor; when Voltaire scoffed at the tragedy of Hamlet as a gross and barbarous piece, which would not be tolerated by the vilest rabble of France or Italy, likening it (I give his own words) to the fruit of the imagination of a drunken savage; when Steevens, an editor of Shakspeare, said that an act of Parliament would not be strong enough to compel the perusal of the sonnets and other minor poems of the bard; when Dr. Johnson remarked that *Paradise Lost* might be read as a duty, but could not be as a pleasure, and pronounced a sweeping condemnation on Milton's incomparable Lycidas; when, in our own day, a Scotch critic, Lord Jeffrey, declared of Wordsworth's majestic poem, the *Excursion*, that it would never do; in each of these opinions I know, as anybody may, with a confidence not short of demonstration, that there was gross and grievous falsehood.

Bloomfield did "feel" that his production "not only" gave "poetic gratification to himself," but that it could not, nor should "it fail to produce a like effect on every well-educated mind." This conviction was to him as a coat of mail against the sharpened daggers of literary critics, envenomed scorn, or (*un*) "sound advice." It was this unshaken conviction of the God-imparted possession of resplendent poetic genius that carried him to Mr. Lofft, who patiently waded through "coarse" manuscript and "wretched orthography," and in so doing did not fail to discover the true germ which lay hidden beneath such rude exterior. Mr. Lofft succeeded in procuring the sale of the manuscript to Messrs. Vernon and Hood for nearly two hundred and fifty dollars.

Our publishers soon found that their fifty pounds' investment was a shrewd business transaction. When the poem was published it was universally pronounced to be the great poem of the day. The demand for it was clamorous; its sale was tremendous; not less than twenty-five thousand. This was an almost unprecedented circulation for those days. The profits on its sale were such that the publishers, unsolicited, gave Bloomfield two hundred pounds in addition to the price of purchase.

We will not attempt to describe the joy of our poet on thus obtaining his just meed of admiration; finding himself almost in the first rank in his own proper department of an elegant, pleasing, and refining branch of literature. "A stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." Nor may we attempt to depict the chagrin over loss of funds and forfeiture of reputation for literary acumen of those editors, publishers, and "literary gentlemen," whose "risibilities" had been so funnily "excited" over the "coarse handwriting" and "wretched orthography" submitted to their inspection.

When we first commenced this sketch it was our intention to have scattered brief quotations from the "Farmer's Boy" at intervals along our path. But, on second thought, we concluded it was best to refer the reader's attention to the unutilized piece, for it requires more poetic taste and judgment than we possess to make quotations of surpassing beauty from a production every line of which is so exquisitely beautiful.

The pecuniary or social reward which the "Farmer's Boy" brought its author was far beneath that to which he was so justly entitled. The learned, the noble, and the rich made him a few presents, some of which were of intrinsic value. Through the intercession of the Duke of Grafton a small annuity was settled on him, and a situation, uncongenial either to his taste or constitution, was procured for him in the seal office, which failing health soon compelled him to relinquish, when he returned to his former vocation of shoemaking. A nervous affection and lowness of spirits hastened his career to the grave. He died in August, 1823, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Perhaps Professor Wilson is too severe in his reflections upon England's treatment

of her distinguished literary men in the following remarks :

What did England do for her own Bloomfield ? He was not, in genius, to be spoken of in the same year with Burns ; but he was the best poet that had arisen, produced by England's lower classes. He was the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl. The "Farmer's Boy" is a wonderful poem, and will live in the poetry of England. Did England then keep Bloomfield in comfort, and scatter flowers along the smooth and sunny path that led him to the grave ? No. He had given him, by some minister or other, we believe Lord Sidmouth, a paltry place in some office or other, most uncongenial with all his nature and all his habits, of which the shabby salary was insufficient to purchase for his family the bare necessities of life. He thus dragged out for many long years a sickly existence, as miserable as the existence of a good man can be made by the narrowest circumstances, and all the while Englishmen were scoffingly scorning, with bitter taunts, the patronage that, at his own earnest desire, made Burns an exciseman. Nay, when Southey, late in Bloomfield's life, and when it was drawing mournfully to a close, proposed a contribution for his behoof, and put down his own five pounds, how many purse-strings were untied ? how much fine gold was poured out for the indigent son of genius and virtue. Shame shuffles the sum out of sight, for it was not sufficient to have bought the manumission of an old negro slave.

It was no easy matter to deal lightly with such a man as Burns. In those disturbed and distracted times still more difficult was it to carry into execution any designs for his good, and much more was there even to excuse his countrymen then in power, for looking on him with an evil eye. But Bloomfield led a pure, peaceable, and blameless life. Easy, indeed, would it have been to make him happy, but he was as much forgotten as if he had been dead ; and when he died, did England mourn over him, or after having denied him bread, give him so much as a stone ? No. He dropped into the grave with no other lament we ever heard of, but a few copies of poorish verses in some of the annuals, and seldom or never now does one hear a whisper of his name. O fie ! well may the white rose blush red, and the red rose turn pale. Let England, then, leave Scotland to her shame about Burns ; and, thinking of her own treatment of Bloomfield, cover her face with both her hands, and confess that it was pitiful.

TRAVELING IN INDIA.

A FEW months ago I started from Dacca, once the capital of Bengal, on a visit to Chittagong, a district which forms the southeastern extremity of the Bengal Presidency, and which has recently acquired an unenviable notoriety as the scene of one of the latest Sepoy mutinies and murders. The journey had to be per-

formed partly by water and partly by land, so that both a palanquin and a boat had to be provided. When all things were ready, I repaired to the ghaut where my boat was waiting, and about midnight we started, having been detained by a fearful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which swept over Dacca that night with terrific violence. I found an excellent bed with mosquito curtains, kindly provided for me in my boat, so I soon turned in ; the splashing of the oars in the Buree Gunga, or Old Ganges, lulled me to sleep, and the tide and the wakeful efforts of my boatmen carried me along.

I awoke early next morning, and had time and opportunity to mark the arrangements made for my conveyance and comfort. The deputy-magistrate of Moonshegunge had very generously sent me his guard-boat to take me to Doudcondy. It was a long, light, native boat, with a mat chopper, or cover, above, having two rooms fitted up with every convenience, and sixteen Bengalee boatmen to ply the oars. My palanquin was placed in front, and all my gear was arranged around me. This is the land of broad rivers and streams, which in the rainy season swell into seas ; and on the smooth bosom of one of these splendid rivers we were gliding onward, when I came out in the early morn to view the scene and observe our progress. The sky was unsettled ; dark, rolling, threatening clouds were flitting across the heavens. The morning was hazy, hot, oppressive, and uncomfortable. The tide was now against us, and my men were tired with their night's toil. We made but little way ; so I was glad to land and walk on the shore, leaving my boat to wind its weary course round the churs and sandbanks which so abound at that season of the year in these broad majestic streams.

After a fatiguing walk I reached Moonshegunge, and was most kindly received by the deputy-magistrate. His house was a singular residence, an old fort, built in years gone by to defend these parts from the hostile incursions of the Mughls from Arracan. A winding path leads to its approach. You ascend a flight of steps, broad, massy, hoary with age, some parts crumbling to pieces, yet all neat and tidy, with splendid aloes on each step, and bearing marks all round of the taste and talent of the enterprising Resident. You pass under a venerable archway, where numer-

ous prolific Oriental trees entwine their roots, stems, and branches in a way most fantastic and picturesque. You enter a court where tame rabbits, beautiful birds, a splendid cockatoo, arms and armor, and numerous curiosities attract your attention. The rooms were all well enough for a bachelor, living here alone far from any European society; but his verandah and the panoramic view from thence were sublime. The verandah formed three quarters of a circle, all around decorated with rare plants and sweet flowers, displaying the gorgeous charms of an Indian flora. Below were rich cultivated rice-fields, where I saw the ryot, the native cultivator of the soil, actually manuring his land, a rare thing in India. Here and there were native villages, and clumps of trees, the mango, the tamarind, the cocoa, and the palm; and an immense expanse of water, cut into numerous channels by Nature's caprice; and boats of all sizes and shapes, passing hither and thither, as far as the eye could reach. Had there been only mountains with snowy peaks as the boundary beyond, the scene had been perfect. The visit was a rich treat; but soon I had to embark and pursue my solitary journey. The wind rose and became dead against us. We several times stuck fast on sandbanks, which are very numerous in these rivers, and very dangerous in a storm. The boat dashes upon them suddenly, sticks fast, the waves beat over you till the frail bark goes to pieces; thus many every year are lost. Through mercy, though the wind was high and contrary, we had no storm, and reached Doudcondy as the sun began to sink in the west.

When nearing the shore my boatmen beat their *donga*, a kind of rude native drum, to announce our approach, and, at the same time, to intimate that it was no common boat that was drawing nigh, but one belonging to a magistrate-sahib, as no boats but those connected in some official way with the Company Sirdar may beat a drum. My palkee-bearers were ready and waiting for me on the bank of the river, my *dák* having been laid from this place to Chittagong. No house was visible, except a native hut or two in the distance, almost hid by the dense jungle that abounded in this region of dreary isolation from the busy haunts of men. My palkee was landed, and all my little stores, and my boatmen were made uncommonly

kushie (greatly delighted) with the *chout buckshees*—the rather liberal gratuity I felt bound to give them, since their master, with true Indian generosity, had let me have his boat and boatmen free of any charge whatever. This is only a specimen of the genuine, generous kindness Europeans always meet with from their brother exiles in India, in whatever part of that vast land they may happen to meet. In a little while my baggage was stowed outside and inside my palkee; my bearers took their places before and behind; my mussalshee lighted his torch, as the shades of evening were rapidly gathering round us; and when all was ready to start I threw myself into my little box, to be carried jog, jog, jogging along, for two whole nights and a day, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles. I made myself as snug as I could in my confined abode; mused much on the past and the future; committed myself to the protection of Him who alone can keep us safe "in the wide waste, or in the city full;" and, after a time, dropped to sleep.

When the morning dawned I was in the neighborhood of Tipperah, a part of the country under an independent rajah, a great hunting region, where wild elephants especially abound, and whence the elephants belonging to the East India Company are obtained. I got out and walked, as it was a splendid morning, and the sleep you can get in a palkee is not very refreshing. A few biscuits and oranges, which I had with me, were my breakfast. I felt grateful I had passed over the great and dangerous River Megna in safety, and that I had the prospect of getting a government steamer to take me from Chittagong to Calcutta; so that this, I trusted, was to be the last of my traveling by *dák* in a palkee, which to most persons is always tedious and trying. However, on we went. The country became more and more interesting. On my left the Tipperah hills ranged in the distance, and the plains right and left seemed tolerably well cultivated. About noon my bearers set down my palkee in the midst of a large native bazaar. I had reserved liberty in arranging my *dák* to remain quiet two hours during the heat of the day, and this was the place where I was to rest. A kind friend in Dacca—another proof of considerate kindness among Europeans in India—had furnished me with a patent apparatus for

making one cup of hot coffee, and I thought I could not better improve my "leisure hour" during this halt than by putting the usefulness of this article to the test. When I came out of my palkee, the natives busy at the bazaar flocked round me to gaze at the stranger saheb. I looked around for a place of shelter from the burning rays of the noonday sun, and saw an old, empty, dilapidated native hut, walls and roof transparent, no door or window of course, and the floor in keeping with the rest of the tottering structure. Thither I went, and there I proposed to prepare my coffee. When the group of natives around saw me advance to take possession of this miserable hovel, one of them very considerably and kindly ran for a broom, and swept tolerably clean as much of it as he thought I might need or use. I tried to sit down on the mud floor, but could not without considerable discomfort. I therefore said to the gaping crowd, in Bengalee, "Choukee assé ki na?"—"Have you got a seat of any kind?" One immediately said, "Ha, saheb," and ran and fetched a mora, a low seat made of wickerwork, which I very thankfully received, evidently to the great enjoyment of the whole company. I then produced and fitted up my apparatus, set fire to my spirit-lamp, and after a very short time capital coffee began to distill into my cup. At my request, another native brought me some milk, and with my biscuits I fared well, and enjoyed my repast much.

Ere long my bearers were all ready, and I started again. The day was peculiarly hot and trying, cooped up as I was in my palkee, and the sun beating on its slender cover; but a strong breeze helped me somewhat. Many were my musings, many my short naps, during the day, for the jolting of the bearers was such that I never could read with comfort when journeying by palkee dâk. Nothing particular transpired till my bearers set me down again in the midst of another large market. We came to a dead halt in the very heart of the bazaar. There I was on the ground, lying stretched in my palkee, among hundreds of wondering natives of Bengal, men, women, and children. They gazed with such amazement at me as showed that Europeans were very rarely seen traveling thus in this part of the country. The usual mode is to go all the way from Dacca to Chittagong by water;

to save time I went by land. I arose, came out, stood erect; then said to them in their own tongue, "Come, see; here I am; look at me! come, look as much as you please." They smiled, and drew near. They brought me some beautiful plantains for sale, a very pleasant fruit, somewhat like an over-ripe pear; I bought the whole, and distributed them among the children around, greatly to the delight of all, especially the boys. A few pice, a small copper coin, were given me back as change when I paid for the plantains; the whole of these pice, amounting only to a few pence, I scattered among the crowd; their wonder knew no bounds. A little kindness to the natives I always found to go a great way; thus I gained their confidence, and left a good impression behind me.

In the afternoon we had to cross a river called the Fenny; palkee, bearers, myself, baggage, and all were obliged to do it in a canoe made of the trunk of a tree. The river was broad, but smooth as a pond; and we got over beautifully, narrow and frail though our barge undoubtedly was. While crossing, as was my wont, I conversed with my native bearers. "What mountains are these?" said I, pointing to the left. They gave me a name I did not catch; but one said, "Tigers and elephants are there, and wild men, too, who eat men." "Ah!" said I, "why do you tell me that? Will they come and eat me, a lonely stranger in your strange land? Have I cause to fear?" "O no, saheb," they all cried out; "fear not." And to lay my anxiety completely at rest, one said, "They never come into the Company Sirdar's territory." Having thus secured their attention I talked with them on matters likely to do them good.

After crossing the Fenny I walked a good way for exercise, talking with my bearers. They told me there was a very holy place near, called Seetakoond, where thousands and thousands of pilgrims assembled at their great Hindoo festivals. I asked why these crowds of pilgrims met there? "O!" they said, "there is a thackoor at Seetakoond, a muhadeo, a great god. 'A great god!' I said; 'what is he like? Has he hands?'" "No," they said. "Feet?" "No." "Eyes?" "No." "What, then, is he like?" I asked. "Pathur," a stone, they answered. "A stone!" I said; "a stone

cannot be God; a stone is God's workmanship, not himself; as this staff in my hand is *mine*, not *me*."

God, I told them, was in heaven; he sees all, knows all, hears all; he can help, save, and destroy; and taught them, as I best could, about the true God and Jesus Christ, whom he had sent. When pointing out the folly of idolatry, one of my poor bearers said, evidently with much feeling, in great sincerity, "Ah! saheb, of all God's creatures *we* must be the guddahs" (the donkeys) "to believe in such superstitions." "No," I said, "you are not donkeys. Were I to speak to a guddah as I am speaking to you it could not understand one word. You *do* understand all I say. You have mind; employ it; you have conscience; you know what is good, and what is evil; what is right, and what is wrong. Flee the one; follow the other; seek God; put your trust in Christ, not in Krishnu, and he will save you." In conversation like this many a weary hour passed pleasantly and profitably during my wanderings in India.

Night was now coming on apace once more. I felt somewhat anxious at this part of the journey, seeing a native keeping up with my palanquin, now before and now behind, and talking, as I thought, rather suspiciously with some of my bearers. It was a most lonely, unfrequented road, no European within a great distance, and I did not know but mischief might be brewing. Others had been attacked; why might not I? I had no weapon but my walking-stick and umbrella; and, thanks to a gracious Providence, even these I needed not as a defense. All went on well; the poor native was keeping up with me I found, as a protection for himself while traveling this lonesome district. I felt sorry I had wronged the poor man with my suspicious thoughts, though I had not betrayed them in words or in action.

About eight at night we came to the only traveler's bungalow on this road. All along the great trunk road from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces there are dâk bungalows, rest-houses, kept up by government, where travelers can rest and refresh themselves. They are placed at eight or ten miles' distance from each other. Here servants, and provisions, and sleeping-cots, and bathing-rooms are ready for all comers. Each traveler pays a rupee, say two shillings, which goes to keep

up the bungalow, and then you pay, in addition, the servants for your provisions and attendance. In a country where there are no inns, and often no houses whatever within reach, these rest-houses, or traveler's bungalows, are a great convenience. Between Dacca and Chittagong I found only one of these. Here I was glad to halt and take tea; and soon set out again on my dark, dreary way. All night I traveled onward, without once resting or leaving my palkee. We seemed to have many ups and downs, and passed many narrow frail bridges, the sides of my palkee often rubbing and sticking unpleasantly against the bamboo-posts, that sustained our whole weight, while crossing deep narrow gulleys and streams. About three in the morning we passed Seeta-koond. The great mela, or festival, was then being held; pilgrims from all parts of India were there; thousands were thronging the road as we passed; a strange, exciting scene. On I went without stopping, longing for my journey's end. When the day dawned I left my palkee for my morning's walk. To my delight I found myself in a remarkably fine mountain-pass, and Chittagong just at hand. Soon I heard the sound of the sepoy's bugle calling the corps to early parade. Ere long I descried sentries doing duty on the summit of little hills, with which the country seemed studded as with gigantic sugar-loaves. Neat residences appeared perched all around, on the top of this hill, and that, and the other, round the base of which my bearers wound their way with great speed and pleasure, their journey and mine being about to terminate. I heard them calling out, "This is such a one's purbout;" "This is such a one's hill;" "This is such a saheb's house."

At length we ascended zig-zag a very steep hill, and I was at home in my good old friend's comfortable and hospitable abode. My last set of bearers, who had performed their work well, were dismissed delighted with good buckshees, and with equal delight I looked at my empty palkee. A hearty welcome, a refreshing bath, an excellent Indian breakfast, soon made me forget all the toils of the way. Here my wanderings terminated for a time, and I had ample opportunity for admiring the beauties of this charming station, and gaining information respecting this singular and important district of Bengal.

A REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT.

THE Revolutionary war is a mine of inexhaustible historical wealth. After all that has been done to develop its resources, new and rich veins are almost constantly being opened. Though the more prominent actors in that glorious struggle have already been more or less largely noticed by the pen of the historian, there are still other names equally worthy of historic record, which are unknown beyond a very limited circle. To rescue these names from oblivion, and to trace their connection with events of the deepest interest to the American people, so far as the thing can be done, should be regarded as a Christian no less than a patriotic duty. And if this duty be ever done at all, now is the time to do it. In a short period their memorial will have perished, or, more properly, the means of perpetuating it will have passed away.

The subject of this paper, KIRTLAND GRIFFIN, Esq., died a few years since in Paris, Oneida County, New-York, at a good old age, and with a reputation as untarnished as virtue itself. He was born in Guilford, Connecticut; and, on approaching the years of manhood, gave himself to the service of his country, and was posted as a private at Ticonderoga. The duties and privations of the place soon broke down his health, so that after about six months he was obliged to return home. Not content to remain there, however, while his assailed country was calling for help, and hoping that service at sea might operate favorably upon his exhausted energies, he enlisted on board of a privateer, then being fitted out at Marblehead. The cruise was successful, and several prizes of considerable value were taken and brought into port. Young Griffin now finding his health materially improved, and the time for which he enlisted having expired, proposed to return home again. But his services having been found valuable, he was urged to remain, and consented to do so. His vessel again put to sea in quest of prizes; but, instead of accomplishing its object, was itself taken. As it was moving before a slight breeze, night came on, attended by a dense fog. When morning dawned, and the fog had passed away, the crew were surprised to find themselves in dangerous proximity to a British man-of-war, the "None-Such,"

carrying ninety guns! Their only hope, a very slight one, was in escape. They made the attempt, but failed. The enemy saw them; and, as a summons to surrender, discharged first one gun before, and then one gun behind them. But, as they did not stop, another shot was fired into their rigging. Seeing now escape quite out of the question, and resistance entirely hopeless, they sorrowfully surrendered. They were accordingly taken on board the man-of-war and carried to England. While the *None-Such* was lying at anchor in Plymouth Sound, Griffin was a personal spectator of one of the most painful casualties that ever happened to the British Navy, the sinking of the *Royal George*.

Still on board the *None-Such*, Griffin and several of his fellow-prisoners were seized with small-pox, and, in consequence, taken on shore and put into a hospital. One of them, a young man from Massachusetts, in a state of mental derangement, brought on by the violence of the disease, jumped out of a window in the second story of the building; but was so little injured by the fall, that he walked into the house again ere he had been missed! He survived, however, only a few hours after this singular event. A tender incident connects itself with the history of this unfortunate young man. When he became a party to the privateering expedition just named, he left a special object of affection near the city of Boston; no doubt with the confident expectation of soon seeing her again. But, alas, here the poor fellow is, sick unto death, among strangers, in the land of his enemies; destined never again to look upon one whose love was so precious a boon! But his heart was true to the last; for, availing himself of the ready pen of his friend Griffin, who was now nearly restored to health, he bequeathed to the young lady in question his earthly all; and Griffin had the great pleasure, after his release from prison and return to the land of his fathers, of seeing the provisions of the will fully carried out.

As soon as young Griffin and his fellow-captives were in a condition to be removed, they were taken to "Mill Prison," situated somewhere in the interior, the precise *locale* of which it is, now and here, difficult to determine. The number of prisoners, embracing almost every intermediate age from fifteen up to forty, averaged

about three hundred and twenty. Their personal sufferings can hardly be imagined. Regarded rather as *rebels* than as prisoners of war, they were treated accordingly. For full one year and a half they were furnished with neither fuel nor light; while their bodies had no other clothing, either by day or by night, than such scanty apparel as they had chanced to bring with them. They slept upon a bed of straw. Even when sick they had nothing better. Their rations, often of the most despicable kind, were served to them only once a day, and in sufficient quantity for a single meal, which was generally taken about eleven o'clock, A.M. Poor as it was, their food was devoured with a relish which none but the starving will be able to comprehend. In after years our subject often remarked, that his sense of hunger really seemed to him to be more acute *after* he had eaten what was given him than it was before. No wonder, then, that the prisoners often resorted to what our readers will doubtless regard as nauseating expedients to satisfy the cravings of appetite. Their hunting grounds were the basis of their prison walls, and the under side of old bits of boards and pieces of decayed woods. Scouring the former they were, now and then, fortunate enough to circumvent and capture a stray *rat*, which they instantly dressed and devoured as a precious morsel. From the other they occasionally drew a *snail*, which they at once put upon such little fire as they were able to prepare for the purpose; and having in this way killed and cooked the hapless victim, they applied their lips to his shelly habitation, and sucked him thence with a gusto unknown to the pampered epicure, even when regaling himself upon the most palatable viands. In one instance their fortune was admirable; it amounted to a sort of triumph. A neighboring gentleman seemed to take great pleasure in making them frequent visits, for the purpose, as they thought, of tantalizing them. But even these unwelcome visits were turned to good culinary account. He was always accompanied by a remarkably fat little *dog*, to which he was apparently much attached; at least the dog was evidently much attached to him. The prisoners took pains to pet the little fellow, from time to time, as they had chance, until he began to be much pleased with their

friendly attentions. At length they contrived to detain him till his master was gone, when he instantly fell a victim to the executioner's blade! The roast would have been capital, so Griffin was often heard to affirm, only the head and jaws *would* remind them, even in the midst of the otherwise dainty feast, that they were dining upon an odious, "unclean" quadruped.

But if some came to tantalize, others came to comfort them. *Personal* enemies they certainly were not, and it is not wonderful that they often had the most satisfactory proof that their sufferings elicited the tenderest sympathies of those who came to see them. Of one man in particular, Mr. G. was in the habit of speaking, even to the close of life, in terms of the deepest respect, affection, and gratitude. It was the Rev. ROBERT HEATH, understood to be in connection with Mr. Wesley. This gentleman visited them regularly, did all he could to alleviate their sufferings, supplied them with useful reading, and, above all, ministered to their spiritual necessities. The following is a list of books he gave them, which we copy from a memorandum kept by young Griffin at the time: "A Bible; Hervey's Meditations, in 2 vols.; Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises; Watts's Lyric Poems; Milton's Paradise Lost; The British Youth's Instructor; The Letter Writer Instructed; A Guide for the Young; Burkitt's Help and Guide to Christian Families; Shower's Reflections on Time and Eternity." Certainly a very respectable library. Some of these books are still preserved in branches of the Griffin family. To the poor prisoners they were more precious than silver or gold; to some of them, indeed, more precious than even food, starving though they were. Griffin had a little more learning than most of his fellow-captives, and was, withal, a fine reader, in which character he was made very useful to them. Seated upon a naked beam a little above their heads, at one end of the prison, he read from these books for successive hours, to as attentive an audience as ever man had. In this way the entire Bible was read through more than once during the period of their imprisonment.

As they had no lights they hardly knew how to dispose of themselves during the long evenings of winter. Yankee ingenu-

ity, however, finally conquered the difficulty. A lamp was constructed by filling the cavity of a bone with such little pieces of fat as could be separated from the meat brought them for food; each one feeling himself solemnly bound, hungry as he was, to contribute all he could in this way to the common stock. The wick was, not unfrequently, supplied from the nether extremity of Griffin's body linen! Thus equipped, he would seat himself upon the beam aforesaid, a fellow-prisoner by his side to hold their unique lamp, and so spend a long, cold, winter evening in reading to their mutual comfort and profit. The school was a severe one; but who will undertake to say that it did not contribute largely to their permanent advantage? Many a conceited baccalaureate has gone forth from his Alma Mater far less amply equipped for life's battle-field.

Here Griffin himself, under the instructions of his clerical friend, commenced a new life, and ever after witnessed a good confession. He was in the habit of looking back to Mill Prison, dreadful as were its sufferings, as to the turning point in his immortal destiny. Everything about it was almost sacred in his recollection. While there he solemnly promised, should he ever be the father of a son, that his name should be ROBERT HEATH. The condition occurred, and the vow has been fulfilled. Robert Heath Griffin is now a prominent and well-known citizen of Oneida County.

After being in prison some time, they determined, Herculean as was the project, and destitute as they were of appliances, *to dig out*. To do this at all, and to do it without detection, was a task that taxed them to the uttermost. At length their plan was laid. Their dormitory was separated from the rest of the building by a partition; and directly under the door through which they passed in going from one apartment to the other, there was a platform, six or eight feet wide, and raised a foot or more from the ground. The plan was to begin under this platform, where the parties engaged would be quite out of sight. Only one could dig at a time; for the design was to open a tunnel barely large enough for a single human body to pass out. The work of excavation was accordingly commenced with a mere *bone* in the hand of the operator. When the dirt was loosened, it was passed from one

hand to another, and carefully stowed away in the pockets of the prisoners. Once in twenty-four hours they were allowed to go outside the prison into the yard, with a view to exercise for an hour in the open air. While out they stealthily unloaded their pockets; stamping the dirt under foot, so that it could not be easily distinguished from the common earth, which was almost instantly done by so many feet. When let out from the dormitory the prisoners were carefully counted by an officer as they came through the door, which officer stood some yards distant, so as not to come into unpleasant and undignified proximity to these "rebels." When in an extreme part of the tunnel, these subterranean excavators could not always get out in time to be counted; and that their absence might not be detected, the prisoners were careful to return into the dormitory through the interstices of a grate that had been constructed on one side of the door, a sufficient number of boys or small men, who came round a second time to make the count satisfactory. Amid the crowd and bustle that necessarily attended the enumerating process this was easily done.

Slow and tedious as was the operation, at length the work was completed, and the prisoners prepared to leave. But when they got outside the prison they were astonished to find themselves in a gentleman's garden, surrounded by a wall only a little less formidable than that which inclosed the yard of the prison! Even this, however, they contrived to scale. The plan was simple. One prisoner stood upon the ground against the wall, and another, standing upon his shoulders, could reach the top of it and get up. Number two now took number one by the hands, and, with aid from below, raised him to the top of the wall. Number one then carefully let down number two outside the wall, and then turned to lift up number three, and so on. In this way about one hundred and twenty succeeded in getting out, when a painful accident suddenly arrested proceedings. So many persons getting over the wall had loosened a large stone at the top of it, which fell directly upon the chest of a poor fellow who had just been let down, and who was lying prostrate. The fall of the stone, and the groans of the injured man, attracted the attention of a neighbor-

ing sentinel; and soon the whole garrison was in motion. Their long confinement and poor living had rendered the prisoners incapable of speedy flight, and large numbers of them were soon recaptured. For the apprehension of the rest five pounds per head were offered, and within a few days all save twenty were returned to the prison. The latter number escaped, finally and irrecoverably; some in one direction, and some in another.

All who had attempted to escape were punished by confinement in a dungeon, which had been erected with a view to this sort of discipline within the yard of the prison. The gloom of the dungeon soon became intolerable, and they determined to have light. They had already learned to stand upon each other's shoulders; and now they grew so tall, that with their heads and hands they pushed off the roof of the dungeon, so as to let in light and air in great abundance. It is almost needless to say, that their jailors, ere long, judged it best to return them to their ordinary quarters.

The prisoners were ever and anon playing off some practical joke upon their keepers. They had both time and shrewdness enough to plan, and numbers enough to execute, and hence often did up a fine thing in that line. An instance or two can hardly fail to be amusing.

Their prison was undergoing repairs, probably in consequence of the recent attempt at escape; and the prisoners were kept chiefly in the yard, especially during the day. They had observed a striking personal resemblance between one of their own number and "Billy," who daily brought mortar in a hod from outside the premises. It occurred to them that, perhaps, they might make something out of this circumstance. Possibly they could substitute their own man for Billy, and thus get him out of prison. A leading difficulty to be overcome was, the hod-bearer limped, and their man did not. They soon succeeded, however, in supplying the deficiency. Several of the prisoners, who were supposed to be the best judges of human locomotion, were placed where they could see Billy as he came from the outer gate to the prison and returned, with the hod on his shoulder. As soon as he had passed they would get up their own man, and see him take the limping step, marching him back and forth

à la Billy. Thus they trained him with a mock hod upon his shoulder for several days, until he had gotten the very step. Next, to carry forward the counterfeit, they daubed his coat with mortar. To get the right sort of hat, they determined to trick Billy out of his. He was very talkative, and often paused some time to ask them questions. Having a special object in view, they themselves, in turn, became quite sociable. Ready at length for their *coup d'état*, they detained Billy to show him some great curiosity which they had just discovered under a portion of the prison floor. To look under, he was obliged to set down his hod and lay off his hat. The moment this was done, the trained Billy took up the one and put on the other; and, taking the proper limp, marched directly for the gate. The deception was so complete that he went out without the least opposition, the guard suspecting nothing but the honest regress of the veritable hod-bearer. Billy was detained as long as possible, so as to give the fugitive time to get away. When the former went back to the gate the deception was, of course, discovered, and an alarm-gun instantly discharged. The prison walls, upon which several sentinels were posted, commanded a view of the country two or three miles around; and it was not long before the escaped prisoner was seen running across the fields, and a file of men sent in pursuit of him. In a few hours he was again with his brethren in bonds. He alleged that his long confinement and want of food had made him too feeble for a race; though we should candidly admit that it was shrewdly suspected by his fellow-prisoners, that he did not much care to get away. Even Mill Prison, and especially as its regimen had now become considerably more lenient, was less dreadful to him than the solitude, the uncertainties, the unavoidable sufferings of a fugitive life. Indeed the original project looked upon escape as only a possible issue. The principal object was, a little pleasantry at the expense of the prison officials. So the latter regarded it; and hence, instead of inflicting punishment, heartily joined in the laugh.

Another "Yankee trick" was still more amusing. The Lord Howe and General Burgoyne campaign was now the engrossing topic in England. It was to end the

American war. When these two great captains should succeed in separating the North from the South, and the East from the West, in the revolted colonies, as they certainly would, the issue could be nothing less than the long-wished-for *coup de grace*. The rebels would be subdued, and George the Third would again sway his mild scepter over the American colonies. Language like this was often addressed to the prisoners; generally, however, it must be admitted, in the way of encouragement. The commanding officer would say: "My good fellows, be patient a little while longer. Deliverance will soon come. Everything is now in train for the finishing stroke. Advices are all of the most favorable character. Generals Howe and Burgoyne will soon consummate their plan, the war will be ended, and then you will be permitted to go home and see your mammas, and wives, and sweethearts." Language like this was, however, far enough from being grateful to the ears of the prisoners. They wanted personal liberty; but they did not want it upon such terms. They desired to see the dear ones at home, but would rather stay where they were, than see their country in chains. Patriotism was still the reigning passion.

After a while it was observed by the prisoners that the officers were quite reserved in respect to America. They scarcely alluded to the war; and when they did so, it was only in response to some persistent inquiry. The prisoners were convinced that something serious had happened to the British army in America, but *what* it was, they could not definitely ascertain. The officers were evasive and unsatisfactory in their communications; and yet the prisoners learned enough to induce the strongest conceivable desire to know more. An ignorant old man, who performed some menial office about the prison, was bribed by the gift of a "crown," (8s. 6d.) to bring them a newspaper, "containing the account of the capture of Burgoyne." That he had been captured was, of course, a bare conjecture. The old man in question knew nothing about it. He had heard something, but what he could not tell. The acquisition of so *large* a sum of money was, however, quite sufficient to command his best services. He soon found the paper, and brought it to the prisoners. They read, and were satisfied. So great was their

joy, that they determined to make some audible manifestation of it. It was accordingly agreed, that near the middle of the then approaching night the prisoners should all of them, at a concerted signal, stand up upon their bed of straw and shout "*Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!*" This was to be done at three successive periods. When the time for the first round came the execution was admirable, making the old prison ring from center to circumference. As did the jailor at Ephesus, when his prison was so mightily shaken, our officers, who were just giving themselves up to "tired nature's sweet restorer," being roused, came rushing in among the prisoners, demanding, in angry tones, "What is going on here? What is all this noise for? We would be glad to know." But the poor fellows were all fast asleep, and, of course, quite ignorant of the causes of this untimely and obtrusive visit. The officers scolded and admonished them, and then retired. They had, however, only fairly gotten asleep again, when the same uproarious shout disturbed them, and, in their estimation, rendered another visit to the prison indispensable. When they got there, they found all quiet. The prisoners were as soundly asleep as before, and when aroused expressed the greatest astonishment that they should be thus disturbed in the dead of the night! The officers now comprehended the plot, and determined not to interfere again; hence the prisoners had the last round all their own way, without let or hinderance.

Thus they beguiled the tedious hours; sometimes reading, sometimes engaging in gymnastic exercises, and sometimes practicing a "clever" cheat upon their keepers. But the time of deliverance was now at hand. The celebrated *Paul Jones*, with his intrepid marine band, was hovering about the coasts of England, taking many a prize, and carrying off many a prisoner. The latter were generally taken to France, then the active and gallant ally of America. This was opening a door of hope for Mill Prison. Dr. Franklin was American envoy in France, with whom the British government negotiated an exchange of prisoners. At first only one hundred and seventy were exchanged, that being the number of British prisoners in France. The American prisoners were selected according to the order of time in which they had been taken. Griffin and most of his

personal friends were of the number. The day of their liberation "was a high day." Even the outsiders, "their enemies," in military parlance, participated in the common joy. It was agreed that when they were marched out of the inclosure, there should be one simultaneous *huzza*, supported alike by soldiers and citizens, by those within the prison, and those now emerging from it. And the thing was done in fine style. Even the lookers on could not refrain from tears, though the liberated captives were, as became them, most jubilant and most deeply affected. After the welkin had ceased to ring, and the echo had died away, "There," said a boy some sixteen years old, who had been taken with Griffin from the Marblehead privateer, and had shared with him in all the horrors of Mill prison; "there," shouted he, "my mother heard that in Massachusetts, I know she did!"

Here they had been in prison, far away from all that was dear to them on earth, full *two years and three months*. Who, then, can characterize their transports of joy as extravagant? The occasion fully justified every possible expression of satisfaction.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air, Darkness and stench, and suffocating damps And dungeon horrors, by kind fate discharged, Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise; His heart exults, his spirits cast their load; As if new-born, he triumphs in the change.

Still they were not home. The broad Atlantic was between them and their native land. Besides, to consummate the exchange of prisoners agreed upon, they must needs go to France. They left the prison on the 15th of March, 1779, went on board a British transport, and soon found themselves at L'Orient, where their freedom was complete. How many found means to go at once from France to America is not certain. At any rate, Griffin was not of the number. The indomitable Jones greatly needed recruits, and as Griffin had not the means to get home, he enlisted under him and was put on board "The Alliance." The memorandum of which we have before spoken contains the following copy of a letter from him to his father:

L'ORIENT, FRANCE, JUNE 6, 1779.

HONORED FATHER,—I gladly embrace this opportunity to let you know that I am yet alive and in health. Blessed be God for the same! After a long confinement in a loathsome prison,

that happy day came when I was released and sent to France. Here necessity compelled me to enlist on board "The Alliance," which is soon to go upon a cruise. When I shall return I know not. I must leave that to the Disposer of all things. Let me beg you not to grieve at my absence. I shall make it my study to return to my native country as soon as possible, should my life be spared.

Precisely how long he remained in the naval service it is difficult to say: certainly long enough to participate in the memorable battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*; the former commanded by Paul Jones, and the latter by Captain Pearson. In the old manuscript before referred to, we find the following entry: "Frid., Sep. 23, 1779, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the battle between Capt. Jones and Capt. Pearson commenced, and lasted $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours." It is well known that though the "Alliance" was present, it did not take a very direct or very honorable part in the battle. For this, however, the subordinates were not responsible; and if they were, Griffin himself could not be, for the plain and satisfactory reason, that he was not, at the time, on board of her. For some cause, not now distinctly recollected, he was temporarily on board the "Richard" with Jones. The particulars of the action he has related a thousand times, and probably to thousands of persons. One incident has a thrilling interest. At a time when the two ships were grappled side by side—a thing that more than once occurred in the progress of the action—the contending parties met each other, sword in hand. Griffin faced his antagonist, who aimed a terrible blow at his head, which he had the address to ward off with his sword; at which instant one of his own party, wielding a gun and bayonet, thrust his deadly instrument by him and pierced the bosom of his enraged opponent, who fell dead at his feet! The very sword with which our young hero fought this battle is now in the keeping of his descendants. That the part he acted was honorable, is evident from the fact that his claim to nearly one thousand dollars prize money, supported by documentary evidence over the signature of Dr. Franklin, has been recently recognized at Washington, which sum will doubtless soon be in the hands of his heirs. The old manuscript named above contains a list of the names of all on board the "Alliance," together with a vast amount

of miscellaneous memoranda, which might be of great use to the more ample historian. We have room barely to say, it seems that young Griffin was first and last in nine battles at sea, and was from home not far from four years. When he returned he found his countrymen still advancing in their struggle for freedom, though obliged to contend with the most formidable pecuniary embarrassments. A single fact will sufficiently illustrate this. When he reached Boston he had to pay seventy dollars for his breakfast!—so greatly had the continental issue depreciated even before the close of the war.

Coming home, and feeling that he had now done his full part in the *regular* service, he prepared for settlement in domestic life. Accordingly, on the 21st of November, 1781, he was married to Miss Rosanna Parmele, of Durham, and soon after commenced housekeeping in his native town, Guilford, Conn. While in church here, the quietude of a New England Sabbath was disturbed by the startling intelligence that the British were landing in force at some point not now distinctly recollected. The services of the sanctuary were instantly closed, and all who could do so were desired to aid in repelling the encroachments of the enemy. A patriotic old lady, whose heart seemed to be stirred to its very depth, said, "Griffin, are you not going?" "Most certainly," was the instant response, "if I can get a horse." He went up to a Mr. Leet, who had already mounted his horse, not to go to the battle, but home, and said, "Let me have your beast?" With a tory heart and in tory style, he began to make excuses: "He couldn't get home on foot—his horse was hungry—wasn't well shod," and the like. The aforesaid old lady heard the answer, and said to Griffin, "Unhorse him! unhorse him!" Griffin was in the habit of obeying the word of command, and could not consistently hesitate now. Seizing the left foot of the unpatriotic Leet, he speedily and vigorously raised it until the rider was obliged to "go by the board," on the opposite side; when Griffin's feet instantly filled the stirrups, and he was *en route* for the scene of action. But the British met with a much warmer reception than they had anticipated, and the demonstration amounted to but little.

This ended Griffin's military career. He passed a few years in his native town,

and then moved with his rising family into what is now the town of Paris, Oneida County, N. Y. He was one of the very first settlers, and the whole country was then nearly one unbroken wilderness. Details here, however, fall not within the scope of the present paper. Scattered and poor as were the population, and difficult as it was to get from one place to another, it was not long ere the itinerant herald of the cross came along, bringing the tidings of salvation. The Rev. Jonathan Newman was the pioneer. The Rev. Robert Heath, of Mill Prison memory, had predisposed our subject to Wesleyan Methodism, and with a glad heart he made welcome to his cabin these self-sacrificing men. Griffin was a member of probably the first class ever formed in Central New York, and continued to be an ornament to the Methodist Episcopal Church down to the day of his death. As a citizen, as a civil magistrate, and as a church officer, he was all that could be desired. Many an eye will moisten as it traces these lines. He was a Christian gentleman, and everybody loved him. He was the preacher's friend, and his house was the preacher's home.

One thing more, and we close an article which, though long, we trust the reader will not have found tedious. It has been stated that Griffin was released from Mill Prison on the 15th of March, 1779; and this day was ever after formally celebrated by him and his family. It formed a glorious domestic anniversary. Business was suspended, and the various branches of the family were, as far as possible, called together. On these occasions he would recount the incidents of his imprisonment; not only the incidents given in this brief narrative, but others of a more minute character. Men of true courage are always tender-hearted. Thus it was with Griffin. There were events in his history, the recital of which ever turned him into a child. He could not name them, though he had done it a thousand times before, without weeping. All who had heard him tell his stories knew beforehand when he would "choke down."

Blessed man! he is now with the general assembly and Church of the first-born. And O that the men of this generation might appreciate the debt of obligation they owe alike to the heroes of the American Revolution, and to the pioneers of American Methodism!



HOME, AND THE SEWING MACHINE.

HOME is the appropriate sphere of woman. Marriage is a dictate of nature, and expresses the relation that adult men and women should sustain to each other. Their mental, affectional, and physical organization; their affinities, and the comparative number of the two sexes, plainly indicate its propriety. It is honorable in the sight of God and man, and the most important institution of society. Well-ordered households are the foundation of virtue and prosperity. The altar of liberty must be reared by the hearth-stone, and the fire upon each must be fed by the same hands.

Home is the nursery of virtue, both public and private. Man's and woman's duties center there and radiate thence. All other relations should be secondary and subsidiary to these. Home consists, not so much in a splendid house, and rich furniture, and costly living, as it does in furnishing a condition conducive to the highest culture of the soul.

Most men and women have an ideal of home. Such is the nature of the domestic sentiment, that it forms an easy alliance with the imagination, and borrows from it both a creative and an enlivening influence. There is something more within the walls of the humblest cottage than the eye can discern. Bench, table, and bed

are not the only furniture. All the fancies and impulses that most profoundly stir the heart of man, have their dwelling there. Beautiful, indeed, is that provision of our Creator, by which every man and woman has a birthright in the gladness and glory of the universe, because of their sympathy with home. Here, too, should be fostered those tastes, affections, and aspirations which render man acceptable in the sight of God. The agencies that move the world are nurtured in homes. It is the divine nursery of science and art, of philanthropy and piety. It is sanctified in memory by a thousand incidents. The fire-side, the arm-chair, the cradle of infancy, and the couch of age; the family table, and the morning and the evening prayer; the chamber of sickness and death, beget an undying attachment.

The true glory and security of a nation, then, consists, not so much in armies and navies, palaces and treasures, as in its multiplied, virtuous, and genial homes. Upon these can be expended the purest and warmest patriotism. We want societies for the improvement of homes quite as much as for improving prisons and hospitals. Woman can have no more noble and patriotic mission than home necessities demand. Her proper influence here will more effectually quell dis-

order upon public occasions, than her presence at the polls, or in the halls of legislation.

But it is too frequently the case that the housewife's cares absorb her time so much that she has but little left for educating her children and for the culture of her own mind, as deficiencies are disclosed and higher aspirations developed. Hence maternal influence is too little felt in society. The young and frivolous give it its tone. Woman's influence is too valuable to be thus neutralized. Her delicate sensibilities and virtuous inclinations indicate her as the pioneer in moral, æsthetic and hygienic reforms. To secure this end matrimony should afford opportunities for the health and beauty of maidenhood to ripen into graceful and dignified womanhood, and time for the many important services woman can render. Numerous obstacles, unavoidable in a measure, perhaps, have heretofore supervened to prevent this desirable consummation. We have, however, profound faith in the power of human genius, in view of the mechanical triumphs of the last century. The steam-engine, the railroad and steamboat, the spinning jenny, the cotton gin, the printing-press, the nail and the pin machines, and the magnetic telegraph have revolutionized the world of manufactures and commerce. Aid has now been vouchsafed to woman in the household, and genius has achieved in her behalf one of its grandest triumphs. We allude to the sewing machine. The point is well established, that nearly all kinds of sewing can be done better and cheaper by machinery than by hand, and at a vast saving of time and health.

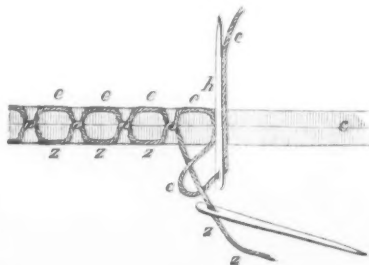
Although the evils of hand-sewing have fallen heavily enough upon wives and mothers, with their alternation of labor, the effects upon the health, virtue, and happiness of professed needle-women are frightful in the extreme. Poverty, sickness, hunger, rags, and general squalor are too generally its concomitants. Avarice, extortion, and lust here find their victims. The confined attitude, the stooping posture, cramping the lungs and stomach, retarding respiration, circulation, and digestion, the curvature of the spine, the paralyzing stillness of the limbs, the minute, unremitting attention required, the strain upon the eyes over a monotonous task, have told with terrible effect upon the needle-woman.

And what are its wages?

A bed of straw, a crust of bread, and rags.

It is the most effective device of the arch enemy of mankind to perpetuate the original curse beginning with the fig-leaf aprons in the garden of paradise. War and the wardrobe may count their victims by millions. The glittering needle and the gleaming sword have pierced the hearts of the lovely, and drank the blood of the brave. A change is taking place. The sewing machine has revolutionized the drudgery of the seamstress. Doubtless this will cause individual suffering, but where it will inconvenience one needle-woman it will benefit ten housekeepers. No great change can take place in society without deleteriously affecting some. Should the prayers of saints be answered, and the millennium down upon us now, judges, and lawyers, and manufacturers of locks and safes might be injured in their business. If thousands of women were released from bondage of any kind, it would momentarily derange the channels of business, but the community would gain by it. Still the change now will not be so great as has been imagined. New applications of sewing will be invented; garments will be better made, and seamstresses will be better paid. At any rate, society will be greatly benefited by the change which the sewing machine will effect.

Prior to 1846 no sewing-machine had been constructed of any great practical value. In 1846 Elias Howe, Jr., patented his shuttle "lock-stitch" machine. The commissioner of patents remarks, in the report for that year, that this inventor had struck out a new path, and that it would be impossible by any other known means to sew as fast or as well. The stitch invented by Mr. Howe is illustrated by the following diagram, and may be made by hand, thus:



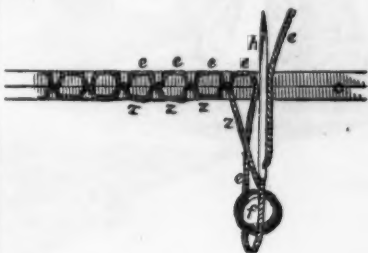
Take a soft piece of cloth, (*c*), and two needles threaded in the ordinary manner. Tie the long ends of the thread together, and thrust the needle *h* head foremost partly through the cloth. Withdraw it slightly, and through the loop formed of the thread *e*, between the cloth and the eye of the needle *c*, pass the other needle, carrying the thread *z*. Withdraw the needle *h*, inclosing the lower thread, *z*, and the two will be interlocked, and the point of interlocking may be drawn into the fabric. Each surface of the cloth will show a seam of similar appearance, a single line of thread extending from stitch to stitch. The thread *e*, seen up the upper surface, is not seen at each alternate stitch upon the lower surface and the upper surface, but that seen upon the lower surface is exclusively the thread *z*. In making this stitch, Mr. Howe employed a needle with the eye near the point, to carry the upper thread through the fabric. The loop being formed below the cloth, the lower thread was passed through it by a shuttle, carrying a small bobbin, upon which it was wound. The cloth to be sewed was suspended from a plate upon small pins projecting from it; and was carried forward before the needle, which had a horizontal action. This machine was better adapted to seaming by giving the needle a perpendicular action, laying the cloth to be sewed upon a plate beneath the needle, and moving it forward by a wheel with points upon its periphery, which penetrated the cloth. The stitch invented by Mr. Howe is all that can be required for sewing, and no attempts have been made to improve it. The seam formed presents a beautiful appearance upon each side, and cannot be raveled; and when made of suitable thread, is as durable as the fabric sewed.

Many attempts have been made to improve the shuttle sewing-machine, but with little success. Mr. A. B. Wilson patented a machine in 1851, making the Howe "lock-stitch," but by a mechanism almost totally different, in which objections to the shuttle-machine were obviated, and many improvements were added. The Wheeler & Wilson machine is constructed according to his patents; and as it combines the qualities of a good sewing machine for families and general use, we have selected it to give point to our description, without, of course, intending to

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disparage, or undervalue any of the other machines now in use.

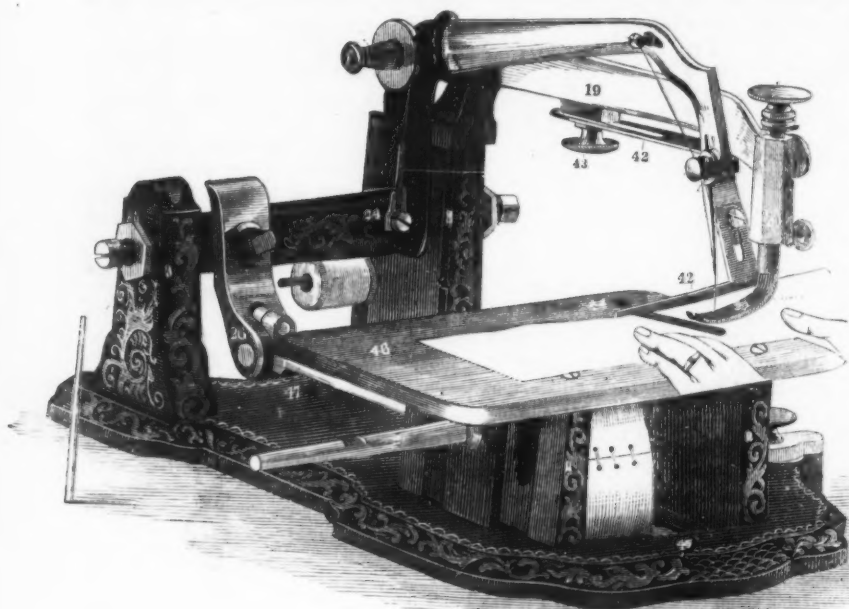
The merits of Mr. Wilson's invention consist in a "rotating hook," by which the stitch is taken; the "rough surface intermitting feed," by which the cloth is fed forward, and the length of stitch regulated; and the "yielding spring pressure," by which the cloth is held upon the cloth plate. The stitch may be made by hand in a manner analogous to the method of making it by Mr. Wilson's invention. This is illustrated by the following figure:



Take a needle, (*h*), threaded in the ordinary manner, and a small ball of thread, (*f*); tie the ends of the threads together, leaving an inch or two of the thread (*z*) unrolled from the ball. Thrust the needle (*h*) through the fabric, head first; withdraw it slightly, enlarge the loop of the thread, (*e*) and pass it around the ball of thread, (*f*) instead of passing the ball through it; then withdraw the needle entirely from the fabric, and draw up the loop, so that the points of the threads (*e* and *z*) interlocked, will be in the center of the fabric.

In Mr. Wilson's invention the thread, upon being thrust through the fabric by an eye-pointed needle, is caught by a rotating hook; the loop is enlarged, and carried around a bobbin containing the lower thread, as the loop is carried around the ball of thread in the foregoing figure.

Various appliances are furnished for regulating the width of hems, etc. 42, 42, Fig. 1, represents a gauge for this purpose which is attached to the fixed arm, 19, by the thumb-screw, 43, and extends down to the cloth plate, with various projections for guiding the work. It is slotted and jointed so as to be adjusted in various positions, and is removed when not in use. A smaller one, very commonly used, but not in conjunction with the larger, is fastened to the cloth plate at the screw hole, 44.

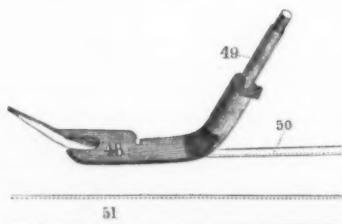


WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINE.

A "hemmer," 48, is furnished for turning hems of any width, as 50 and 51. This is substituted for that purpose in place of the cloth presser, 20. The hem is turned and stitched in passing through the machine. Motion is communicated to the needle arm, connecting by a driving wheel which may be arranged so as to give more or less strokes of the needle at each tread of the foot. Five is the usual number, and from seven hundred to one thousand stitches are made per minute, while the number that can be made by hand is ordinarily not more than forty or fifty. Seven hundred stitches form upward of one yard of seam with fifteen stitches to the inch, and about the same length of thread is required as in ordinary back stitching. The machine makes but little noise, so little

that one hundred operated in the same room would not interrupt ordinary conversation. The bearings are so light and the friction surfaces so small that the driving power is merely nominal. The machine is placed upon a neat work-table, or furnished with a cabinet, as at the head of this article, and driven by a band and sandal treadles. The position of the operator is healthful, and the exercise of the lower limbs in using it is invigorating.

Baby-dresses and web-like *mouchoirs* are headed with pearly stitches; a shirt-bosom, covered with tiny plates, is completed almost while a lady could sew a needleful of thread; three dresses, heavy or fine, are made in less time than is required to fit one; coats, vests, and the entire catalogue of the wardrobe, are gone through with railroad celerity. In hemming, seaming, quilting, gathering hemming, felling, and all sorts of fancy stitching, it rivals the daintiest work of the whitest fingers, and works with more thoroughness than the most careful housewife. The housekeeper is soon surprised at the facility with which she runs up seams, sews on facings, tucks, hems, plaits, gathers, quilts, stitches on cord, sews on bindings, etc., and wonders how she has



endured the drudgery of hand-sewing so long. Her spring and fall sewing, which dragged through the entire year with little intermission, becomes the work of a few days with this machine, and that relief is afforded which is necessary for women to discharge their proper duties. It only requires a drop of oil, now and then, and you have a ten-power seamstress in your parlor, eating nothing, asking no questions, and never singing the mournful "Song of the Shirt." It is warranted to work equally well upon silk, linen, woolen, and cotton goods, from the lightest muslin to the heaviest cloths, and is warranted one year, a sufficient time to test it thoroughly.

Full instruction for operating it is given at the sales-room. When sent some distance, so that personal instruction is inconvenient, a card of directions is sent, which are a sufficient guide. The mechanism, however, is so simple, and the arrangement so easily understood, that no serious difficulties need occur. The slight difficulties are readily surmounted, and practice makes perfect in the use of this as in anything else. Thousands of them are used successfully by persons of ordinary capacity.

The family machines are all alike, all of the parts being made by machinery. They are, however, differently mounted. The principal varieties are the plain table, the half case, and the full case. The cabinet or full case, of rosewood, black walnut, or mahogany, constitutes an elegant article of furniture. The half case (of various woods) is equally useful, less expensive, but less ornamental. Every part of the machine is enclosed, when not used, and secured from dust and injury. All of them are outfitted with extra needles, bobbins, and everything necessary to operate them successfully.

The manufactory for these machines, at Bridgeport, Conn., is organized upon the system adopted in the United States armories in the manufacture of fire-arms; the various parts of the machine being made by machinery. This system not only increases manifold the efficiency of the force employed, but secures great excellence of workmanship, and perfect similarity of parts for all the machines. The skillful hand, guided by intelligent mind, has apparently exhausted mechanical principles in securing mechanical combinations for effecting desired results. Probably no

instrument of human invention is more effectively and cunningly devised than the machine for cutting the diagonal groove upon the periphery of the hook. Upward, forward, and lateral movements are combined with rotary motions in the two latter directions, and the hook, simple as it is, embodies all the efficiency that those various movements would afford in elaborate machinery for which it is the mechanical equivalent. This is but an illustration of the economy and combination of parts in the machine, and exemplifies the spirit that pervades the establishment. Without noise or confusion the various parts of the machine are elaborated, unconnected with each other, but kindred through the genius that devised them all. When assembled they instinctively recognize their position, relationship, and offices, and combine in an effective and harmonious whole.

Each machine, on being completed, is tested by three skillful machinists; and should the second or third trier detect the slightest defect, it is returned to the factory, the defect is remedied, and the machine again passes the same ordeal. Every machine is submitted to the inspection of a man who has been connected with the enterprise from its commencement. Being removed to the sales-room and sold, it is again examined, and put in complete running order.

Thousands are used by seamstresses, dress-makers, tailors, manufacturers of skirts, cloaks, mantillas, clothing, hats, caps, corsets, ladies' gaiters, umbrellas, and silk and linen goods, with complete success. But the great source of demand is now for family use, and the time is not far distant when a sewing machine will be deemed an essential piece of furniture in every well-ordered household.

Appropriately we may close with the "Song of the Sewing-Machine," from the pen of G. P. Morris, Esq.:

I'm the iron needle-woman!
Wrought of sterner stuff than clay;
And, unlike the drudges human,
Never weary night nor day;
Never shedding tears of sorrow,
Never mourning friends untrue,
Never caring for the morrow,
Never begging work to do.

Poverty brings no disaster!
Merrily I glide along,
For no thankless, sordid master,
Ever seeks to do me wrong;

No extortioners oppress me,
No insulting words I dread;
I've no children to distress me
With unceasing cries for bread.

I'm of hardy form and feature,
For endurance framed aright;
I'm not pale misfortune's creature,
Doom'd life's battle here to fight;
Mine's a song of cheerful measure,
And no under-currents flow
To destroy the throb of pleasure
Which the poor so seldom know.

In the hall I hold my station,
With the wealthy ones of earth,
Who commend me to the nation
For economy and worth;
While unpaid the female labor,
In the attic-chamber lone,
Where the smile of friend or neighbor
Never for a moment shone.

My creation is a blessing
To the indigent secured,
Banishing the cares distressing
Which so many have endured:
Mine are sinews superhuman,
Ribs of oak and nerves of steel—
I'm the iron needle-woman
Born to toil and not to feel.

DON'T AGITATE—A MATTER OF FACT.

NO, we must not agitate, though such scenes as the following be enacted every day. Come, reader, with me into the sunny South. Let us visit a church in the beautiful state of South Carolina. It is a lovely place. Nature and art have lavished their best gifts to render it delightful. We will enter and join with the worshipers on this holy Sabbath morning, perhaps we may find food for our hungry souls. We enter. The inside equals the outside for beauty and comfort. Nothing dashing or imposing, but all bears the mark of Christian elegance and neatness.

The minister is already in the pulpit, and as he reads his morning's lesson, we will scan his person a moment.

His form is lithe and sinewy, of medium height, high square forehead, raven hair, and a keen black eye, that seems to flash fire, as it turns with a quick, restless motion, from one to another of his hearers. His thin lips, and deep-set eye, say plainly that no obstacle can long stand in the way of his determined will.

His subject is the sufferings of Christ. How vividly he portrays the scene in the garden, and the agony on the cross. How clearly and forcibly he brings before our

minds those "three dreadful hours." We almost look around to see the weeping, heart-broken mother, as the Saviour turns his dying eyes and says, "Mother, behold your son." We see the gleaming eyes of the soldier as he lifts the spear to his side; and involuntarily shudder as the red tide trickles down to the ground. But the scene closes while the audience are yet in tears.

We leave the house with a feeling of remorse for having done so little to honor Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself for us.

After service the minister approaches, and kindly inquires if we are strangers in the place. We answer in the affirmative, and with true Southern hospitality, he gives us a cordial invitation to his fireside. We cheerfully accept the hospitality so freely given, and taking a seat in his family carriage, we are soon enjoying his pleasant home. We are introduced to his family, and in the society of his lady and two lovely daughters we pass a pleasant evening.

Our host is affable and entertaining, the daughters a little haughty, but polite and beautiful. At a late hour we retire to our room favorably impressed with Southern life and manners.

After a variety of remarks called up by the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed, we drop into an uneasy slumber, in which the auction-block and the pulpit are strangely blended, from which we are aroused by the breakfast bell.

Breakfast over, the "Family Bible" is brought forward, and our host engages in the morning devotion with great zeal and fervor. Surely the yoke must sit lightly upon this man's servants, and before leaving we will just take a stroll over a part of the plantation. We start out, and soon find ourselves in the midst of the "negro quarters." The cabins look neat and comfortable, but hark! what sound is that? surely it is a cry of pain! Listen; I hear the sharp crack of a whip. Drawing near the spot from whence the sounds proceed, to our horror and utter consternation we behold a negro man of about thirty years tied to a tree, his hands are drawn up so that nothing but his toes can reach the ground, with a strap around his body, by which he is fastened to the tree. And our host, the *Christian minister*, ap-

plying a large hickory whip to his naked back. We started back in utter dismay at the appalling sight, while the poor fellow's bitter cries of, "O massa, massa, I didn't steal de money; O for God's sake don't; O mercy, mercy, massa," ring in our ears and are engraven upon our hearts. But the minister heeded not his cries nor regarded his supplications.

Down came the heavy lash with unabating force. One large hickory stick after another was used up and thrown down, while the blood trickled down to the ground. Again he pleads for mercy, declaring his innocence. The minister only held his hand when he was too tired to whip longer, and then only long enough to ask Sam if he would confess.

The daughters remained in the house, fully aware that their faithful servant was suffering death under the lash for their crime, but what was that in comparison to their suffering the *shame* of confessing to having *themselves* stolen their father's money. He was only a "nigger."

Poor Sam begins to grow weak from loss of blood and excruciating pain, and now with every blow the mangled flesh flies from his lacerated body. The minister! is bespattered all over with the flesh and blood of his victim. His back is all cut to pieces, and every blow opens deeper the bleeding wounds; the blood stands in puddles at his feet, but with renewed energy the rod is applied.

Sam's head drops upon his breast and he is silent, with the exception of a deep groan as the cruel lash cuts away the flesh from his back. Again the master pauses and addresses his victim with, "Sam, will you confess now?" The poor fellow faintly murmurs, "Water, massa, water! for God's sake, give me water, massa!" The minister unties him; and he crawls a few steps to a spring in the bank of the stream, and eagerly clutching a tin cup kept at the place, drained it *nine times* in succession, and then with a deep heart-rending groan, that seemed to pierce the very heavens, he *yielded up his life*.

Nature could no longer endure it, and his spirit escaped from a bondage more cruel than death, to a world where justice is awarded to all, there to await the coming of the Christian minister! the slave owner, and cold blooded murderer combined! They will meet face to face in that day which is to try men's souls.

I fancy I should not like to stand in that minister's place then! Should you, reader?

On returning to the house with our host, the daughters anxiously inquired for Sam, and on being told that he was *dead*, they burst into tears, and confessed that not having enough money to complete their spring purchases, they had themselves taken it from their father's drawer!

[The preceding article is copied from the April number of the *Christian Repository*, a magazine published by "the United Brethren in Christ." We suppose it to be what the writer calls it, a matter of fact. She gives her name as a guarantee for the truthfulness of her statement.—Ed.]

A TALE OF AN OLD MAN'S YOUTH.

I LIVED long, long ago, in a quiet New England village, which nestled in the heart of the Green Mountains of that most beautiful of all the states, Vermont. That village is known to many as the birthplace and early home of Powers, the great American sculptor. The brain and heart that designed the peerless Greek Slave, were working beside the silver-flowing Queechy, some forty or fifty years ago, in many a prank of boyish mischief, and the hands that carved and chiseled that white dream of beauty, then wielded a ponderous jack-knife, and whittled out of bits of wood some faint foreshadowing, perhaps, of that which was yet to come. It was this that had tempted me to select it from all others for my summer residence, during a year of sickness and distress in the City of New York. It had a pretty name—Woodstock—and was, I think, the fairest valley on which my eyes ever fell.

River and mountain, the bright Queechy, and the king of the hills, Mount Tom, lake, and wood, and forest, all were there. From one summit you looked down upon a region of pastoral beauty, with pretty low cottages, wide green meadows, and grazing flocks; from another you saw a fertile valley, with the river winding, like a serpent, through it, and mirroring in its bosom the clear blue sky. A third ascent, and a rock-bound country, gloomy with fir-trees, and keeping an unbroken silence like that of Siberia, met your view; while high up, upon the very summit of the great mountain, a lonely pond was lying, of which the school children told strange

tales. It had once stretched over vast acres, and bears and wolves had drunk from it when the country was wild and new; but with the march of civilization it had changed. Little by little the earth had filled it in, till the visitor could walk for half a mile securely on what had once been treacherous slime. But the ground quaked always beneath a step, and the prudent took good care not to venture too near the edge. I walked upon it once myself, and thought it very like these hearts of ours, in which, though we step ever so softly we are ever liable to sink in beyond our depths, and, perhaps, rise no more.

But these were not all the attractions of the place. There were beautiful walks and drives; there were miniature lakes, upon which to row or sail a pleasure-boat; and a park, which was the pride of the whole state. It had grown up with the town, changing from an oval strip of ground, just boarded in and called a common, to a beautiful inclosure, hemmed in with maple trees as straight and luxuriant as trees could well be, decorated with an iron fence and gates, abounding with little walks and footpaths, and, in the spring, decked with grass as green as that of the Emerald Isle, and speckled and spangled with those two flowers of childhood—buttercups and daisies—like a carpet brought from fairyland. It was a pretty place. I used often to sit and read and muse there; but when the summer months brought the usual influx of city visitors, I left the place to them, and wandered off in search of others more lonely.

In one of my mid-day walks I struck suddenly upon a grass-grown road, leading off the main path, at the distance of some three miles from the town. I followed it up a little hill, switching with my cane at the peppermint that grew on each side, or stopping to watch a speckled adder who glided lazily in or out from the fragrant thicket, as I drew near to, or receded from, his home. An old house stood half way up this hill, which was evidently the homestead of some well-to-do farmer. It was large and square, and standing back, with an orchard climbing the green hills at its rear. Across the road which I was following, and just opposite the house, were three immense barns, whose great doors were standing open, to admit the carts of hay the oxen were drawing slowly from the hill pastures. Through these

doors I caught a glimpse of the river-road below, the river itself, the covered bridge, blue sky, and the woods beyond. It was a delicious bit of coloring, done by the hand of the Great Artist himself. At my feet was a little pool of stagnant water, on which some white geese and ducks were fraternizing, while a brood of half-grown turkeys, with their melancholy "Quit-quit," were making up a foraging party for an excursion after grasshoppers across the farm.

But the road, with its faint wheel-track on either side, and its broad streak of green in the middle, stretched on beyond the farm-house and the barns, and I soon lost sight of them as I descended the other side of the hill. It was more lovely here, if such a thing were possible; because, with the same view, and with the same houses standing in the distance, I also found a silence beneath the blue sky of noon that was delightful. On one side of the fallen stone wall a thicket of blackberries had grown over a heap of ruins, which marked the site of the first church or meeting-house ever erected in the town. On the other, and across the road, lay a little graveyard, sloping quietly down to the road and river below. The gate had rusted from its hinges and lay upon the ground, half hidden by the long grass that was growing over it. The tomb had not been in use for many a year; and as I peeped through the cracks of its door, I saw something lying on the floor, which I knew was nothing more nor less than the fragments of the bier on which the coffins had once been borne out, but which, just then, I was pleased to magnify into the bones of a skeleton. The tender blue of an American summer's day was in the sky, and the sun shone down brightly and hotly. Nothing seemed to stir, save the grasshopper who leaped and chirped among the graves—a kind of Old Mortality among the insect tribe.

I followed the path still further. And now, for the first time, it began to wind beside one of those bright leaping brooks peculiar to America, and to New England most of all. I sauntered along, looking for minnows in the sunlight, and wishing I had nothing more to do than to spend existence in the same way, when a laugh, most clear and musical, made me start and look up.

The road had wound around, so that the

lonely graveyard upon the hill was shut out from my sight. In its place I beheld before me a long avenue, or rather grove, of maple-trees, clothing the base and summit of another hill, far higher. The sparkling brook, with a last gush of music, leaped into the sunlit recesses of this forest, and was lost to my sight. But on my right hand stood a little bird's nest of a whitewashed cottage, surrounded on all sides by a field of waving oats now nearly breast-high. A narrow footpath led from the rustic gate up to the cottage door, which stood open; and at a well, close by the house, stood a young girl, apparently fishing with a line for something in the water, while a dark-eyed and very beautiful lady stood on the steps looking at her. A fat brown-and-white dog, with broad feet which turned out ludicrously, as if in no other way they could support the weight of his body, sat on the greensward in front of the gate, blinking sleepily at the sunshine and the flies. When he at last saw me, he put up his head and gave a terrible howl, as if he felt deeply insulted by my approach; a sound which alarmed his young mistress, so that she dropped the line she held, and started back from the well in dismay. I then saw that she had long auburn curls, and that her face was full of that exquisite life, and light, and bloom, which youth and a sunny heart can shed upon the most irregular features. There was nothing for me but to make my excuses for my intrusion as well as I could; so, after pacifying the dog, I opened the boarded gate, and walked up to her. It was Lucy, whom I thus met, for the first time.

It is strange how soon a perfectly natural and simple manner sets one at ease. I had always been called, and had always thought myself, the shyest of men; yet in five minutes I was talking with the little fairy as freely as if I had known her all my life. I had been introduced to Aunt Susan, who evidently regarded her young niece as the apple of her eye. I had been reconciled to Tiger, who, after much entreaty on the part of his mistress condescended to hold out his fat paw for me to shake, showing his teeth wickedly all the while, as if he would like to bite me, if she only was not there; and I had found the way to her heart by succeeding, after a long and patient effort, in rescuing from the well the line and pail with which she had been trying to draw water before I arrived.

Then, seeing that I looked heated and tired, she insisted upon my coming into the cottage to have some of aunt's currant wine, while I rested. I was only too glad to see her abode, and followed without any hesitation.

I must own that I have tasted better and sweeter wine than that which had been spoiling for two months in the dark cellar at Gan-Eden; but I should have taken arsenic cheerfully, if her small hands had mixed the draught. I had seen her once or twice before in the park at Woodstock; had asked her name, and heard it, casually; and had afterward heard that her aunt had taken this place to please her, and that they were living entirely by themselves in their romantic solitude, with the exception of an old family servant who came with them from the city, and the uncouth dog, who was the prime pet and favorite of Lucy. More than this I had not sought to hear; and Gan-Eden might have been located in the moon for aught I knew. Now that I had stumbled upon it, however, I looked around with no small degree of admiration, as Lucy did the honors of the two rooms to which I was admitted.

It was a little bower of a place, perched upon the banks of that same merry brook which had so beguiled me, and with its windows facing the south and the west. I do not know if the sun was coaxed into doing double duty there, or not, but I am sure I never saw rooms so full of his golden light before. Every door and window was always left open of a pleasant day; and through the hop-vines and the honeysuckles came the warm and perfumed air, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, and the busy hum of bees, till the rooms seemed all alive with light and sound. It was by no means an uncommon thing to see a swallow dart through from one window to the other, and a frisky little squirrel crept into the kitchen each morning, and chirped saucily for his breakfast. By and by he brought his family with him; and I found Lucy, one morning, seated on the floor, scarcely daring to draw her breath, while the pretty creatures nibbled away, close beside her, at the crumbs she had scattered for them. Her love for pets was not her least charm in my eyes. To be sure, when I found her, one day, with a spoon and pitcher, just outside the gate, trying to persuade a freckled ribbon-snake, who opened his brilliant eyes, and displayed his

thread-like tongue in scorn, to drink the milk she poured for him in little grassy hollows along the road, I did object; but I tolerated her spiders and flies, and bugs and beetles, and dogs and cats, and even mice, because she had them under her immediate protection.

It was my first day at Gan-Eden; but ah! it was not my last. Many a sunshiny afternoon was spent in the little parlor, with its wreath-framed pictures, its flowers of every hue, its vine-shaded windows, and sloping terraced door. I read to Lucy's aunt, but I looked at Lucy, and made strange blunders with my reading. I walked over the hills, and traced out the spring of the dancing brook; and the little garden-hat was always by my side, reaching up to my heart, and no further, when its owner stood beside me with her hands full of flowers and mosses, chattering as fast as her tongue could run, about her treasures. She treated me much as she did Tiger; and I was only too glad to be his fellow-slave. Yet I am sure the frank child never dreamed how dear she was growing to me. To her I was only "James," or "Brother James"—only a grave and serious man, too old, even then, to be more than a protector and a confidential friend; but not, alas for it! too old to love her, and that with a strength and tenderness a young man could never have felt. My staid manners made me seem even older than I really was; and her aunt intrusted her to me, in all our excursions, as complacently as if I had been made of iron, instead of bearing about a living, beating heart within my breast.

O, the golden days of that happy summer fled too quickly! Lucy met me, one afternoon, at the gate, with as sad a face as she could wear. "We are going!" she sighed. "Aunt says it is time to go back to the city; and so we leave Gan-Eden to-day; spend a few days in town, and then return to noisy New York. I am sure, if it were not for some we shall meet there, I should never want to see the place again."

It would have been well for me if I had attended more to what she had just said; but the thought of her going away from the only place on earth that seemed fit for her, swallowed up everything else.

"I should like to visit the old places with you to-day, Lucy."

"Come in, then, and we will go, while the servant is packing the furniture."

The trees had just begun to put on their glorious autumn colors, and banners of red, purple, gold, crimson, russet, pale-yellow, green, and brown, were flung out on every side. The September sunshine was yet warm in the middle of the day; and the smell of the beeches and the rustle of the dead leaves under foot—I remember them all, as if it were but yesterday! But when the light began to fade, and we turned toward home, I looked back at the lovely scene, and all was bare and gray, and perfectly desolate. Even so has my life been, Lucy!

It was a hard trial for her to leave the pretty place. There were so many leave-takings of old familiar spots, so many charges to the farmer who owned the house, to let the oak wreaths hang as they were till a new tenant came in, and "O, to be sure and feed the squirrels every day of his life;" so many hints after Tiger, who was always supposed to have been drowned in the well, or smothered under the luggage; and so many outbursts of joy at finding him, safe and sound, and generally fast asleep, that it was nearly dark before I got her to take the last look, and let me lead her to the pony carriage which was waiting at the gate. I got her safely in at last, and saw her drive away; the little garden-hat always turned toward the cottage as long as it was in sight. Little she cared about Gan-Eden, or all I was losing with it. But I consoled myself with the thought that I was inseparably connected with it in Lucy's mind. Never could she think of the flowers, and the sunshine, and the bees, without also giving a thought to the friend who had watched and loved them with her. I went back and leaned against the well, where I had seen her first; I bent down and kissed the rough board where her hand had often rested. If a tear fell now and then, and broke the image of the star which shone so tranquilly in the water below, it was only known to me, and to that star, and to Him who made us both!

The few days she had mentioned fled like so many moments, and after that evening of moonlight and music, she was to leave us. I stood with her in the parlor of her uncle's house, about ten moments before the arrival of the stage. There were curtains of some transparent rose-colored material at the windows, and she was festooning them back with some waxen

white flowers, with green leaves—the last clippings of her aunt's conservatory—and the warm light fell upon her face as she made a graceful courtesy to me.

"There! Is not that pretty? When you come to see us in the city this winter, I shall arrange our parlors in the same way, to make you remember Woodstock and Gan-Eden."

"I am not likely to forget either of them," I said, looking fondly down at her; and in another moment it would have all been said, if she had not laid her hand upon my arm, and whispered:

"Dear old James, I should so like to tell you a secret."

"Well?"

"But you must never let my aunt know I told you, or she would give me a terrible lecture. I suppose it is very improper and all that; but I should so like to tell you myself. I want you to come to us on the second week of January, and stay till after the twenty-fourth."

"And why till then?"

She blushed, and looked anywhere and everywhere but at me.

"Because on the twenty-fourth I am to be married."

With a strong effort, I mastered myself, and turning my face from the light, prepared to hear and answer her next question, which soon came.

"Are you angry?"

"Not I," I answered steadily. "But does your aunt know this?"

She opened her large eyes with wonder.

"Of course. How stupid you are getting, my dear old James. Why, she made the match!"

"Ah!"

"Edward is scarcely older than I am, but his father wishes him to marry, to make him steady, I believe, or some such nonsense; as if such a fly-about as I am would not unsettle him still more! However, we are very fond of each other."

"But how comes it, Lucy, that after all our familiar friendship, this is the first time I have even heard his name?"

She shook her curls about her face and laughed.

"O, I didn't like; I was afraid you would think it was silly. You are so grave and wise; and, indeed, I never should have had the courage now, only that I am going away. But would you like to see his picture.

"Yes."

She took a pretty little case of blue velvet from her pocket, and, unfastening the golden clasps, laid it open in my hand. I looked upon my rival. A dashing, handsome, audacious boy of twenty, with a midshipman's uniform, a pair of bright dark eyes, and an incipient mustache—that was all! He looked merry and happy enough, but he seemed more likely to be deeply in love with himself than with the pretty child they were going to give him for his wife. She needed training as well as loving, constancy as well as fervor. I could have been all to her, husband, father, and friend.

"Hark! there comes the stage!" she exclaimed, snatching the picture from my hand, and running away to call her aunt. Before she returned to me I was calm, at least outwardly.

"You will be sure and come and see us when you get back to the city, the very day you come," she pleaded, standing on the steps, and holding my cold hand in both hers.

"Yes, Lucy."

"And remember, what I told you is a secret," she added, dropping her voice a little. "You must not even speak of it in your letters, for aunt will always see them."

"I shall write, then?"

"What a question! Why, I depend upon you for all the news of Gan-Eden, and all the gossip of the town. You must go up to the old place now and then, James, for my sake, and feed my poor little squirrels. Dear old Gan-Eden!"

She looked wistfully up at me, and her tears began to fall.

"You have been so good, so kind!" she murmured. "O what shall I do without you?"

God bless her! If they had but left her with me for those autumn months, and I had felt it not dishonorable to make the attempt, she would have loved me, I am sure.

When I had seated her in the coach beside her aunt, she leaned from the window, and put back her veil.

"James."

I turned back when I heard my name, and went up to her. There were no careless bystanders looking on, none but those who knew and loved her, and who were incapable of misconstruing anything her

loving heart might make her do. As I stood beside her, she put her hand upon my shoulder, and whispered in my ear, "Do not forget Lucy!" Something warmer than the sunshine, something sweeter than the south wind, something softer than the new-fallen snow, and quite as pure, just touched my cheek, and the stage rattled away, and bore her from me.

I put that timid, innocent kiss away within my heart, and going to my room in a bustling hotel, locked myself in for the remainder of the day. Many years have come and gone, and my cheek has grown pale and thin, but Lucy's last farewell is remembered as vividly as in those first hours after I had lost her.

Who will wonder to hear me say I did not keep the promise I had made? I did write once or twice, but the letters I got in return only wrung my heart; and it was a relief to me when I left Woodstock, and so could let my wanderings plead as the best excuse for my silence. Her quiet friendship was no return for the love that pained every fiber of my being, and I knew it was best to sever every tie that bound me to her, at once. I wrote the farewell I dared not trust myself to speak, and made it as cold and calm as even her lover could have wished. Then I went for the last time to Gan-Eden, and spent one whole day in the places we had loved. My last visit was to the house, which still stood empty. I did not enter by the usual way, but crossed the brook, from the hill, and went round to the back of the house. At a low window, through which Tiger used to escape when his mistress had confined him to the house, lest he should follow us, I stopped, and raising the sash, looked in. The oak garlands which she had hung with her own hands upon the walls, rustled dryly as the cold wind blew. I saw a single faded rose lying on the floor. She had worn it in her hair on the evening of her departure, and I had seen her take it out and throw it aside before she tied on her hat. I had intended to secure it then, but something had drawn my attention away, and through all these weary weeks it had been waiting for me, that it might speak to me of her. Poor faded thing! I entered the room, and put the dead rose carefully in my breast. My footsteps made a hollow sound upon the decaying floor, and the squirrel, fat and sleek as ever, ran from a

hiding-place behind the door, and vanished through the window. It was a pleasure, at least, to think the little fellow had not fallen into neglectful hands since she had gone. I leaped out upon the ground again, took one long last look into the dear old room, shut down the window, and turned away. From that hour there was no Gan-Eden for me, save in my dreams.

I went away to the land of gold. My fortune was already sufficient for all my wants, but I felt that stirring and striving within me which must be silenced, and I knew no better course to take. I plunged into the wildest speculations, and bought and sold at such daring risks that those who had known me in my quiet and steady days, said I had gone mad. And so I had—and yet I prospered, because success was nothing to me. Like King Midas, everything I touched turned to gold, till the sight of it became almost hateful to me.

Now came the time when I might have filled Lucy's place, had I wished it. Beautiful women looked kindly on the butterfly, who would have spurned the caterpillar. But I had grown moody and reserved, and their smiles and blandishments fell on me like sunshine on granite. If ever I sat by my lonely fireside and thought of marriage, the words of the gentle Elia came to my mind: "The children of Alice call Bertram father," and I sighed, and stirred the coals, and let my thoughts wander away.

It was a selfish life, as well as a lonely one. But one day there came a change. It was ushered in by a terrible illness, and a suffering like unto death. When it passed, I was another man. The angel had "troubled the waters;" a Hand which was not mortal had laid me in the pool; my eyes were opened, and my infirmities were healed. I saw that if all that could make earth glad and beautiful, had been taken from me, it was only that I might learn to lay up treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves cannot break through, nor steal. I heard the poor crying out on every side for succor, and when I was able, I gave it, for the sake of Him who held the poor in loving remembrance. It is most true that no good work which is done in the name and for the sake of God, can ever lose its reward. Even while I was thus holding the "cup of cold water" to the parched

lips of his little ones, his grace was filling my heart with a new and living light.

It was then that I first sought some tidings of her. The friend to whom I wrote gave me a brief answer. She was dead! Carried away by the raging of the great pestilence; and the young husband had already filled her place with a second wife.

From that day I have never written her name until now; but she has always lived within my heart. My affections are no longer placed on the things of this world; they bud and bloom in a brighter one, and I hope one day to gather their blossoms there.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

ISAAC.

WE have traced the history of Abraham and his son, Isaac, down to that severe trial of the father's faith and the son's obedience, his virtual offering up in the land of Moriah. A brief detail of the more prominent events in the life of Isaac, and the very remarkable coincidence which has caused him to be regarded, in all ages, as a type of Christ, will form the subject of the present essay.

It is said that in the natural world the darkest hour is just before the dawn of day. In the moral world the observation frequently holds good. Darkness is emblematic of grief, sorrow, distress; while peace, and comfort, and joy are not only poetically but with truth symbolized by light dispersing the clouds and dispelling the darkness. Very often is it found in man's history, that just when he is most wretched, when the midnight of his sorrow has reached its darkest hour, the light of gladness dawns upon his soul and sorrow and sadness flee away. So was it in the case of the father and the son when the voice of God arrested the sacrifice, and Abraham unbound the willing victim. With light hearts they descended the mountain, and returned to their dwelling-place praising God.

There is a tradition among the Jews that the report was brought to Sarah that Abraham had in reality slain his son, and that the news thus brought was the occasion of Sarah's death. The story is embellished with many fanciful details, but is evidently untrue, inasmuch as her death did not occur until some four years after this event, namely, in the year from the crea-

tion 2145, when she had attained the one hundred and twenty-seventh year of her age. Her character is held up in the New Testament for imitation, and although she gave evidence, on one occasion, that her confidence in the Divine promises was not so strong as that of Abraham, yet she appears everywhere as the faithful wife, the affectionate mother, the devoted servant of the Lord. She died in Hebron, a city afterward much celebrated in Scripture history, and situated about twenty-seven miles south of Jerusalem. She had been Abraham's partner sixty-two years; the sharer of his joys and his griefs, his consolations and his trials, and now, it is not wonderful that "he mourned and wept" for her. There was no *stoicism* in the religion of the patriarch: he could endure affliction; he could bear up under trials the most severe; but he knew nothing of that philosophy which affects to deny or conceal the natural emotions of the heart. He sorrowed, but not as those who have no hope; he looked forward to a reunion beyond the grave, and as he gazed upon those cold remains, once beaming with loveliness, his tears were the natural tribute of a warm heart at the remembrance of her worth. In the transaction recorded in the ensuing chapter we have an interesting specimen of courtesy to a stranger on the one part, and on the other of honest and manly independence. The sons of Heth, who was the grandson of Ham, in whose country Abraham was now sojourning, offer unto him the choice of all their sepulchers that he may bury his dead. They do this because he is a stranger in that country which God had promised him, and because until now he had no foot of land to call his own; a stranger and a pilgrim. In the choice of our sepulchers, say they, bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulcher. One of them, known as Ephron, the Hittite, being the owner of a suitable burial-place, offers to give unto the afflicted stranger his field and the cave that was therein. I give it thee, says he, in the presence of the sons of my people I give it thee: bury thy dead. But Abraham refused to receive it as a gift, and having ascertained its value, weighs out the four hundred shekels of silver, and thus by purchase comes into possession of a small part, and that part a burial-place, in the land, the whole of which God had promised unto him and his de-

scendants for a possession. He bought this burial-place evidently with the design that by means of it his posterity should be reminded of God's gracious promise. It was to be, says Bush, four hundred years before his seed were to possess the land of Canaan. In that length of time it was probable that without some memento the promise itself would be forgotten; and more especially during their Egyptian bondage, of which God had forewarned Abraham. But their having a burial-place in Canaan, where their bones were to be laid with those of Abraham and Sarah, was the most likely means of keeping alive in every succeeding generation the hope of ultimately possessing the whole land. Accordingly we find it did produce this very effect, for as Abraham and Sarah were buried in that cave, so were Isaac and Rebekah, and Jacob and Leah, notwithstanding Jacob died in Egypt. And even Joseph, on his death-bed, some two hundred and twenty years after, took an oath from the children of Israel that when they came into possession of the promised land they would carry up his bones from Egypt and bury them in the sepulcher of his fathers. The purchase of this cave and field for money is the first instance on record of the precious metals being used for purposes of exchange. Till then, and long after, says Dr. Hunter, both among the posterity of Abraham and other nations, wealth was estimated by the number and quality of cattle; and cattle were the principal instruments of commerce. Thus Homer speaks of a coat of mail valued at one hundred oxen; a caldron worth twenty sheep, and a cup or goblet estimated at twelve lambs. A criminal, according to the magnitude of his guilt, was condemned to pay a fine of four, twelve, or a hundred oxen. A wealthy person is called a man of many lambs; and Hesiod speaks of two brothers fighting for the *sheep* of their father, that is, contending who should be his heir. From the statement before us it seems that silver was even then employed as a more commodious medium of traffic, and from that period to the present the precious metals have been used for the purpose to a greater or less extent by all civilized nations.

About three years after the death of Sarah, when Isaac had attained his fortieth year, he was married to his cousin Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel. It is somewhat

remarkable that one of the longest chapters in the Bible is entirely occupied with the circumstances connected with this marriage, while so many events that appear to us of far greater importance are passed over in a verse or single sentence. It is another evidence of the assertion: God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.

The chapter referred to gives a beautiful description of the simplicity of manners prevalent in that age, and may have been written for the purpose of showing that God's providence extends to matters of apparently trivial importance, as well as to those which in human estimation are of great magnitude. Following the narrative of Moses, although some think the event is not related in its proper place, we find Abraham again entering into the bonds of matrimony and blessed with a number of children. The latter years of his life appear to have been spent in tranquillity and peace. After the trials and afflictions through which he had passed, it is pleasant to look upon him as the evening shades appear; to view him approach the boundary of his earthly career, like the sun in his appointed course hiding himself behind the western hills, and like that sun destined to rise again. An old man, says Moses, full of years, being one hundred and seventy-five, he was gathered to his people; and his sons, Isaac and Ishmael, buried him in the Cave of Machpelah, by the side of his beloved Sarah. Such is a faint outline of the eventful life, the exalted character, and the peaceful end of him who stands forth upon the sacred page as a model of faith and obedience, of generosity, integrity, and honor. The father of the faithful and the friend of God, he was gathered, says Moses, to his people: meaning by that expression, not that his body mingled its dust with that of his ancestors, for this, as we have seen, was not the fact; but that his soul, purified from earthly corruption, winged its flight to the company of those who had preceded him; into the society of *his* people, of the just made perfect, of Enoch, and Noah, and righteous Abel. To each of his several children he had bequeathed a separate portion, but under the direction of God the chief of all his substance was given to Isaac, who was designated as the heir of his father's possessions and of God's promises.

The life of Isaac, for the most part.

passed away with few incidents of moment. By far the most important and interesting event in his career was that to which we have already adverted, whereby he became to all ages a prefiguration of the great atoning sacrifice, a type most memorable and illustrious of the world's Redeemer. To this we shall again recur after noticing a few of the peculiar traits in his character as pointed out by the sacred writer. He seems to have been fond of meditation and prayer. He went out to meditate in the field at the eventide. That is, when the shades of night drew on, and the toils of the day were over, he went forth that he might be alone with his God; to meditate upon his goodness, and to hold communion with him; and this seems to have been the prevailing feature of his character. His affection for his parents seems to have been great. He was always obedient, dutiful, and kind. His grief at the death of his mother was severe, for it was three years after that event when it is said Isaac was comforted after his mother's death. At the burial of his father he appears to have forgotten the insults and injuries he had received from Ishmael, and the two brothers, so unlike in disposition and temper, mingled their tears together at his grave. He had been married twenty years before his sons, Esau and Jacob were born, and their birth is mentioned as a signal answer to his repeated prayers. "And now we are introduced to the prolific source of most of the troubles which afterward arose to disquiet the family of the patriarch. Isaac loved Esau, but Rebekah loved Jacob. Whatever may be said as to the ground of this parental partiality, it is clear that nothing could be more unhappy than the consequences to which it led. The distress which embittered the remainder of Isaac's life may be traced directly to this source, teaching us by an impressive example the lesson which all parents may expect to learn from the indulgence of a similar weakness. A distinction among children, while it sows the seed of discord between the heads of the family, produces effects upon its objects still more disastrous. It kindles the flames of jealousy and resentment between brothers and sisters, and renders the heart, which should be the seat of every gentle and kindly emotion, the habitation of anger, malice, and revenge. It will be entirely owing to the interposition of a kind and

merciful Providence if those parents who thus sow the wind do not reap the whirlwind." (Bush.)

It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that, as we saw in the history of Abraham there was a famine in the land of Canaan, so also there was one in the days of Isaac, and that, as in the case of his father, he too was obliged to leave the country for a season. These repeated famines in a land which God had promised them, could not fail to draw the attention of the patriarchs from the mere earthly possession to that better inheritance of which Canaan was a type. During the prevalence of this famine, while Isaac dwelt in Gerar, a city of stony Arabia, he fell into the same fault of which his father had been guilty in the same place. He suppressed the truth with reference to Rebekah, and most keenly was he rebuked for it by the king of that country, who was in all probability himself an idolater. So have I heard the man of the world lecturing the professing Christian on his deviations from the straight path of integrity, and asking a question that ought to suffuse the face with crimson, and make the ears tingle. What is that religion worth that does not make its possessor honest, upright, a man of truth? Why, think you, were not these things suppressed by the sacred historian? Why did he leave these blots upon characters otherwise so faultless, so pure? For our admonition, doubtless, they were written; and they stand upon the sacred page like beacons on some sea-girt coast, to warn the mariner from the rocks that threaten shipwreck and destruction.

During Isaac's sojourn in Gerar his wealth increased so rapidly as to excite the envy of the Philistines, and in consequence of this feeling, we are told that all the wells which his father's servants had digged in the days of Abraham his father, the Philistines had stopped them and filled them with earth; a wanton piece of injury, and one well calculated to destroy his flocks and herds, which of course could not exist without water. Isaac bore these injuries with great patience, and instead of seeking to be revenged for them, or in any way to retaliate, he removed from one place to another, until his enemies were wearied with molesting him, and permitted him to dwell in peace.

The latter part of the patriarch's life

was spent in darkness; whether from disease, or accident, or natural weakness in the organs of sight, he became totally blind, and continued in this state forty-five years, during all of which time he appears to have possessed his soul in patience. Shut out from the light of heaven, imposed upon by his wife, and deceived by his son, as we shall see more at large when considering the history of Jacob, he had much to try his patience, and to test the strength of his faith and the firmness of his reliance upon the promises of God.

The time at length arrived when Isaac must go the way of all the earth; and in the one hundred and eightieth year of his age, like as a shock of corn fully ripe, he was gathered into the garner of his God. His sons, Esau and Jacob, appear to have buried their mutual hostility in their father's grave, and together pay the last sad tribute of respect to his mouldering dust.

His character, although not faultless, may be held up for imitation to the old, the middle aged, and the young. When bowed down by the decrepitude and infirmities of many years, he is a model of evenness of temper, resignation, and composure in the prospect of dissolution. His last recorded act is a blessing, and his last words, "God Almighty bless thee, and give thee the blessing of Abraham." Those in middle life may learn from him a lesson of domestic piety and devotion, conjugal fidelity, prudent foresight, and persevering industry. Let the selfish and contentious stand reproved by the example of his moderation, by his patience under unkindness and injustice, and by his meek surrender of an undoubted right for the sake of peace. To the young he is a beautiful example of filial obedience and affection; and in his younger days he was selected by infinite wisdom to typify and shadow forth the Lord Jesus, the atoning lamb of God. Let us notice some of the more important and obvious particulars in which Isaac typified Christ. In the first place Isaac was a *promised* son. Numerous and oft-repeated were the promises of God relative to his birth. Long delayed was the fulfillment of that promise. So with the world's Redeemer. In the thick darkness that settled upon our earth after the first transgression, there was given to our first parents a promise couched in language far from explicit, but, like the glimmering of a star, suffi-

cient to excite attention and to inspire hope. In after ages this promise was again repeated, and at every renewal with still increasing clearness; but long was its fulfillment delayed, and many exclaimed: "Where is the promise of his coming; for since the fathers fell asleep all things remain as they were from the beginning."

But again, Isaac was a son of faith and expectation. His father, it is said, staggered not through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God. So the faithful, in the long night which preceded the dawning of the Day-star from on high, relied upon the promise and looked for the consolation of Israel. These all died in faith, says the apostle, not having *received* the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them and embraced them. At length the promise to Abraham was fulfilled; a son is born; his name is Isaac, which means joy, gladness; and when the fullness of the time was come, a herald from the upper world is heard saying, Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. Isaac was the only son of his parents, affectionately beloved by them, their joy and delight: so Christ was the only begotten and beloved son of his father, was daily his delight and rejoicing always before him. Abraham, at the command of God, refuses not to doom this, his only, his well-beloved son to die; and God commendeth his love to us, that he withheld not his Son, but freely gave him up to die for us. Isaac might have resisted and refused, but in meekness he submitted, knowing such to be the good pleasure of his God; and Jesus Christ exclaimed, Lo I come to do thy will; no man taketh my life from me. I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again. The age of Isaac, as I observed in a former lecture, is supposed to have been the same as that of Christ when he was offered up; and in either case we see the parallel still further extended, that as Isaac had committed no crime for which he was to die, so in Christ there was found no sin, neither was guile found in his lips: he was offered as a lamb without spot. As the father and the son proceeded on their way to the place of which God had told them, Isaac himself bore the wood by which he

was to be sacrificed; and as Jesus journeyed toward Calvary he bore the cross and endured the shame. But here the parallel ends. Isaac, although willing to die and virtually offered up, was rescued by the voice of God calling Abraham to stay his hand; but Christ drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs, and poured out his life upon the cross.

See now at what pains God has been to make man acquainted with the plan of the world's redemption. To the generations which preceded Christ's advent, he gave types, and shadows, and figures, that by *them* they might be led to Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. *Myriads were thus led to Christ and became inheritors of the promises*; for it was true then, as it is now, and will ever continue to be, there is no other name given under heaven whereby man can be saved. Doubtless in those ages many rejected Christ, and refused to be saved through that sacrifice of which the offering up of Isaac was a type and a shadow. They perished in consequence of such rejection. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who, at this day, rejects the Saviour, when the types of a dark age are done away, and the shadows have been dispelled by the meridian brightness of the Sun of righteousness. O deep and dark indeed will be that damnation which results from a willful rejection of so much light and so much love.

SQUINTING AS ONE OF THE ARTS.

OCCASIONALLY in the world's history arts have been lost. Thanks, however, to man's ingenuity, their number is, on the whole, upon the increase. Sometimes they spring up in a night, invented and patented before morning; sometimes they have a long struggle for existence, but win it in the end. Perhaps the most interesting cases are those where despised merit at length makes good its claim, asserting itself until the Society of Arts is forced to open its ranks for a new member. It seems to us that the claims of squinting, to be considered as such, have never as yet been recognized nor even examined. At the best, it has never taken higher rank than as an accomplishment, giving a very limited pleasure to very few, and utterly barren of other results. Certain new ideas, however, have at length

brought it into repute, and made it prominent in society as an intellectual relaxation. Not only so, but the power of judicious squinting—a power susceptible of a high degree of cultivation—has become, in the eyes (how we miss the usual phrase, “in the hands!”) of the philosopher, a valuable instrument of scientific investigation.

These are not paradoxes, but simple matters of fact. If we were not continually being reminded, by the history of science, that the simplest secrets are the last to be discovered, it would astonish us to reflect for how long a time men lived in ignorance of the advantage of having two eyes. They would realize, of course, under the contingency of losing one, the convenience of having the other to fall back upon; but not until the second quarter of this century was it clearly seen what other specific purpose was served by a double organization; or in what respect, except that of beauty, which is after all conventional, the perfect man was superior to the Cyclop. The history of this discovery is wonderfully interesting. It may thus be shortly written: A few ingenious gentlemen squinted thoughtfully and knowingly for a few evenings, and the problem was set at rest. Science was satisfied, but the art of squinting had yet to be popularized. Science, out of gratitude, lent her aid, and invented a stereoscope; thus making a repetition of the original experiment, to which she was so much indebted, to become a charming recreation for all, and teaching, among other things beautiful and instructive, how much is gained by the power of judiciously converging our optic axes.

When a one-eyed man looks, as we have seen one look, into a stereoscope, and declares the effect to be wonderful, we feel for him; but delicacy forbids us to expound to him that he has missed the purpose of the instrument, nor can ever see its true wonders. When a lady, on the other hand, naively declares that the effect is to her improved by closing one eye, we see that she is one who is not living up to her privileges, and proceed gently to show her that she is sacrificing one of her most important optical advantages. “Madam,” we say, “you cannot squint with one eye; and this little instrument was invented simply to assist you to squint, nothing more.” Having startled

her to attention, we explain to her that with one eye she was simply looking at a photograph slightly magnified, the objects in which were rendered apparently solid only by the distribution of light and shade, as in an ordinary picture; but that there are two pictures on the slide, which are dissimilar, and that both of these must be seen together, before any real solidity is given. That the lenses do combine these dissimilar pictures into one, is perhaps most simply shown by covering them over alternately with a piece of white paper on which cross-lines have been drawn; the cross is then seen, on looking into the instrument, to be lying upon the uncovered picture. "You see then, madam, that one must be placed on the other." She evidently thinks it in a double sense an imposition.

However, our present purpose is not with the stereoscope, except in so far as it is an appliance which enables thousands daily, without their knowing it, to practice an art whose claims we happen now to be taking under our especial patronage. Squinting, in fact, opens a new source of pleasure, and puts us in possession of a new power absolutely unattainable by any other process. It was invented long since, this art of seeing double; but, probably from being known to be a power often developed under discreditable circumstances, and obtained, it would seem, only in exchange for other more valuable faculties, it has fallen into disrepute, and is rarely practiced in sober society. Now, however, that in these our times its practice has become with artificial aid an almost universal recreation, its advocacy can be open to no suspicion.

We are familiar, and men have long been so, with the idea of machinery superseding manual labor; but few realize the fact, that the purpose of an optical instrument can be to save muscular exertion; and yet we may reasonably enough imagine what would have been the consequences of the *non-invention* of the stereoscope. The wonderful results brought to light by squinting would for a time have remained known only to the philosophers. Those few who could appreciate the scientific import of those experiments to which we have before made reference, would have repeated them with their proper eyes, and communicated the results to one another. Soon, however, the

general world would have caught up the interest; a mania would have set in, and the optic muscles of society at large would have had a hard time of it. Fortunately, a philosopher appeared as a *Deus cum machina*, and saved them; so that now those who want only to enjoy the results, and are content to wonder, are spared the necessity of subjecting their optic axes to a tedious drill.

In this case there is a royal road, cheap and expeditious enough. But it is, as it were, a railway cut through a tunnel and between close embankments, and those who travel by it see nothing by the way; so that, for so short a distance, we advise those who like exercise and roadside interest, to walk it.

It was announced, at the time of the first introduction of the stereoscope, that the same results might be produced without the instrument as with it, by the simple convergence of the eyes to a point in front of and between the two diagrams. There were few, however, who tried the experiment with success, and fewer still who arrived at any conclusion as to how the appearance of solidity was produced by these means. Squinting, in fact, with precision is a difficult matter. With most persons, the attempt to bring the eyes to a point at a distance of eight inches in front of the nose, would probably be not attended with immediate success; and to bring that point back or throw it forward an inch at the word of command would require some practice. The fingers, however, must learn to measure on the violin lengths which are calculable with mathematical nicety, before the right note can be sounded; and so, all the other arts presuppose the exercise of a certain amount of mechanical dexterity. If any possess, or have eighteen pence to spare upon, the well-known stereoscopic slides which consist of mathematical figures in white lines on a black ground, let him endeavor as hereunder written. Holding one about a foot from him, and directly in front, let him place the point of a pencil in the center between the two diagrams, and then move it gradually toward his eyes, steadily looking at it. At first the two diagrams will be seen as four, for no single object appears single to us unless we are looking directly at it, as may be verified by holding a printed page about half a foot behind a candle, and trying to read it

through the flame, when the flame will be seen double. As the pencil, however, approaches, a point will soon be reached when the four diagrams will have become three, the two middle ones approaching one another, and at last coalescing. Here stop, and looking still at the pencil, suddenly withdraw it, and leave the eyes fixed upon the point where it was. A stereoscopic image is now visible to those who will take a little trouble to see it. Not the same, however, as the same slide will give through the stereoscope, but that reversed. Sixteen out of the twenty-five which form the set are reversible without distortion; the others are simply thrown into Chinese perspective. As we are concerned only to view the middle one, the outside diagrams of the three are in our way; can we not get rid of them? The triple appearance is simply accounted for: the right eye looking at the left hand picture still sees the other one, just as, though looking at one candle, we still are conscious of another, if it happens to be near it; and the left eye, again, though it is looking across at the other picture, still sees out of its corner that which is immediately in front of it. To shut the obtrusive images out, all that is wanted is a card with a hole in it about an inch square: this held with the middle point of the hole where the pencil was before it was withdrawn, will let the stereoscopic image through, and stop the two others.

A small card-board box about the size and shape of an ordinary stereoscope, with such a screen as we have described fixed permanently in it at the proper distance, which may readily be found by experiment, and two holes at the top for the eyes, will, we may promise our readers, fully repay the small investment of ingenuity and trouble required for its construction. If across the aperture of the screen a thread is stretched with a small knot in the center, it will generally direct the eyes even of the uninitiated squinter at once to the precise point at which the stereoscopic effect starts into view. We have thus not only put ourselves out of all obligation to lenses, but we have obtained a most curious and interesting result. The solid image we now see differs, as we have said, from that which the same diagrams produce for us when looked at through the ordinary stereoscope. It seems nearer to the eyes, and smaller than before, and is, besides,

reversed, concavities having become convex, a raised pyramid showing like a hollow box, and a railway tunnel being turned inside out, as one might serve a stocking. Does any one ask the reason, he is in a fit state to receive further instruction. Perchance, friend, thou knowest not the distinction between fore and aft squinting. The former of these mysteries of the art we have already descanted upon; the latter, though not generally open to neophytes, we are not unwilling to divulge.

There are, we imagine, few persons who can readily converge their eyes to a point *further* from them than two objects, as two candles, so as to see an image of a third candle between them. It is not, however, by any means an unattainable feat. The first condition of success is that the two objects be nearer together than the two eyes. The ordinary stereoscopic slides are unfit for the purpose of these further experiments, corresponding points upon them being not closer to one another than two inches and a half. Some of those geometrical diagrams which we have mentioned are, however, so simple that they may readily be drawn to a diminished scale. With a pair so drawn, the attempt may be made. A hint to success may be furnished from these considerations. We shall want, as before, to banish the two side-images; but as the eyes are now not to cross in front of the diagrams, the left-hand diagram must be concealed from the right eye, and conversely, so that the eyes may look straight forward at the pictures in front of them respectively. To do this at once will therefore simplify the problem. Place the two diagrams nearly close together upon the table; hold a card vertically as a wall of partition between them, so that the eyes may look each down a different side of the card. Soon a single picture will be seen, or rather, we should say, a solid image produced by the combination of the two pictures. This image will be the same as is produced in the ordinary stereoscope by the same diagrams placed in the same way; so that, if we construct a small box with a vertical wall of partition permanently fixed in it, we have a home-made stereoscope without lenses; its only imperfection being that it is not adapted for viewing pictures of the size of those with which photography now so

abundantly supplies us. These may be used with the box we first described, and since that will reverse them, strange and highly curious results will sometimes be produced. The foreground of a landscape, for instance, may retire into the distance, and the objects in the background come forward, while a street may be thrown into perspective that agrees better with Hogarth's caricature than with the rules of the academy. If we cut a slide in two, however, and make the diagrams change sides, our first box will unite them into a true solid image, while a box of the construction last described would, if the distance between our eyes were greater than it is, distort them. The lenses of a stereoscope, therefore, aid us in two ways: they give us the advantage of viewing larger pictures; and, again, save us the trouble of finding the right point at which to look, by artificially placing the two pictures together, and leaving us to look at them at our leisure. For our part, gratefully acknowledging this assistance, we yet contend that as long as the optic axes remain uneducated, men will not appreciate at its true value a discovery which throws clear light on part of the mystery of vision, and distinctly gives the nineteenth century a new idea. That we obtain our perception of solidity from the fact that the two images of a solid body formed in the two eyes are dissimilar, could not be demonstrated otherwise than by recombining two such dissimilar plane images, and obtaining therefrom a perception of solidity. Herein was the art of squinting the hand-maid to science. Most persons, regarding the stereoscope as belonging to the genus "optical instrument," are content to set its wonders down to natural magic. True; but as it is an illusion which any one, with ten minutes' practice, may reproduce at pleasure without any instrument whatever, and helps, moreover, wonderfully to explain that other illusion of our seeing things as they really are, it is well to try our own powers, and reflect upon what they make manifest to us. Therefore do we advocate an art, through the practice of which a few minds in the present generation have been led up to the discovery of highly interesting truths of science, and the multitude enjoy a pleasure which never would have existed but for that discovery. There must be something in it.

CULLED FLOWERS.

I HAVE here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.—
MONTAIGNE.

NOT the least hopeful result of the great revival of religion, now so general among almost all denominations of Christians, is their unity of purpose and of effort, and the abeyance, for the time being at least, of sectarian exclusiveness. It is a realization of the vision in which Giant *Bigotry* fell and broke his leg. "I wished," said the matchless dreamer, "that it had been his neck!" His neck will be broken before the end cometh, and Christ's prayer that all his disciples may be one, even as He and the Father are one, will yet be answered. In the mean time, as a memento of what has been, and is not yet utterly extinct, we copy an eloquent passage on

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

It is taken from a sermon by the celebrated CUDWORTH, preached before the British House of Commons in the days of Cromwell, and reads as though it might have been written last year:

Love is, and has ever been, the most wanting of the Christian graces. What do we see in Christendom? A vast complication of ecclesiastical machinery, churches established and churches unestablished, to keep men in the trammels of sectarianism; a vast accumulation of doctrines to be believed, duties to be performed, and rites to be observed; a vast array of Biblical learning and criticism, in which every word is examined, weighed, and defined. We have creeds, confessions, liturgies, prayer-books, catechisms, and forms of faith and discipline. We have bishops, priests, pastors, and teachers. We have councils, convocations, synods, conferences, assemblies, and other ecclesiastical bodies without number. We have commentaries, reviews, magazines, religious newspapers, and journals of all kinds, and thousands upon thousands of religious books, from the four page tract to the quarto volume. We have cathedrals, churches, chapels, and schools—in short a wondrous and complicated mass of means, instrumentalities, and agencies. But WHERE IS OUR CHARITY? All these things are but means to an end, and that end is charity out of a pure heart, a good conscience, and faith unfeigned.

THE FINITE AND THE INFINITE.

BAYNE, whose critical acumen has been noticed in our pages, has frequently a beautifully suggestive passage:

There is a beauty in the face of man when his God smiles on it, as on the face of the babe in his cradle, on which a father looks in joy, which must not be taken away. There is an earnestness in the heart and life of a man when he knows that the eye of the Eternal is on him, which must not be foregone. There is an eternity of consequence in every act of an immortal, which he cannot deny and continue to work. The

finite being staggers in bewilderment when separated from the Infinite; he cannot stand alone in the universe; he cannot defame his spirit without darkening it; he cannot scorn faith without weakening reason; he cannot deny God, and reach the full strength and expansion of his faculties as a man. Coleridge says truly, that religion makes all glorious on which it looks. How effectual and sublime is the education I receive in the survey, if every object I meet is gifted with a power of exhaustless suggestion, and every leaf of the forest, and star of the sky, is a commissioned witness for God; and not the most careless trill of woodland melody; no chance gleam of sunlight over the fountain that leaps from the crag, and, reckless as it is, must stay to reflect in its rainbowed loveliness the beauty of heaven; no wild wave tossing joyously on the pathless deep, but has power to call into action my highest and holiest powers of wonder, of reverence, of adoration.

JOHN FOSTER.

THE writer last quoted thus graphically and truthfully delineates one of the most profound thinkers of the age in which he lived:

Earnestness was, perhaps, Foster's distinguishing characteristic; over his every page you seem to see bending the knit brow and indomitable eye of the thinker. This man, you feel, is conscious that it is a great and awful thing to be alive, to be born to that dread inheritance of duty and destiny which awaits every spirit of man that arrives on earth. He shakes from him the dust of custom; he little heeds the sanctions of reputation; afar off and very still, compared with a voice coming from above, he hears the trumpetings of fame; calm, determined, irresistible, his foot ever seems to press down till it reaches the basal adamant. This earnestness is made the more impressive from the manifest leaning of his mind toward the gloomy and mysterious. Of habits of thought deeply reflective, he retired, as it were, into the inner dwelling of his mind, there to ponder the insoluble questions of destiny; like dim curtains, painted with shapes of terror, of gloom, and of weird grandeur, that hang round a dusky hall, waving fitfully in the faint light, these questions seem to us to have hung round his mind, filling it all with solemn shadow; he looked on them as on mystic hieroglyphs, but when he asked their secret, they remained silent as Isis; he ever turned away saying, in baffled pride, I will compel your answer in eternity; yet always turned again, fascinated by their sublime mystery, and stung by their calm defiance. No word of frivolity escapes him; he tells men sternly what they have to dare, and do, and suffer; he never says the burden is light, or the foe weak, but the one must be borne, and the other must be met. You feel, in perusing his works, as in going through a rugged region, where Nature, forgetting her gentler moods, desires to write upon the tablet of the world her lessons of solemnity and power; you perceive that only hardy plants can breathe this atmosphere, that here no Arcadian lawns can smile, no Utopian palaces arise; then awakens in you that courage, you seem to be conscious of that sense of greatness which the strong soul knows in the neighborhood of crags and forests, where the torrent blends its stern murmur with the music of the mountain blast.

INDOMITABLE PERSEVERANCE.

AN incident in the life of Audubon is well known and is gracefully told by Dr. Storrs:

One of the most interesting passages in modern literary history, is that in which the great ornithologist of our time met the sudden destruction of the treasures he had accumulated in fifteen years of incessant exploration. At the shock of what seemed an irremediable disaster he was thrown into a fever which had well-nigh proved fatal. "A burning heat," as he described it, "rushed through my brain; and my days were oblivion." But as consciousness returned, and the rally of nature fought back the sudden incursion of disease, there sang again through his wakening thoughts the wild notes he had heard in the bayous of Louisiana, the everglades of Florida, the savannahs of the Carolinas, and the forests that fringe the sides of the Alleghenies. He saw again the Washington eagle, as it soared and screamed from its far rocky cyrie. He started again, from her perch on the fir, the brown warbler of Labrador. He traced in thought the magic hues on crest and wing, that so often had shone before the dip of his rifle. And the passion for new expeditions and discoveries, arising afresh, was more to him than medicine. In three years more, passed far from home, he had filled once more the despoiled portfolios; and at every step, as he told his biographer, "it was not the desire of fame that prompted him; it was his exceeding enjoyment of nature."

I AM.

Who can conceive a more beautiful connection of sublime ideas than is found in the following. The authorship is attributed to Bishop Beveridge:

"I AM." He doth not say, I AM their light, their guide, their strengthening tower, but only I AM. He sets, as it were, his hand to blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he said: "Are they weak? I AM strength. Are they poor? I AM riches. Are they in trouble? I AM comfort. Are they sick? I AM health. Are they dying? I AM life. Have they nothing? I AM all things: I AM wisdom and power; I AM glory, beauty, holiness, eminence, super-eminence, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity. JEHOVAH, I AM! Whatsoever is amiable in itself, and desirable to them, that I AM. Whatsoever is pure and holy, whatsoever is good and needful to make men happy, that I AM."

GREATNESS AND MEANNESS

Are so nearly allied that a very trifling matter marks the boundary between them. Emerson thus explains it:

What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude.

TRUE POLITENESS

Is a Christian grace. It is obedience to the injunction of the apostle: Be courteous. The great and good Lord Chatham says:

As to politeness, many have attempted to define it. I believe it is best to be known by description, defini-

tion not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it "benevolence in trifles," or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. It is a perpetual attention to the wants of those with whom we are, by which attention we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness—that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble; and what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse and live with.

THE SCULPTURE OF HABIT.

FROM a volume entitled "Plain Parochial Sermons," recently published in London, we take this practically suggestive passage:

Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not molded at once. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough-cast it. Ten thousand chisel-points polish and perfect it, put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expressions. It is a work of time: but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed for ever and unchanging in the solid marble. Well, so does a man, under the leading of the Spirit, or the teachings of Satan, carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul; habits of love, purity, and truth, habits of falsehood, malice, and uncleanness, silently mold and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.

THE ABUSE OF LOVE.

THERE are those who need only a hint like that which follows, albeit the hint is a pretty broad one, to induce them to correct an evil habit into which they have fallen:

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those whom he loves best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman is usually indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, indicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his own hearth-stone, is a small coward, and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in by those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

GOOD INFLUENCES NEVER LOST.

AN inference as to spiritual things is here drawn from an admitted fact in the natural world:

It is a law in the material world, that nothing is absolutely lost. The place, the form, the material of objects change. Our bodies die, and turn to dust. The whole animal and vegetable creations have their period of growth and decay. The waters wear the stones. But in this change, there is no loss or destruction of elementary particles. Dissolving elements appear again in new combinations, and new forms of utility and beauty. The waters absorbed by the atmosphere, go up by the mountains, gather into clouds, and descend in showers to water the earth, and enter into the structure of all living things. And may not a law something like this exist in God's spiritual kingdom. Will He, who watches over the changing elements of senseless matter, so that no one particle is ever lost, or comes short of its destination, permit those good influences which, by grace, have originated in the faith of his people, ever to be lost, or to come short of their end? Will they not certainly enter into this glorious building, and contribute something to the completeness of its form and perfection of its beauty? The good influences exerted by pious men, often seem to men to be utterly dissipated. When the blood of the Christian martyrs was poured on the sands of Rome, their persecutors imagined that they had made an end of their doctrine. But that blood washed into the Tiber, was carried by its waters into the sea, and by the sea into the ocean, and by its waves to every kingdom of the earth; and thus became a type, not more of the spreading doctrines of Christianity, than of the augmented and widely diffused influences of those holy men.

BREVITIES.

A FEW, from various authors, will close the chapter:

BAD ARGUMENTS.—The best way of answering a bad argument is, not to stop it, but let it go on its course until it overlaps the boundaries of common sense.—*Sydney Smith.*

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.—What are called post-mortuary charities cannot be classed among the things done in the body, to which the apostle refers. If there is any merit in the deed it belongs not to us, who in reality do it not; nor to our executors or our children, who are obliged to do it.

SATIRICAL.—Coleridge says the French are a nation the very phrases of whose language are so composed, that they can scarcely speak without lying.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.—If the tale of Calvary be a fiction, the inventor is more wondrous than the hero of the narrative.—*Rousseau.*

AFFECTATION OF FEELING.—Better be cold than affect to feel. In truth, nothing is so cold as an assumed, noisy enthusiasm. Its best emblem is the northern blast of winter, which freezes as it roars.—*Channing.*

ZEAL.—An old English divine says that religious zeal, though a sweet Christian grace, is exceedingly apt to sour.

REASON AND REVELATION.—He that takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, and is as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.—*Locke.*

FAME is a revenue payable only to our ghosts; and to deny ourselves all present satisfaction for this, were as great madness as to starve ourselves, and fight desperately for food to be laid on our tombs after death.—*McKenzie.*

The National Magazine.

JUNE, 1858.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—It has been intimated that our brief note relative to sectarian predominance in the management of this institution was unkind and unnecessary. As to its necessity we claim to be the best judge, and we are unable to see how any law of kindness is violated by a plain statement of facts. He is not an enemy who tells us the truth, and the truthfulness of our statement has not been questioned. Excuses indeed have been offered, in the guise of reasons for the Presbyterian ascendancy in the Board of Managers. We are told that vacancies seldom occur, and that it is an ungracious task to displace men who have served faithfully, and that in due time the various religious denominations who sustain the society will have an equitable share in its management. All this has a very plausible sound. But a gentleman who has been for many years in the service of the society, and who has carefully looked into the subject, informs us that during the last twenty years, that is since 1838, there have occurred sixteen vacancies in the board, fourteen by death and two by resignation. These have all been filled at the annual meetings succeeding the occurrence of the vacancies. The result now is, and we give it a little more definitely than in our former notice:

Managers of the American Bible Society.

Presbyterians, (Old and New School) . . .	21
Episcopalians	7
Methodists	4
Dutch Reformed	2
Friend	1
Baptist	1

Total 36

Thus it will be seen that although there have been sixteen vacancies within the last twenty years, the relative predominance of one sect is greater now than it was then. Whether we are right or not in the inference that such a result has been reached by maneuvering and management, the reader, we think, will agree with us in the opinion that it ought not so to be in a national society, from whose banner the very word *sectarianism* is professedly blotted out. The Philadelphia Conference, the largest body of ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, men who have been, and still are, among the most devoted friends of the society, adopted, at their last session in Easton, Pa., the following significant resolution:

Resolved, That inasmuch as the American Bible Society is a great national institution, and is sustained by contributions from the various evangelical denominations, it is the judgment of this conference that each particular denomination is entitled to, and by right ought to have a fair and equitable share in the management of its affairs.

We commend this resolution to the notice of those who at present control matters at the Bible House, and assure them that the sentiment therein expressed is very general among the Churches.

HYMNOLOGY.—A writer in the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review* for April, in an article entitled "Hymn Makers and Hymn Menders," is very severe upon those whom he is pleased to include in the latter class. He criticizes with severity, and denounces those who have ventured to alter stanzas as they came from the pen of the poet. Like many other keen critics, he falls into some rather amusing blunders Toplady's well-known hymn,

Rock of ages, cleft for me,

is one of those that has been "mended." In the first stanza we have, in the Methodist collection,

Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

The sagacious critic supposes this to be the original, and chastises the unlucky wight who spoiled the rhyme by reading,

Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

He says: "Those who have changed the line thus apprehend to some extent Toplady's meaning, but supply a poor substitute." The "poor substitute" is Toplady's own! The alteration has been mistaken for the original; and thus, unwittingly, the critic pays a compliment to the "mender" at the expense of the "maker."

Another amusing instance of blundering criticism, similar but different, may here be noticed. Soon after the revised edition of the Methodist Hymn Book made its appearance, fault was found with the compilers for altering one of Charles Wesley's hymns:

O come and dwell in me, etc.

In the new book the second stanza begins

The seed of sin's disease, etc.

In all former collections made in this country the line reads,

This inward, dire disease, etc.

and the lynx-eyed critic, having never seen, or if he had seen, not having noticed, the Wesleyan true reading, accused the compilers of "mangling" the poetry of the great hymn writer. They had made him speak nonsense, and their mending was—marring. Unfortunately for the critic, but happily for the "menders," in this instance they had only restored the true reading as it came from the poet's pen; and if it speaks nonsense, the "maker," and not the "mender," is responsible. The moral of all this is, Never attempt to criticize without adequate acquaintance with the subject in hand.

AN ALTERNATIVE.—The Rev. Morgan Dix, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is reported to have said, in a sermon "before the provisional bishop and a large congregation," at Trinity Church in this city, that "it must be evident on the face of the matter, that if the revivalists are right the Church must be in the wrong." Of course he took the ground that the Church, meaning his own denomination, is not in the wrong. Others will prefer the other horn of the dilemma; and it will not be an easy task to persuade the tens of thousands who have

recently been led to Christ, and have found peace in believing, that the revival so long, and still in progress, is a delusion, or without the sanction of the great Head of the Church. It cannot be reasoned away into a mere outburst of fanaticism; nor, by those who have felt its power, can it be attributed to mere human skill and contrivance. "The whole movement," Mr. Dix tells us, "occurred among those who are without episcopal order and government, and who discard the idea of sacraments in the sense in which the Church formularies use the word." In this he speaks truly, and the inference is that the revival is a delusion and a sham, OR that what Mr. Dix calls "episcopal order and government," is not essential to the salvation of souls, and that the "sense" in which his "Church formularies" use the "idea of sacraments" is not indispensable to the building up of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

PLAGIARISM.—It is bad enough for men of the world to steal, and a political writer who should be proved guilty of appropriating to himself the thoughts and the language of another, would assuredly lose caste in the republic of letters. Of course it is no palliation of the offense that the guilty party is a Christian, or even a minister of the Gospel. Indeed some people have an idea that the preacher who utters as his own what he has committed to memory from the writings of others, and the learned divine who prints in a book page after page of another's thoughts without giving him credit, is no better than the ordinary pilferer, worse, indeed, because of his position and the more extended influence of his example. The most glaring case of this kind which has recently been exposed, is that of the Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, whose work entitled, "Theology Objectively Considered" was highly eulogized at the time of its publication. Some of the papers of the doctor's own Church hailed him as the Calvin of the age; but one of them, the North Carolina Presbyterian, charges him with gross and extensive plagiarism, and—proves the charge. It is true the author's friends make a defense for him by referring to some general acknowledgments in his introduction; but, in that introduction, the doctor does not say that he has mainly made his book by copying from others, nor give any credit to STAFFER, a Swiss divine, whose Institutes of Polemical Theology were published at Zurich about a century ago. The following passages are taken from the doctor's "Preliminary Remarks." They are certainly sufficiently egotistical:

"I have not aimed to produce a compend of theology. I aim to teach theology itself." "It is this knowledge of God unto salvation, which I accept and develop, as a science of absolute truth; and these which I attempt to demonstrate, to classify, and to expound." "That for which I alone must be responsible, is that which makes the work individual, the conception, the method, the digestion, the presentation, the order, the spirit, the impression of the whole." P. 2. "I am not aware that either the conception I have of this immense subject, or the method I adopt in developing it, or the order I pursue in treating it, have been distinctly recognized hitherto as a basis either of inquiry or instruction in theology." P. xli.

After perusing the above, and counting the great I's, the reader will admire the marvelous coincidence in the thoughts and language of two

men writing a century apart, as here presented, merely by way of a sample, in parallel columns:

Dr. B., ch. xviii, p. 267.

I—1. The simplest idea we can form of God is, that he is a self-existent Being, distinct from us and from the universe, who contains in himself a sufficient ground and reason for the existence of ourselves and the universe. Stated in other words: that God is a being absolutely necessary and independent, in whom and upon whom all things are contingent and dependent.

2. As it is impossible for anything to be, and not to be, it follows that a sufficient reason exists, and can be given why any particular thing is rather than is not; and why it is in a particular mode, rather than in some other. This sufficient reason being discovered and stated, nothing more can be required concerning the fact or mode of the existence of that thing.

Staffer, ch. iii, sec. 1, vol. 1, p. 67.

§ 271. By God we understand a self-existent Being, distinct from our mind and the universe, in whom there is contained a sufficient reason for the existence of this world and of our spirits; or, (a Being) that is absolutely necessary and independent, but upon whom all things depend.

273. It is impossible for the same thing to be, and not to be. This is a first Truth, and therefore incapable of demonstration.

274. There exists a sufficient reason for all things; whence it is known why any particular thing is, rather than is not; why it exists in this particular mode rather than in another; and which being stated, nothing more is required to explain the existence of that thing.

BRADY'S GALLERY.—One of the most attractive places in relation to the fine arts in the city, is the gallery of Mr. Brady, 359 Broadway. Under the enterprising skill of this gentleman the photographic art has reached perfection. The most perfect representations, from the miniature to the life size, are taken in all styles. Those which have been painted, present the most perfect specimens of art we have seen. Mr. Brady has recently enriched his gallery with imperial photographs of the most distinguished divines in the different denominations in the city; and this gallery of itself would well repay a visit. The most distinguished officials in state as well as Church, from this and other countries, with a full representation of the literary men of the times, can be found in his collection. Among the photographs may be seen most exact likenesses of our bishops, with quite a number of our pulpit celebrities in New York. The whole corps editorial of the Book Concern is represented with admirable exactness. Mr. Brady is a native of New York, and among the first to introduce this beautiful art among us, and to him, perhaps, more than any other artist, is the country indebted for the perfection to which it has attained. His gallery in Washington city, as well as the one on Broadway, is one of the largest and most attractive of the kind in the country; and as they are open to access to all visitors, our friends would doubtless be gratified in looking upon his finely-executed pictures.

SLAVERY.—The New York East Conference, at their late session, adopted the following resolutions, and ordered their publication:

Resolved, That we affirm the language of our Church in 1784, namely, that the practice of holding our fellow-creatures in slavery is contrary to the golden rule of God and the inalienable rights of mankind, as well as the principles of the American Revolution; and we therefore deem it our most bounden duty to take some

effectual method to extirpate this abomination from among us.

Resolved, That it is the duty of our Church as a unit to educate her membership to the high standard of these her primitive doctrines, and to this end it is her duty to inculcate them prudently but firmly through her organs, whether press or pulpit.

Resolved, That, while we oppose slavery as citizens, and give our sympathy to those who, in the state, are maintaining the cause of freedom against the slave power, we are especially the opponents of oppression as a sin, and the supporters of emancipation as the requirement of righteousness; and we would therefore remember that our anti-slaveryism should be deeply imbued with the spirit of the Holy Gospel—that it should wisely consult the honor and unity of our Church, in the full faith that the highest good will be obtained through the legitimate instrumentality of her established institutions.

Resolved, That we offer our unfeigned thanks to Almighty God, and tender our cordial congratulations to the friends of humanity, for the rapid extension of the principles of justice and freedom during the past year, as well as for the cheering prospects of the extension of free institutions in our country; and we cherish the anticipation that, with proper effort in maintaining and diffusing light and truth on the subject, all misunderstanding will disappear, and the Church will unite, as with the heart of one man, upon the ancient Wesleyan platform, and, as in the great English emancipation struggle, Methodism will be unanimous and energetic in the cause of freedom.

An official Methodist paper, one of the "Advocates," says: "Why any Methodist preacher should oppose such resolutions, we can't tell. To us they sound very fourth-of-Julyish."

Our brother is not alone in this respect. Many of those who listened to the warm discussion occasioned by their introduction, were unable to see *why* the resolutions were opposed with such zeal. It is gratifying to be enabled to add that the opposition was a very small minority of the Conference, and that with equal, if not greater unanimity, the New York conference, sitting in the same city, a few weeks later, adopted the following:

Whereas, There are few, if any questions agitating more deeply the public mind, or involving moral and religious principles of higher moment, than slavery, we consider it fitting and proper that we as a conference should give utterance to our convictions on the subject; therefore,

Resolved, That the system of slavery is at war with the Gospel of Christ, the rights of man, and the best interests of society.

Resolved, That we point with just pride to the position which the Methodist Episcopal Church has, from her first organization, occupied upon the subject, ever regarding it as an evil, for the extirpation of which all wise and prudent measures are to be employed.

A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The Methodists are awakening to the importance of a more systematic and thorough preparation for the ministerial office and work. The Wesleyans of England have two large, well-endowed, and ably-conducted Theological Schools. The Methodists of our own land have two: one at Concord, New Hampshire; the other near Chicago, Ill. The establishment of a third is under consideration. The New York East Conference adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Conference the time has arrived when it is the duty of the Church to consider the necessity and propriety of establishing an institution for ministerial and missionary education, to be located in the city of New York or its vicinity, or in the city of Middletown.

Resolved, That a committee of five members of this Conference and five laymen be appointed to consider this matter and report to the Conference during its present session.

This may be regarded as initiating the movement: for its due consideration will very naturally result in the determination to establish a school of the kind in one of the localities named. Indeed, the adoption of the first resolution settles the question of necessity in the opinion of the Conference; and all that remains to be done is to project a plan, and carry it out.

AN EDITORIAL CALAMITY.—The *Christian Inquirer*, in noticing the fact that the editor of the *Churchman* has retired from his post, thus gives vent to his regret:

We are afraid we shall never find another editor so interesting as this highest of all Churchmen was to us. What shall we do now for an authority in Ecclesiology? His weekly lucubrations were always looked forward to with the assurance of finding, in addition to unquestionable ability, such strange Ishmaelite arrogance, presumption, and contempt for all outside of the "covenantal mercies," as were almost sublime and quite amusing. It was as healthy a laugh provoker to most of the editorial fraternity as if intended for a weekly ecclesiastical *Punch*, and will be much missed.

A TERRIBLE FOE.—Banker, in his work on Ceylon, states that on one occasion he came across an enormous serpent which lay in his path. His head was about the size of a very small cocoa-nut, divided lengthways, and this was raised to about eighteen inches above the coil. His eyes were fixed upon us, and the forked tongue played in and out of his mouth with a continued hiss. Aiming at his head, I fired at him with a double-barreled gun, within four paces, and blew his head to pieces. He appeared stone-dead; but, upon pulling him by the tail, to stretch him out, he wreathed himself into convulsive coils, and lashing himself out at full length, mowed down the grass in all directions. This obliged me to stand clear, for his blows were terrific, and the thickest part of his body was as thick as a man's thigh. Cutting some sharp-pointed stakes, I pinned his tail to the ground with my hunting-knife; and thrusting the pointed stake into the hole, I drove it deeply into the ground with the butt-end of my rifle. The boa made some objection to this, and again commenced his former muscular contortions. I waited till they were over; and having provided myself with some tough jungle-rope, (a species of creepers,) I once more approached him, and, pinning his throat to the ground, I tied the rope through the incisions, and the united exertions of myself and three men hauled him out perfectly straight. I then drove a stake through his throat, and pinned him out. He was fifteen feet in length, and it required our united strength to tear off his skin, which shone with a variety of passing colors. On loosing his hide he tore away from the stakes; and although his head was shivered to atoms, and he had lost three feet of his neck by the ball having cut through this part, which separated in tearing off the skin, still he lashed and writhed in a frightful convulsion, continuing till I left him, bearing his hide as my trophy.

SLANDER.—Yes, you pass it along, whether you believe it or not. You don't believe the one-sided whisper against the character of another, but will use your influence to bear up the false report, and pass it on the current.

Strange creatures are mankind. How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder! How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint! How many chaste bosoms have been wrung with grief at a single nod! How many graves have been dug by false report! Yet you will keep it above the water by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever. Destroy the passion for tale-telling, we pray. Lasp not a word that may injure the character of another. Be determined to listen to no story that is repeated to the great injury of another, and, as far as you are concerned, the slander will die. But tell it once, and it may go as on the wing of the wind, increasing with each breath, till it has circulated through the State, and has brought to the grave one who might have been a blessing to the world.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The London *Times* announces that the general programme of the second, and, it is to be hoped, final attempt to submerge the Atlantic telegraph wire, has already been decided on. The four hundred miles of cable ordered to replace the three hundred and eighty-four which were lost last autumn off Valentia have been completed, and it is intended, in order to make better provision for casualties, that an additional three hundred miles shall be at once proceeded with. The Agamemnon and the Niagara are the vessels again to be employed in the attempt to lay the wire, and the operation will this year be commenced in the middle of June, in which month, it is said, there are some five or six consecutive days during which a gale in the Atlantic was seldom or never known to occur. The line will be joined and laid from the center of the ocean, the Niagara bringing her end of the cable to Ireland, and the Agamemnon conveying hers to America. The Niagara will take on board, at the Keyham Dockyard, one thousand five hundred miles of the wire. On this occasion the cable will not be piled away in one huge mass, but will be distributed equally in the fore, midship, and after part of the vessel, in three coils of five hundred miles each. As soon as the wire has been stowed away, the two steamers will proceed into deep water, when a number of experiments will be made with the paying out machinery, to ascertain practically if any difficulties exist in the proposed plan for submerging the wire from the center of the Atlantic.

ORIGIN OF SLAVERY.—Mr. Bancroft, in the first volume of his *History of the United States*, gives an account of the early traffic of the Europeans in slaves. In the middle ages the Venetians purchased white men, Christians, and others, and sold them to the Saracens in Sicily and Spain. In England the Anglo-Saxon nobility sold their servants as slaves to foreigners. The Portuguese first imported negro slaves from Western Africa, into Europe, in 1442. Spain soon engaged in the traffic, and negro slaves abounded in some places of that kingdom. After America was discovered, the Indians of Hispaniola were imported into Spain, and made slaves. The Spaniards visited the coast of North America and kidnapped thousands of the

Indians, whom they transported into slavery in Europe and the West Indies. Columbus himself kidnapped five hundred native Americans, and sent them into Spain, that they might be publicly sold at Seville. The practice of selling North American Indians into foreign bondage continued for two centuries. Negro slavery was first introduced into America by Spanish slaveholders, who emigrated with their negroes. A royal edict of Spain authorized negro slavery in America in 1508. King Ferdinand himself sent from Seville fifty slaves to labor in the mines. In 1511 the direct tariff in slaves between Africa and Hispaniola was enjoined by a royal ordinance. Las Casas, who saw the Indians vanish away before the cruelties of the Spaniards, suggested that the negroes, who alone could endure severe toils, might be further employed. This was in 1518. Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman that engaged in the slave-trade. In 1652 he transported a large cargo of Africans to Hispaniola. In 1657 another expedition was prepared, and Queen Elizabeth protected and shared in the traffic. Hawkins, in one of his expeditions, set fire to an African city, and out of three thousand inhabitants succeeded in seizing two hundred and sixty. Thomas Keyser and James Smith, of Boston, first brought the colonies to participate in slavery. In 1654 they imported a cargo of negroes. Throughout Massachusetts the cry of justice was raised against them as malefactors and murderers; the guilty men were committed for the offense, and the representatives of the people ordered the negroes to be restored to their native country at the public expense. At a later period there were both Indian and negro slaves in Massachusetts. In 1620 a Dutch ship entered James River, and landed twenty negroes for sale. This was the epoch of the introduction of slavery in Virginia. For many years the Dutch were principally concerned in the slave-trade in the market of Virginia.

POINTLESS SERMONS.—In one of his discourses John Newton has this pithy remark:

Many sermons, ingenious in their kind, may be compared to a letter put in a post-office without a direction. It is addressed to nobody, it is owned by nobody, and if a hundred people were to read it, not one of them would think himself concerned in the contents.

Such a sermon, whatever excellences it may have, lacks the chief requisite of a sermon. It is like a sword which has a polished blade, a jeweled hilt, and a gorgeous scabbard, but yet will not cut, and therefore, to all real use, is no sword. The truth properly presented has an edge; it pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; it is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER thus speaks of a new organization which professes to collect money from Sabbath-school children. It is called the plan of *Systematic Benevolence*. It says:

A communication containing a "*Plan for the Sabbath School Charity Fund*," will be found in another column. The plan proposes the "raising of six cents a week" for this fund "by every Sabbath-school scholar in America." The Society proposes to issue certificates of stock to the amount of ten million dollars. Those who pay six cents a week for three years are to be life members; those who do it for six years, honorary managers; those who do it for ten years, honorary vice presidents; and "those who do this (from love to Christ) while they live, will have a free admission

through the gates into the heavenly city, a crown of gold, and a seat at the right hand of the final Judge." To many this plan appears monstrous! nothing better than buying indulgences, by which papists strive to obtain the pardon of sin, or a licence to indulge their unhalloved passions. It appears to be in harmony with popery, and every other false religion; but our Bible teaches us that the crown of life is a gift, not to be gained as a reward of works; a gift of *unmerited, infinite GRACE*.

NO JEW FARMERS.—*The Friend*, published at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, contains the following curious statement:

Passing along the very busiest street of Honolulu, in the very busiest part of the day, a shopkeeper called our attention to the statement, which he asserted as a fact upon the authority of the last census of the United States, that out of seven hundred thousand (700,000) Jews residing in the United States, only *one* was registered as a farmer. He desired us to account for the fact. Upon the ordinary principles governing the migration and settlement of different nations resorting to the United States, this fact is unaccountable. It has no parallel. It stands forth marked and isolated. Other nations emigrating to America gradually become absorbed, and mingled with the general population, but not so the Jews. Singular fact. Rare exception. How shall it be accounted for? Let us open the Bible and read the ninth verse of the ninth chapter of the prophet Amos:

"For, lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth."

Here is a pledge or promise of God that the Jewish people shall not be lost. They are scattered abroad, but not lost or forgotten. They have wandered among all nations, but do not find a home among the nations.

DIVINITY STUDENTS.—The divinity students of the Catholic Institute, at Cleveland, are forbidden the reading of any newspapers. They must be an enlightened and intelligent set of fellows, and will make exceedingly useful members of society. A Mr. E. O. Callaghan, one of the students, writes to the Cleveland *Herald* something about its report of St. Patrick's dinner, and says:

Owing to the regulations of the seminary in which I am *forbidding all newspaper reading*, it was not possible for me to see these papers, so that these criticisms would have easily escaped my notice, had not the kindness of a friend apprised me of them, and not being able to procure the papers *without permission*, nor at an earlier date, I now reply, and hope my vindication will find a place in your paper.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.—A California paper contains the following take-off: "The Rev. Dr. Gaines will preach in the 'Tabernacle,' corner of Bush and Pine streets, to-morrow evening, at eight o'clock, a sermon appropriate to the recent election. Subject—'Zaccheus up a tree: his mode of climbing.' This will be instructive to little men seeking high positions. The defeated candidates for local offices and legislative honors, are particularly and cordially invited to attend."

THE DIVINITY OF RANK.—The *Univers* boasts that during the last few years there have been converted to popery in England, three dukes, one marquis, two countesses, four viscountesses, eight ladies, ten baronets, two archdeacons, eighty-five clergymen, and two hundred and seventy-two persons moving in the upper ranks of life; and further glories in the fact that English titles imply genuine aristocracy, and not sham. Apparently the *Univers*

thinks that genuine titles involve theological intuitions, and that true aristocracy enjoys an instinct for the discernment of true faith. If the list had run on thus, three mathematicians, one physiologist, two chemists, four geologists, eight natural historians, ten physicians, two surgeons, eighty-five solicitors, and two hundred and seventy-two other persons engaged in intellectual professions, it would have been somewhat more to the purpose.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT ALLIGATORS.—Lyell, the geologist, says that alligators' nests resemble hay-cocks. They are four feet high and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed of grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a layer of mortar, and having secured this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzemburg, of New-Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of these nests with eggs in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred in all, which he fed in his own house, where they went up and down stairs whining and barking like young puppies.

SMALL CHANGE.

STICKING TO THE TEXT.—Selden, in his amusing Table Talk, has the following story in illustration of his remark that preachers will sometimes bring anything into the text:

The young masters of arts preached against non-residency in the university; whereupon the heads made an order that no man should meddle with anything but what was in the text. The next day one preached upon these words: "Abraham begat Isaac." When he had gone a good way, at last he observed, that Abraham was resident; for, if he had been non-resident, he could never have begot Isaac; and so he fell foul upon the non-residents.

This is something like the anecdote of the minister who was almost possessed on the subject of the prelatical controversy, and could never refrain from introducing his opinion on it, no matter what the subject in hand. Once he was set to discourse upon the first verse in the Bible, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." His first remark was, "Yes, my brethren; but it does not say that God created bishops."

NOT QUALIFIED.—When John Brown, D.D., had settled in Haddington, the people of his parish gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congregation stood out in opposition to him. The reverend doctor tried all the means

in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to unity of feeling which pervaded the whole body, but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however, they happened one day to meet in the street, when the doctor held out his hand, saying, "My brother, I understand you are opposed to my settling at Haddington."

"Yes, sir," replied the parishioner.

"Well, and if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?"

"Because, sir," quoth he, "I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post."

"That is just my opinion," replied the doctor; "but what, sir, is the use of you and I setting up our opinions in opposition to a whole parish?"

The brother smiled, and their friendship was sealed forever. How very true and forcible God's word: "A soft answer turns away wrath."

When the learned pig was in the zenith of his popularity, a wag who attended the performance maliciously set before him some peas; a temptation which immediately caused the animal to lose his cue. The pig exhibitor remonstrated with the author of the mischief upon the unfairness of the proceeding, when the latter replied that he "merely wished to see whether the pig knew his P's from his Q's."

MANY years since a trader in Vermont lost some money. He kept his own counsel, and told no one of the event. Soon after a young man of the place went to the West. In a few years he returned. His first words on entering the store were: "Well, have you found who stole your money?" "Yes," was the answer; "I have just now found the man." That young man was tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison for the theft.

A FRIEND across the ocean, than whom none can better enjoy or crack a side-shaking joke, sends us the following copy of a hand-bill, which he assures us was lately distributed extensively in a town at which he was sojourning in the west of England:

Roger Giles, surgonn, parish clerk, and seoolmaster, reforms lads and gentlemen that he draws teeth without waiting a moment—blisters on the lowest terms, and fysicks at a penny a peace. Sells Godfather's Cordel, cut corns, and undertakes to keep any bodies nails by the year, or so on. Yong ladies and gentlemen tort their grammar language in the neatest manner—also grate care taken of their morals and spellin. Also sarine singing and teeching the Ho! Boy. Cow Tillons and other dances tort at home and abroad. Perfumery in all its branches. Sells all sorts of stashonary wares, blacking balls, red herrings and coles, scrubben brushes, treeclo, mouse traps, and all other sorts of sweetmeats—likewise taters, sassage, and other garden stuffs—also frute, hats, ballits, hoyl, tinware, and other cutables. Tumbler sarve, corn sarves, and all hard wares. He also performs fleebotomy in a curious manner. Fathermore in particular, he has laid in a large sortment of tripe, china, dog's meet, lollipops, and other pickles, such as hoysters, &c. Old rags bought and sold here, and not any ware helse—and new laid eyes every day, by me Roger Giles. P. S. I teeches joggreffry, and all them outlandish things. N. B. A bawl on Wednesday.

PARTICULARLY SHARP PRACTICE.—The amusing manner in which an Eastern man was sold, "away down in Cairo," develops a new wrinkle

in the way of trade, which may be valuable to enterprising men who purpose investing in Cairo city lots. It is the sharpest practice we wot of!

Outsiders find Cairo a very unhealthy place, financially speaking. Yankees are nowhere. One of 'em started a shaving mill to negotiate business paper, loan money, buy and sell exchange on all parts of the globe, etc. Mr. Tucker applied for a loan of six hundred dollars for ninety days, offering as security a cut-throat mortgage on a very fine frame house which he had erected on one of the several lots leased from Mat. L., who owns two thirds of the city. Yank agreed to the loan, charging five per cent. commission and six per cent. a month interest. Tucker allowed that was a big figure to ax, but the money must be had, and accordingly a trust deed was made out and duly recorded, of "one frame house situate on lot 9, block—, L. and G.'s addition to town of Cairo." Pay day came and the note laid over. Yank, in high glee, thinking to get possession of the house without further cost, caused the trustee to publish the usual ten days' notice of sale, at the expiration of which time he bid in the property, and on going to take possession, found that the darr'd Tucker had moved the house to the next lot, No. 8, and thus knocked the mortgage calling for "a house on lot 9, etc.," higher 'n a kite. One of the Yankee's eye-teeth first saw the light through his tobacco-stained gums at that precise moment.

A good story is told of a "country gentleman," who, for the first time, heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the aristocracy and pride of the Church, and when he returned home he was asked if the people were stuck up. "Pshaw! no," replied he, "why, the minister actually preached in his shirt-sleeves."

Lord Chancellor Northington suffered much from the gout; and once, after some painful waddling between the woollack and the bar in the House of Lords, he was heard to mutter: "If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."

MAGNIFICENT NAMES.—What a people we Americans are for magnificent names! Just think of it. A little four-by-six apartment in a steamboat is called a "state-room"—a name borrowed from the most ample and gorgeous room in a royal palace! And the word "saloon," (from the French *salon*,) which indicates, properly, nothing less than the most spacious and splendid of drawing-rooms, we have seen painted over the door of a dirty shanty in a New England city, and often embellishing the front of a low grog shop in the western states.

"Did you mean to settle the bill at all, sir, when you made it?" said a creditor, in a passionate manner. "Well, my dear sir, I assure you I meant to settle, and when I meant to settle, that was clearly a settle meant! Good morning, my friend; I will see you in the fall."

MR. FUM.—"Sigma" furnishes the Boston Transcript with the following, as his opinion of Mr. Fum's (Ralph Waldo Emerson's) literary and "transcendental" performances:

On leaving the lecture-room, leaning on the arm of an old friend, one of the pleasantest fellows by the way—"All this," said he, as we walked along, "is very delightful." "All what?" said I. "Fum's lectures," he replied; "very pleasant, indeed—very." Could you understand him?" I inquired. "God bless you," said

he, not a bit of it. Could you?" "Not at all," said I. "Well," said he, "that's the beauty of it; to sit and be mystified, for an hour or more, in the immediate neighborhood of so many pretty women, is really delightful. The more unintelligible Mr. Fum became, the more delighted they evidently were. Upon two or three occasions, when Mr. Fum really surpassed himself, and poured forth a transcendental stream of highly polished nonsense, it was very interesting to listen to the cracking sound of crinoline, as the young ladies, and those of no particular age, turned round to look at one another. The sound was a fraction less than that of an opossum escaping from a cane brake in the West."

"The feeling," said my friend, "greatly resembles that which one realizes in the midst of a London fog, or when dieting upon inexplicable conundrums." My old friend insisted upon my going home with him, and told me that he had long thought of going into the lecturing line himself; and after we had gotten into his library, he proceeded to read a portion of a lecture which he had already prepared, as follows:

"This evening, my friends, I shall treat on the subject of being—in the subjective. I shall not treat of being generally nor of being specially, nor of being to be, but, in a strictly paraphrased sense, whether it is better for to be, or for not to be, or for not. Being is an emanation, peristaltically speaking, consisting of contaminations and contusions, whose prophylactic energies have their seat in the conation, or pincal gland. Hence arises the organ of putrid combastiveness and sinusity, whose attenuated and delicate fibers transcendentalize and lubricate the soul, producing that inexplicable sensation in the apex of the os coryzæ, known to the ancients as the unequivocal evidence of genius. These simple truths are eminently transcendental, incidental, and fundamental to the whole. Therefore—in the subjective you will remember—to comprehend the binocular and infinitesimal concatenation of isolated effusiveness, you must first fix these simple elements in your minds."

After having read thus far in the exordium of his lecture, my friend paused and inquired if I understood what I had heard. I told him I did not. "You see a strong resemblance, then," said he, "between this and Mr. Fum's?" I told him I did. "Well, then," said he, "would you not advise me to try it upon a Boston audience?" I told him there would, probably, be no harm in the experiment. The old-fashioned relish, for

common sense and plain English, seemed to be giving place to a taste for odd, conceit, far-fetched, and fantastical conceptions, and the highly wrought fancies of an imagination, teeming with a mixture of madness and metaphysics, as though the mind, not less than the body, were under the influence of the *sancti viti chorea* of the doctors.

BAPTISM IN HOOPS.—At Chicago, last month, a rather amusing scene took place during the baptism of a young lady by the pastor of the Tabernacle. The minister requested her to assume the dress peculiar to such an occasion, but she declined to take off her hooped skirt; the minister told her of the inconvenience that must result from her obstinacy, but she persisted. When she came to descend into the bath, the inflated skirt touched the water and rose up around her like a balloon. Her head was lost to the congregation, she was swallowed up in the swelling skirt; the minister tried to force her down into the bath, but she was kept above the surface by the floating properties of the crinoline, and was buoyed up so successfully that it was not until after much difficulty and many forcible attempts to submerge the lady, the minister succeeded in baptizing the fair one. Finally it was effected, to the relief of the minister and the seriously inclined audience, who could not keep from laughing in their pocket handkerchiefs.

ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION.—Horace Walpole tells of a skeptical epicure, who, upon being urged to turn Roman Catholic, objected that it was a religion enjoining so many fasts and requiring such implicit faith, "You give us," he observed, "too little to eat, and too much to swallow."

Recent Publications.

History of the Origin, Foundation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States; with Notices of its Principal Framers. By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Two volumes 8vo. (Harper Brothers.) The first volume of this standard American Classic, as it has been justly called, was published in 1854. The second, which completes the work, has just come from the press. The "history" is the result of the patient research and study of many years, and is thoroughly exhaustive of the subject, leaving nothing to be desired and no room for emendation. In his "notices" of the principal men who were engaged in framing the Constitution Mr. Curtis is brief and impartial. His aim has evidently been to do justice to all parties. His volumes will, of course, find a place in every collection of books upon American history and political literature.

We noticed briefly at the time of its publication, the first volume of the *History of the Republic of the United States, as Traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton*, and took occasion to question the author's truthfulness in attributing a large portion of Washington's epistolary

correspondence to the pen of Hamilton. It seemed to us that the author had been led, by filial regard and reverence, to elevate the latter at the expense of the father of his country. Mr. Hamilton's second volume has just appeared, and in his preface he adverts to the charges brought against him in this matter. We quote the material part of what he says in his own defense; and, at the same time, express our thanks for the additional light which he is enabled by his painstaking researches to throw upon the earlier history of the Revolution. He says:

The first volume of this work has been criticised with some severity, as making claims for Hamilton which are derogatory to the character of Washington. My course has been stigmatized as sacrilegious and vindictive—sacrilegious toward Washington, vindictive toward others. When it can be shown that the exhibition of the truth as to others is irrelevant to the history of this country, or not demanded by justice, good government, and the interests of the American people, then the latter charge may be deemed to have some color.

Sacrilege, detraction, defamation, are the terms that have been used to criminate my claim of authorship to Hamilton, of letters subscribed by Washington, in the course of his military command. I confine this notice to so much as regards Washington.

As there may be more of this sort of sacrilege in the present volume—and, it may be, in the succeeding volumes—I think it not amiss to say, that as it was not within the physical power of Washington, time and his public employments alone considered, to compose or dictate the innumerable letters signed by him, it conforms with what is natural and common in such cases, to suppose that other persons must have been frequently deputed to relieve him from a portion of the labor of his correspondence. There is no sacrilege in the supposition. And since existing records show, irrefragably, that a vast number of letters in the handwriting of Hamilton, and with the signature of Washington, bear those characters of style which identify authorship, as much as the features and expression of the face, and the play and movement of the body identify the individual man, and that in this manner these letters identify the authorship of Hamilton beyond reasonable doubt, there can be no sacrilege, nor the least shade of defamation or disrespect in ascribing them to Hamilton as their real author in point of composition. The letters so ascribed may have just so much merit, in this respect, as the reader may think fit to allow them; but the authorship has in this way become incontestable; and this fact, in a biography of Hamilton, connecting him with the progress of the Revolution and the foundation of this Republic, I have deemed it a duty, both perspicacious and historical, to state, whenever I have referred to them.

This mends the matter a little. Hamilton may have put the thoughts of his great chief into more graceful English than he himself would have used, but still we incline to the opinion that everything to which Washington signed his name was, in substance and in thought, essentially his own.

A series of sermons was delivered in Boston during the last winter, by ministers of various denominations, each presenting and advocating the peculiarities in doctrine and Church government of his own sect. These discourses have been published, and the reader may gather from the volume what the different champions claim to be the peculiar excellences of their several church organizations. The Rev. W. R. Clark answers the question, Why am I a Methodist? T. B. Thayer follows, and gives reasons for preferring Universalism. The Baptist superiority is advocated by James N. Sykes. The Trinitarian Congregationalists are represented by Dr. N. Adams. Why I am a Churchman? is answered by G. M. Randall, and Dr. Dewey advocates the claims of Unitarianism. The lectures are, in the main, eloquently written, and in neither of them do we note any tinge of Sectarian bitterness. Dr. Adams is specially catholic in his views, at least so far as may be gathered from his lecture. He says:

Some in all denominations, the Congregational not excepted, hold and urge extreme views, both as to doctrine and to order. We may be as bigoted in insisting upon "no forms" as others are who insist upon their forms and order as essential to a standing in the Christian Church and in the Christian ministry. . . . If there be in us one thing more than another which is offensive to our common Lord and Master, it must be a pretentious and lofty carriage toward other denominations of Christians whom, notwithstanding the signal manner in which God has owned and blessed them, we disfranchise, and then, with a due amount of admonition and warning, notify that our doors stand open to receive them.

In addition to these six denominational expositions, the volume contains a lecture, one of the course, by T. Starr King, on what he calls "Spiritual Christianity." He finds something good and something bad in all the prevailing sects. Augustine and Swedenborg, Jonathan Edwards, Miss Martineau, and Theodore Parker

have, according to Mr. King, their own peculiar merits; and even Dickens, the novelist, is aided by the Holy Spirit, who "discharges immeasurably more of its (His) essence through such a novel as *Little Dorrit*, than through such volumes as Dr. Breckenridge's *Knowledge of God*, objectively considered." On this point, not having read the whole of *Little Dorrit*, we are not competent to form an opinion. It strikes us, however, as an "immeasurably" mean compliment to the Presbyterian divine.

Life Thoughts, gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher, by one of his Congregation. (Boston, Phillips, Sampson, & Co.) Taken from the speaker's lips as uttered in sermons, lectures, and occasional addresses, we have here glowing thoughts, striking figures, and aphoristic sentences that burn as well as blaze. They are not, indeed, all original, nor yet all in strict accordance with the canons of sober rhetoric or straight-laced orthodoxy. But having passed through the alembic of the author's own mind, the result of extensive reading as well as of patient thought, they are well calculated to make the reader think, and will do something more and better than contribute to his amusement.

The New American Cyclopaedia. The second volume of this great national work has just reached us. It fully equals the expectations held out by the first volume, noticed in our April number. One decided peculiarity is the prominence given to articles strictly American, (biographical, historical, and geographical,) in which similar works originating in Europe have been meagre and defective. The editors, Messrs. RIPLEY & DANA, have been fortunate in availing themselves of the services of competent writers in the preparation of articles, for which each has his own peculiar adaptation; and the publishers, Appleton & Co., have performed their part of the work in a manner alike creditable to themselves, and to the great enterprise in which they are engaged.

Wyoming, its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures. By GEORGE PECK, D.D. Wyoming is classic ground. Poets and painters, novelists and historians, have united in giving celebrity to its beautiful landscapes, and the memorable incidents connected with its history. Campbell, with poetic daring, described what he never saw, and Halleck and Whittier have sung the beauties of the world-renowned valley in graceful strains. With an evident love for his subject, and intimately familiar with the localities he describes, Dr. Peck, in the volume before us, corrects errors into which preceding writers have fallen, and relates many incidents hitherto unchronicled. His truthfulness and accuracy may be relied upon, and nowhere else can be found so complete an account of Wyoming, or so many of the stirring incidents connected with its history. (*Harper's.*)

An exceedingly gratifying result of the present extensive revival is the increasing demand for religious publications. Men now find time for the perusal of awakening and heart-stirring

books, and there is an increasing demand for tracts, religious periodicals, and small volumes on practical religious duties. It is gratifying, too, that to meet this demand some of the best heads and hearts are engaged in the preparation of volumes of entreaty, instruction, and encouragement for the careless, the thoughtful, and the penitent. A little volume from the pen of J. T. Peck, D.D., entitled, *What must I do to be saved?* has just been issued from the press of Carlton & Porter. The title indicates its object, which is admirably carried out, and the book may be placed in the hands of all who sincerely ask that most momentous question that ever agitated the human soul, in the full assurance that, with God's blessing, it will lead them to the Saviour.

Kircean is the well-known *nom de plume* of an author who has written and published on a great variety of subjects. His caustic and truthful "Letters to Bishop Hughes" have had a wide circulation, and his "Romanism at Home" presented an array of startling facts relative to the designs and doings of the papacy. A little volume entitled *The Happy Home* is in an entirely different vein, didactic, and practical, treating of the family relation in its varied aspects of the physical, moral, and religious training of the young, and the relative duties of the several members of the family circle. It is written in a lively style, full of facts and incidents, and worthy of a wide circulation. (*Harpers.*)

Scripture Lessons, designed for Sunday schools and Families. By CAROLINE R. DEUEL. The estimable author of this little volume is well known as one of the devoted band who have been so long laboring for God at the Five Points, a locality of world-wide notoriety, and at one time the most unpromising field for usefulness that could by any possibility be selected. Yet has it already produced buds, and blossoms, and ripe fruit. Little children have been there gathered into the Sunday school, the depraved and the dissolute of both sexes, and of all ages, have been led to the Saviour, and a moral revolution has been effected through the entire region. A good service has been done for the Church and the world by the publication of these Scripture Lessons. Answers are furnished to the several questions, and we know not where is to be found so much Scriptural knowledge compressed in so small a compass. Adults as well as children may study them profitably, and they will prove a valuable aid in the family circle as well as in the Sunday school. (*Carlton & Porter.*)

IN THE NATIONAL for last November we gave an exceedingly well-written sketch of the early struggles and successful career of George Stephenson, the great railroad engineer. Lately his biography by SAMUEL SMILES has been published in London, and reprinted in this country. It is a volume of great interest, not only as the delineation of a life of untiring industry crowned with triumphant and complete success, but as carrying us back to the days when learned men, philosophers, and mathematicians declared and proved the absolute impossibility of what is now one of the most ordinary of

every-day occurrences. It is only about thirty years since, in the language of the biographer, pamphlets were written and newspapers were hired to revile the railway. It was declared that its formation would prevent cows grazing and hens laying. The poisoned air from the locomotives would kill birds as they flew over them, and render the preservation of pheasants and foxes no longer possible. Household-ers adjoining the projected line were told that their houses would be burned up by the fire thrown from the engine chimneys, while the air around would be polluted by clouds of smoke. There would no longer be any use for horses, and if railways extended, the species would become extinguished, and oats and hay unsalable commodities. Traveling by road would be rendered highly dangerous, and country inns would be ruined. Boilers would burst and blow passengers to atoms. But there was always this consolation to wind up with; that the weight of the locomotive would completely prevent its moving, and that railways, even if made, could never be worked by steam-power. *The London Quarterly Review* for March, 1825, has this oracular declaration; the man who wrote it is probably still living:

What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage coaches. We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum. We trust that Parliament will in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which, we entirely agree with Mr. Sylvester, is as great as can be ventured on with safety.

In opposing the project before a Parliamentary committee ridicule was used, and the language of vituperation was freely indulged in; one of the learned gentleman remarked:

When we set out with the original prospectus, we were to gallop, I know not at what rate; I believe it was at the rate of twelve miles an hour. My learned friend, Mr. Adam, contemplated, possibly alluding to Ireland, that some of the Irish members would arrive in the wagons to a division. My learned friend says that they would go at the rate of twelve miles an hour with the aid of the devil in the form of a locomotive, sitting as a postilion on the fore horse, and an honorable member sitting behind him to stir up the fire, and keep it at full speed. But the speed at which these locomotive engines are to go has slackened; Mr. Adam does not go faster now than five miles an hour. The learned serjeant (Spankle) says he should like to have seven, but he would be content to go six. I will show he cannot go six, and probably, for any practical purposes, I may be able to show that I can keep up with him by the canal. . . . Locomotive engines are liable to be operated upon by the weather. You are told they are affected by rain, and an attempt has been made to cover them, but the wind will affect them; and any gale of wind which would affect the traffic on the Mersey would render it impossible to set off a locomotive engine, either by poking of the fire, or keeping up the pressure of steam till the boiler is ready to burst.

But, in the language of the biographer, Stephenson's "pluck never failed him," and in 1830 that which was declared to be absolutely impossible was done; his engine, the Rocket, attained a velocity of twenty-nine miles an hour, or about three times the maximum of speed deemed by one of the friends of the project the limit of possibility. It was a proud day for Stephenson, a great day for the world, the beginning of a new era. Incalculable are the

benefits resulting from the practical elucidation of Stephenson's great idea, and the world's indebtedness to his perseverance no less than to his genius, can scarcely be overestimated.

Andromeda and other Poems. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Some of the minor lyrics in this volume are destined to live, and two or three of them have found their way already into several periodicals. Mr. Kingsley is happier in his short pieces than in his longer and more ambitious flights; and, though undoubtedly a poet, his prose is better than his verse. *Andromeda* is written in English hexameters, and the story is founded upon the old Greek legend. The versification is better than Longfellow's, whose *Evangeline* is written in the same measure, and Mr. Kingsley's are perhaps equal to any similar attempts that have been made with our rugged English language. But that is not saying much. Spondees and dactyls do not flow naturally in the Anglo-Saxon channel, and the meter will never be naturalized. We copy a few of the concluding verses:

As when an osprey aloft, dark-eyebrowed, royally
crested,
Flags on by creek and by cove, and in scorn of the
anger of Nereus
Ranges, the king of the shore; if he see on a glittering
shallow,
Chasing the bass and the mullet, the fin of a wallowing
dolphin,
Halting, he wheels round slowly in doubt at the weight
of his quarry,
Whether to clutch it alive, or to fall on the wretch
like a plummet,
Stunning with terrible talon the life of the brain in the
hindhead:
Then rushes up with a scream, and stooping the wrath
of his eyebrows,
Falls from the sky like a star, while the wind rattles
hoarse in his pinions.
Over him closes the foam for a moment, then from the
sand-bed
Rolls up the great fish, dead, and his side gleams white
in the sunshine.
Thus fell the boy on the beast, unvaluing the face of
the Gorgon;
Thus fell the boy on the beast, thus rolled up the beast
in his horror,
Once as the dead eyes glared into his, then his sides,
death-sharpened,
Stiffened and stoof, brown rock, in the wash of the
wandering water.

Running Clouds; or, Love Conquering Evil, is an English story, reprinted by Carter & Brothers, and issued as one of their fireside library. It is illustrated with several well-executed wood engravings.

In previous pages of the present number we have given a somewhat extended sketch of the career of a Christian soldier. We have before us the memoir of another, Captain *M. M. Hammond*, of the rifle brigade, who fell at the storming of the Redan at Sebastopol. It is a duodecimo volume of three hundred and seventy pages, and by those who like this kind of reading will be perused with interest. Captain Hammond was a zealous disciple of the Saviour, and a man of dauntless courage. (Carter.)

New-York is deemed a dreadfully wicked place, scarcely surpassed in every variety of crime by any city in the world. Such is our reputation everywhere. But there is another side to the picture, less frequently noticed but far more attractive. New-York abounds in

philanthropic associations, in benevolent institutions, in charitable establishments. In these respects, also, it may claim pre-eminence. Asylums, alms-houses, hospitals, houses of refuge, homes for the friendless, for the sick, for the sailors, for the aged, for the stranger, for the orphan, for almost every variety of human suffering, abound among us. For the most part they move on noiselessly, and are scarcely known beyond the circle of those who are engaged in their management. Every now and then an "Annual Report" falls in our way, and brings to our notice some new association for doing good, like that now on our table, *The Fifth Annual Report of the Children's Aid Society*. We had heard of it, indeed, but scarcely knew anything about it, yet has it been for five years doing a great work.

During the past year upward of four hundred and fifty boys and about four hundred girls have been snatched from the paths of temptation, taken from the cellars and garrets, the wharves and dens, where they drank in pollution, and carried to a new country, where they can breathe a purer natural and moral atmosphere, besides the goodly influence which has been exerted on a larger number, as we trust, who necessarily remain in the city.

The report states also that:

The Newsboys' Lodging-House never afforded shelter to so many as it does at the present time. Not only newsboys, but many other homeless boys, who are engaged in various ways during the day, find a comfortable rest there at night.

Our "boys' meetings" are among the best reformatory and instructive agencies now existing in the city.

Our industrial schools, especially for girls, are disseminating a healthful moral influence in the right direction.

From the appendix, which contains a number of similar incidents, we make room for one extract, and cordially invoke God's continued blessing upon the Children's Aid Society, and all its patrons and beneficiaries:

Within a few months a poor American workman, a stone-cutter, who lived in Water-street, died, leaving two orphan children, a little girl of seven years, and a boy of perhaps five. No one knew the family, and the children were left to care for themselves. They wandered around, begging cold victuals, and picking up in any way they were able, their poor living. At length the boy was roving or playing about the wharf, and fell in, and was drowned, and the world was rid of him. Perhaps no one, except the little lonely sister, and one or two of the wharfmen, knew that a poor street-boy had gone. The little girl now had to get her bread alone; she went to hotel-kitchens, and for the sake of the wee bright face the cooks threw her the bones, which gave her a dinner; the kind servants in the basements of rich houses would occasionally drop something into her basket, and so from one and another strange hand the little orphan was fed. At night she slept in the entries of the tenement houses, crouching up in the corners and behind doors. Every day her clothes became more filthy and ragged; her face was covered with stains, and her hair matted with dirt. So she lived for four months, no person in all the great city caring for her, or knowing anything about her. Day after day she wandered around amid this vast multitude alone; even now, when only seven years old, supporting herself among strangers. Perhaps she looked up at the grand houses, and wondered how little girls felt who had a brother and sisters, and who had enough to eat, and slept in beds. Perhaps, sometimes, over her childish mind, in the lonely hours, there crossed a dim instinct of a great powerful Friend, who could take care of her if all others deserted her. It would be strange, if we were not so accustomed to such instances, to find any little creature, in so large a city, so completely alone and unprotected. It is not that the poor are not kind to such unfortunate children—they often give more, in proportion to their means, than the rich, and for this child a hundred poor men's rooms would

have opened at once; but one misfortune of poverty in a city is the isolation it brings. No one knows his neighbor. A family lives, perhaps, for years without forming a single acquaintance, even with the other families in the same house. If a man dies, he dies alone, and the little ones are left alone.

This little girl was discovered one night, by a policeman, sleeping in an entry, and was taken to the Station-house, where Mr. Gerry found her, and brought her to the Fourth Ward Industrial School. She was washed, and scrubbed, and dressed, and came forth a pretty, bright-looking little girl, who interests all who talk with her. When asked if she got much money in begging, she answered, "Once—a sixpence!" The little creature has now gone to a good place in the West, where she will at length find a home and friends, and where, perhaps, some day, in happiness and comfort, she will look back on this dreary time of desertion and orphanage.

Beauty of Holiness, Devoted to the Sanctity of the Heart, the Life, and the Sabbath. (Columbus, Ohio.) This is a periodical which is rapidly gaining with the religious public, having, as we are informed, more than doubled its subscription list during the past year. Here are no mysticisms, or revelations of cloistered piety. Pure and undefiled religion in its practical bearings, and every-day claims on the heart, life, and lip, are everywhere manifest, and in such a way as to suit the comprehension of the babe in Christ, and not offend the taste of the mature theologian. It is edited by the Rev. M. French and Lady.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.—COWPER.

The Revolutionists of all the Nationalities celebrated the death of the French regicides, Orsini and Pierri, on the night of the 22d of April, in this city, by a torchlight procession and public meeting in the Park. . . . *"The English Locomotion,"* or "Conference Report bill," passed both Houses of Congress on the 30th of April—the Senate by yeas, 90, nays, 22; the House by 112 yeas, to 103 nays. . . . At St. Louis, on the 22d of April, the steamer *Ocean Spray* was totally destroyed by fire, about four miles from that city; twenty lives were lost. . . . *The Postmaster-General* has determined to continue the Pacific Ocean mail contract for one year on the old terms. . . . *The papers and correspondence* between Lord Napier and the Secretary of State, relative to the slave-trade, have been presented to the Senate, and ordered to be printed. . . . *The House Committee of Patents* have reported against an extension of Colt's patent. . . . *The Rev. Dudley A. Tynp*, of Philadelphia, son of the Rev. Dr. Tynp, of this city, died on the 20th of April, from injuries he received on the 13th, while examining a thrashing machine. . . . On the 26th of April General Walker's trial for violation of the neutrality laws, was postponed till the fourth Monday in May. A few of his officers had been surrendered by their sureties, and sent to prison. . . . *The United States Senate*, on Wednesday, May 6, adopted a joint resolution authorizing the President to obtain by force, if necessary, satisfaction from Paraguay for outrages to the American flag. It also adopted a joint resolution giving to the widow of Captain Herndon, who was lost in the Central America, three years' pay, (\$7,500.) In the House the further consideration of the French Spoliation bill was postponed till January next. . . . *The annual meeting of the shareholders of the New York Society Library* was held last month. The receipts

of the Society have fallen off considerably, but there has been some retrenchment in expenses. Only one librarian is now employed. The Ladies' Reading Room continues to increase in popularity. The usual number of trustees were elected for the ensuing year. . . . *The twelfth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science*, convened at Baltimore on the 28th ult., and adjourned on the 5th inst. . . . *The four newly erected quarantine buildings at Seguin's Point* were entirely destroyed by fire, on Sunday, April 24. The incendiaries are unknown. . . . A dinner was given to Charles Mackay, in Toronto, on the 26th ult., at which there was a large attendance of members of Parliament. He left the next day for England, via Quebec. . . . A fire destroying the greater portion of the business district, and upward of fifty houses, occurred at Harbor Grace, N. F., on the 12th ult. . . . *Mrs. Phoebe Westlake*, a widow residing in Chester, Orange County, N. Y., having been arrested, charged with administering poison to several persons in the village, committed suicide on the 5th of May. Previous to her death she confessed having given poison to a Mrs. Fielder, who died very suddenly about two weeks previously, and several others. . . . *The steamer James Adger*, during her trip to Charleston, on the 30th ult., burst her steam chimney, severely scalding the engineer, Mr. Joseph Pollock, and four of the firemen. Three of the latter have since died. . . . One of the inmates of the New York Lunatic Asylum was struck on the head with a crutch in the hands of John Hyland, another inmate of the same institution, on the 1st of May, and killed. . . . *The Comptroller's statement of the condition of the financial affairs of the city*, makes the total amount of receipts into the city treasury for the past year, from all sources except the sinking fund, \$16,256,858 70, and the total amount of expenditures during the same year, \$16,280,538 69; an excess of expenditures over receipts of \$23,679 99. . . . *The National Quarantine and Sanitary Convention* adjourned at Baltimore to meet in this city in April, 1859. . . . *The Kansas Free State Convention*, to nominate State Officers, met at Topeka on the 28th ult., and nominated H. J. Adams for Governor, Colonel Holiday for Lieut. Governor, and M. E. Conway for Congress. . . . *The Converse Rope Factory* at Montreal, was destroyed by fire on the first of May. The foreman and three girls perished in the flames.

The anniversaries of the various societies held in New York during the past month were well attended; and notwithstanding the hard times through which we have passed, the great majority of them appeared, financially, to be in a most flourishing condition. *The Cooper Institute* was dedicated to science, art, and the general interests of humanity, by Mr. Cooper, on the occasion of the fourteenth anniversary of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, in the hall of the Institute, on the night of the 10th of May. . . . *Rev. George Cole*, for several years assistant editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, and also editor of the Sunday School books, died at his residence in this city on the 1st of May. . . . *The Commissioners of the New York Central Park* have selected four plans in the following order of award: The first prize, of \$2,000, to Messrs. Calvert Vaux and Frederic Law Olmsted; the second, of \$1,000, to Mr. Gustin; the third, of \$750, to Messrs. McIntosh and Miller, and the fourth, of \$500, to Mr. Daniels. At the meeting referred to, the Commissioners adopted a resolution to the effect that they considered themselves at liberty to make such alterations in the plans as they might hereafter

think expedient. The plan of Messrs. Vaux & Olmsted falls within the amount of expenditure estimated by the commissioners, \$1,500,000. The main entrance is to be from the Fifth Avenue at Fifty-ninth-street. . . . *An Armory*, at a cost \$14,000, is to be erected in Brooklyn, at the corner of Orange and Henry streets. Petitions for a new Post-office building have been numerous signed. . . . *The Brooklyn Common Council* have adopted an ordinance in favor of a paid Fire Department, as reported by the Committee, by a vote of 18 to 9. . . . *An Act of the Legislature* directs the construction of a free bridge across the Harlem River, from the termination of Seventh and Eighth Avenues to the road leading to M'Comb's Dam; the expense \$15,000; to be divided between the Supervisors of this and Westchester counties. . . . *The steamship Empire City*, which arrived at this port last week from New Orleans and Havana, reports having been struck on the 26th ult., at half-past ten, P.M., while in latitude 33° 50', by a typhoon blowing from the northwest, which keeled the vessel over, blew the sails from their gaskets, parted the boat lashings, and tossed the boats up like egg-shells. The sea, during the continuance of the blast—the fiercest part of which lasted fifteen minutes—is described as appearing like a black plain flecked with snowy drifts. . . . *From Havana* we learn that an investigation of the particulars of the seizure of the American schooner, Cortes, by a British gunboat, on the pretext that she was a slaver, had satisfied Consul Blythe that it was a high-handed outrage. The property taken is valued at sixty-six thousand five hundred dollars. Seven hundred and twenty-seven more coolies had arrived. Two hundred and sixty were lost by death on the passage.

Our dates from California are to the 20th of April. A law for the better observance of the Sabbath had passed the Legislature. The Assembly had passed a bill to pay fifty thousand dollars to the "law and order" troops enlisted to resist the Vigilance Committee. In the case of the slave Archy Lee, which has created quite an excitement in San Francisco, the United States Commissioner had rendered a decision setting the man at liberty. The agricultural reports from California are very encouraging. . . .

The papers from Washington Territory and Oregon contain interesting news regarding the gold discoveries on Frazer and Thompson Rivers, in the British possessions. People were flocking there from all directions, and diggers were said to be making from eight to fifty dollars per day. The accounts appear to be well authenticated. . . .

From Panama we learn that the Special Committee of the New Granadian Senate, to whom was referred the Cass-Herran treaty, had reported it with amendments; and, in finally pressing it, the Senate had further amended it to such a degree, that it no longer resembles the original treaty drawn up by General Cass. . . .

By way of California we learn that it is the determination of the Mormons to resist the government. Brigham had made a speech, inculcating the obligation of self-denial incumbent upon the Saints, even to the length of destroying their goods and chattels, rather than submit. Meetings had been held in the Territory to sustain him in his course. Orson Pratt had announced the purpose of the Mormons to descend upon Missouri, and retake the lands of which they have been deprived in that State. . . . *On the 23d of April* Port au Platte was blockaded by a Mexican fleet. According to latest accounts, which extend to 3d ult., a few shots had been exchanged between the fleet and the fort on shore. No great damage was done.

The news from Europe is interesting. Parliament has been occupied with discussions on the passport system, Lords Clarendon and Grey condemning the whole system, contending that instead of affording protection to foreign governments, it was simply a trap for the innocent and ignorant traveler. *In the House of Commons* the annual financial statement had been made, showing that though the revenue of the past year had been in excess of the ordinary expenses, yet the extraordinary expenditures incurred for the ensuing year would exceed the estimated receipts some £4,000,000. To make up the deficit it was proposed to impose a tax on Irish whisky, and a penny stamp on banker's checks. Lord Derby had stated in Parliament that he should oppose the oaths bill so far as it removed Jewish disabilities. The new India Government bill was debated in the Commons, and the first clause, declaring it expedient to vest the rule of that country in the Crown, was adopted. Mr. Disraeli had announced that a demand had been made upon the government of Naples for compensation for the imprisonment of Parke and Watt, the two English engineers of the steamer Cagliari. There had been no decision in regard to the international question involved in the affair. . . . *The Duke of Malakoff*, the new ambassador from France to England, arrived at Dover on the 15th of April, and met with a military reception. . . . *It was rumored* that Queen Victoria intended paying a visit to Prussia during the ensuing summer or autumn. . . . *The trial at London* of Simon Bernard for complicity with Orsini and others in the attempt upon the life of Louis Napoleon, terminated in a verdict of "Not guilty." The speech of the counsel for the defense, Mr. Edwin James, was very bitter against the French Emperor, and elicited tremendous cheering in the court-room. . . . *A competing line of telegraph* across the Atlantic, to run from the most western group of the Azore Islands direct to Boston, had been proposed. . . . *On board the Niagara and Agamemnon* the work of coiling the Atlantic telegraph went on rapidly.

From France we learn that forty-two thousand young soldiers were ordered to join the French army between the 10th and 20th of June. Ministerial changes were again spoken of in Paris. Trade was dull and the Bourse heavy. The Paris elections terminated decidedly in favor of the government. . . . *A Conference* of diplomatic representatives had been held at the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, at which it was resolved to urge on the various governments the propriety of rewarding Professor Morse for his telegraphic inventions. . . . *Three fourths* of the city of Christiana, Norway, had been destroyed by fire. . . . *A conspiracy* against Russia is said to have been discovered. A Hungarian colonel, named Bangya, had confessed his complicity, and been condemned to death. . . . *From India* we learn that the British forces had met with various successes at different points. Nena Sahib's stronghold had been stormed and taken, but he had escaped. A large sum had been offered for his head. Still later accounts state that the British forces had stormed Lahnsel, driving out the rebels with great loss. A portion of the 37th English regiment was shut up in Azunghi, and in great danger from the Sepoys. The insurgents had made a furious attack on the palace of the Rajah of Kotah, but the place was taken by the Europeans. The general aspect of affairs was again of a threatening description. . . . *In China* the Anglo-French envoys to Peking had reached a city in daily communication with the capital, and were well received. The American and Russian dispatches forwarded by these officials were handed to the governor of the place.

